

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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and his place is lowered in the list of officers. WEBSTER is ordered to sell out, and EVANS is ignominiously dismissed from the service." The general order is of a kind to exclude from the army, the NORTHERTON class of officers; who "damn Homo," and play rough tom-fooleries; while the marked consideration shown for BRODIE is a great practical innovation upon social distinctions as they have hitherto been maintained between the commissioned and non-commissioned class.

Reverting to civil and home matters: the Administrative Reformers have taken up a decided ground, by a monster meeting in Drury-Lane Theatre. It was a muster roll rather than a deliberative meeting. The members of the Association displaying their allies in Parliament and in the press, represented by several Members of Parliament, with Mr. THACKEBAY on the platform, and CHARLES DICKENS in the shape of a sympathetic letter. Mr. LINDSAY, a "regular Scotch BRUTUS," as a voice in the gallery described him, told some pungent tales of administrative bungling, such as the summons for a ship to come round from one port to another to be surveyed, instead of sending the surveyor to look at the ship. Upon the whole, however, the most striking fact of the meeting was the number and hearty spirit of an immense audience. About that there could be no mistake. Administrative Reform is the immediate work of the day; but if the movement is to become national, Administrative Reform can only be a preface to a Reform of Parliament.

Before these outer demonstrations the common proceedings in Parliament sink to comparative insignificance. Mr. WILLIAM BROWN has had a new debate on the decimal coinage, which he patronises, and Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS could only echo difficulties like those discovered by Mr. LOWE in finding change for an old coin out of the new, and then he suffered Mr. BROWN's resolution, slightly modified, to be carried. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's Bill for the education of the people, by a measure permitting districts to establish schools, or existing schools to enrol themselves as local schools, with provisions for general instruction, has been debated for another night, and adjourned again, ultimately to go before a Select Committee, which has the RUSSELL and Secular Bills before it. Lord SHAFTESBURY has also carried, in the House of Lords, a motion for introducing a Bill to repeal the 52nd George III. prohibiting the assemblage of persons beyond the

number of twenty, over and above the inmates of a private dwelling-house, for religious worship. The act belongs to a series for putting down Nonconformists and other proscribed sects. It is now useless except to prevent the members of the Church of England, who must be the most guarded in infringing state discipline, from engaging with each other, or with members of other persuasions, to promote evangelical movements among the heathen. Lord SHAFTESBURY found no resistance to his plan for encouraging missionary enterprise among the 5,000,000 heathens in England, except from the Bishops, who held a meeting in the morning on purpose to declare war against the pious Earl. However, he carried the day against the bishops, and a contest between mitred obstructives and Lord SHAFTESBURY is likely to revive the question as to the real power and influence of the prelates in the House of Lords.

The position of Mr. Lowe perplexes people more than the peculiar treatment of the Australian Constitution Bills. The story of the bills is a romance of Parliamentary life. In 1850 the Crown gave assent to a bill permitting the Australian colonies to frame constitutions for themselves, under certain limitations. Lord GREY had been for some time trying to tinker the colonies, and the bill of 1850 was the enactment of a grand "peccavi." The gracious colonies received it in very various modes; but every one of them has treated its restrictions as sportsmen treat fences: the higher the merrier. The Colonial Bills are enacted on the steeple-chase principle, and are sent home, where they are duly subjected to a great shaking of the head, for their audacity; and then they are incorporated in schedules of bills laid before Parliament, in order to sanction the greater part of the colonial enactments, with some reserve to save the Imperial dignity. Here Mr. Lowe steps in, objecting to the whole transaction. He cannot bear to see the colonies placing the Imperial authority in contempt; he cannot bear to see the Imperial Government interfering with local business. So, he proposes that the bills be sent back, and that the governor be empowered to give the assent to any bills that the local Legislatures may pass. There would be two very obvious results from this course; imperial dignity would not be saved and colonial business would be hindered. No one ought to know that better than Mr. Lowe. It would be to get a colonial triumph at the expense of an immense colonial inconvenience. Yet Mr. Lowe, who lately tried his hand as Secretary to the Board of Control and then retired, is held to be an independent statesman, walking the hospitals of the public departments, as the study for a future professional career in high politics. He is supposed to have had some deep design in view—something that will make him appear to the British Empire wiser than all other statesmen whatsoever. His present course, however, is so wise, that ordinary folks cannot understand it; and they assume him to have been, like Mr. Gladstone, engaged in some wonderful Oxonian mystery, intelligible only to the initiated.

The Professorship of Civil Law at Oxford, vacated some time ago by the death of Dr. PHILIMORE, has been conferred on Dr. TRAVERS TWISS. We owe Dr. Twiss a grudge for bringing his PUFFENBAGS to the aid of despotism and injustice in his pamphlets on Hungary and Schleswig Holstein. But he is a learned and eminent civilian, and the appointment is a just one, if the Professorship is to be, as it has hitherto been, a sinecure and a mere decoration. We had hoped, however, that the study of Civil Law having been revived at Oxford in connexion with the History School, the Professorship would be a sinecure no longer, and that the Professor would be required to reside and superintend the working of his school.

Parliament is rather at a discount just now. Ministers have succeeded in damping the Adminis-

trative Reform movement, and the consorsious motions on the war, by adopting a highly warlike tone, and carrying out some show of departmental reforms. Of these, the most conspicuous is the new organisation of the War Department, with a plan of examination for admitting young men to commissions and high studentships in artillery and engineering, at Woolwich, by public examination. If members have been active in attacking Ministers through Parliament, they have received a severe rebuke from Prince ALBERT, who was chairman at the dinner of the Trinity Elder Brothers on Saturday, and who read to such obtrusive members a lecture on the inconvenience of representative Government in warfare against an autocrat that can keep his own secrets and issue his own orders. The country, said Prince ALBERT, ought to have confidence in Lord PALMERSTON, whose health he was drinking. So they have, said Lord PALMERSTON, in returning thanks; for he did not admit the premise—the want of support. Three questions are suggested by Prince ALBERT's admonition: Are the members more prying than politic, when they drag out replies that convey information to the enemy? Are Ministers justified in yielding to parliamentary pressure disclosures that really damage the country with the enemy? Is the Prince Consort of the QUEEN exactly the person to make this appeal on behalf of Ministers from the Houses of Parliament to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House? Prince ALBERT talks exceedingly good sense; but we have yet to learn that exalted personages with royal privileges have a right to talk sense when and where they please. Decidedly it is a subversive innovation which adds dangerously to the privileges of the order.

On the other hand, of course, the same objections cannot be entertained to Prince ALBERT's appearance in Copenhagen-fields, as the Augur opening the new cattle-market. He is himself an authority in stock, and the example of GEORGE THE THIRD has almost compelled the British Sovereign, by self or proxy, to combine the calling of CINCINNATUS with other constitutional duties. The occasion, indeed, was the more striking, since the Corporation had sedulously resisted every attempt to remove the market from Smithfield. They had pertinaciously resolved to take their pigs to another market; and now they invited the Prince to commemorate the occasion of their bringing their pigs to Copenhagen-fields. He praised them heartily for what they had endeavoured not to do; and they departed exulting in the duty that had been forced upon them.

Crops and commerce are upon the whole in fine condition. The rain would look ugly, if it were ripening time; but, as the short old gentleman in the omnibus says, with a beaming forgetfulness of self, "these warm rains make everything grow." And the Bank has just reduced its discount from four to three-and-a-half per cent.; which places that laggard establishment only in the rear of every other firm in the metropolis; so that it is still safe, with something of discount yet to spare. The manufacturing districts are improving rather than otherwise. The only check to the generally fair report is the astounding appearance of Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL in the Bankruptcy Court, as one of the firm of STRAHAN and Co. But a firm that is in fashionable society, and speaks Italian, is therefore, in courtesy, bound to speculate in Italian Railways, and is very likely to find its West-end liabilities compromise it with its commercial liabilities. Such incidents are but commonplace. In London the fall of one house drags others with it; people talk a good deal; the fewness of the shillings in the pound constitutes the wonderment of the day; and then commerce goes on as before. If PAUL and Co. have failed, the bank discount is lowered half per cent., and the Allies are getting on famously in the Crimea.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION is indefatigable in following up the events of the war, which, almost as soon as they occur, are here brought pictorially before the eye of the public. Among the recent additions we notice—"English Mortar Battery; the Redan and Rifle-pits; General Pelissier's Night Attack; and Mr. Fergusson's New System of Fortification." The lecture by Mr. STOQUELER on the Events of the War still continues; and those who have once heard that gentleman's clear, straightforward, and unaffected mode of instructing his audience, will need no further guarantee that every requisite element in such a discourse is forthcoming.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE FERMOY PEERAGE.

THE EARL OF DERBY, on Monday, called attention to the circumstances under which Mr. Roche had lately been elevated to the Peerage of Ireland as Baron Fermoyle. According to the Act of Union, the Crown has the power of creating a new peer in Ireland whenever three of the existing peerages become extinct. But, in the present case, two of the three titles which have lapsed have been held by one person. Lord DERBY therefore contended that the creation is illegal; and he also objected to Mr. Roche as having been a very violent opponent of the Established Church of Ireland, and an energetic partisan of the repeal agitation of 1843. He concluded by moving that the subject be referred to the consideration of a Committee of Privilege.—Lord GRANVILLE, in reply, stated that the Government had referred the question to the law officers of the Crown in Ireland, to one of the law officers in England, and also to the Attorney-General of Lord DERBY's administration; and they all concurred in the opinion that the creation could be legally made. He defended the character of Mr. Roche.—A legal argument followed, in which Lord ST. LEONARDS, Lord BROUGHAM, the LORD CHANCELLOR, the EARL of WICKLOW, Lord CAMPBELL, and the EARL of HARDWICKE, took part; and finally the motion was agreed to.

ABSENCE OF THE SPEAKER.

In the Commons, at the forenoon sitting, the SPEAKER thanked the House for the arrangements by which his absence had been provided for during his recent illness. He adverted to the circumstance of doubts having arisen as to whether Lord HALDOL and Mr. TITE had taken the oaths and their seats according to law in his absence; and, after quoting the words of the act, declined to offer any opinion of his own, but suggested to the House to consider what course should be adopted lest actions might be brought against those members for assuming their seats without having taken the oaths in the presence of the Speaker.—Sir GEORGE GREY mentioned that he had consulted several legal authorities; and, their opinion being that the point is doubtful, he thought a bill should be immediately brought in to prevent any legal proceedings taking place.—This course met with general approval; and, in the evening sitting, leave was given to bring in a bill in accordance with the suggestion. It was then brought in, and read a first time.

ADMIRAL DUNDAS'S DESPATCHES.

In reply to Mr. ELLICE, Sir CHARLES WOOD said, that the Government despatches to Admiral Dundas, quoted by Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, in the debate on the war, would be laid on the table of the House. Extracts from the answers of Admiral Dundas would also be produced.

EDUCATION (NO. 2) BILL.

The debate on the second reading of this bill, adjourned from the 2nd of May, was resumed by Mr. ADDERLEY, who objected to reading the bill, together with Lord JOHN RUSSELL's and Mr. MILNER GIBSON's bills, *pro forma*, and then referring them to a select committee. The principle of a measure should always be discussed at the second reading, a committee not affording a proper opportunity for such discussion. He approved on the whole of the measure introduced by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON; but he dissented from the new school clauses, because the existing religious bodies, if they are provided with sufficient means, will maintain schools enough, without its being necessary to create new ones by means of these clauses. He disagreed with Mr. HENLEY that the proposals of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL would supersede the existing system. They would do no more than supply its deficiencies. The effect of the bill would be to stimulate, assist, and direct, private charity, as the Poor-law has done. The present system of education is deficient, and never can be made complete. But from the two bills of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL a measure might be struck out which would be satisfactory to the country. The proposal of Mr. MILNER GIBSON, that the teaching at national schools should be entirely exclusive of religion, Mr. ADDERLEY conceived to be so utterly mistaken that he declined to argue it.—Mr. EVELYN DENISON pointed out what he conceived to be a material omission—namely, that there was no provision to enforce attendance upon schools.—Lord JOHN MANNERS opposed the bill before the House (that of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON), saying that he felt great pain in doing so, but that he was convinced of the mischievous nature of the measure, which would introduce religious contention and disorder. An educational rate would be considered burdensome; and it is known that free schools are sometimes worse attended than any others, because the people do not set any great value upon them, which they do not earn or purchase for themselves. The present system, if let alone, would supply all the defects imputed to it. Two millions of children are now being educated by private charity; and the

existing state of education has obtained the concurrence of all religious denominations. He gave his hearty opposition to Sir John Pakington's measure; and he hoped that the House would deal a death-blow to all the three companion measures which were before it.—Mr. W. J. Fox insisted upon the urgent need which exists for some national scheme of universal education. The present system is most ineffectual. The great bulk of those who are committed to prison for crimes are such as have been sent to the schools which now exist. The utterly ignorant are the small number; the number of those who can read and write is not so small. He trusted that the three bills would be sent to the same committee, where they might be amalgamated into one measure.

Sir JOHN PAKINGTON entered into a minute reply to the arguments against his bill advanced by Mr. Henley in the last debate. The main proposition of Mr. Henley and of Lord John Manners was, that the existing system has not failed. But this is not a tenable position; while, on the other hand, it is impossible to controvert the facts upon which the present state of things is impugned. The continental nations, with a few exceptions, and the United States of America, with the exception of the slave states, are in advance of England. Sir John then quoted a variety of statistics, showing the lamentable state of ignorance to be found among the poor, of whom large proportions have no knowledge of the existence of a God or of the name of Jesus, while many are unable to repeat the names of the months, and have no conception of the distinction of vice and virtue. The voluntary system had been found insufficient for the support of schools; and thirty-two clergymen have stated that they have been obliged on the average to pay out of their own pockets 26*l.* for the support of schools in their parishes. Mr. Henley had said that the effect of the bill would be to pauperise the country. Were the people of New York, Pennsylvania, Holland, and Scotland, pauperised by having to support free schools? He (Sir John Pakington) was merely contending that England should have advantages similar to those which have existed in Scotland for two centuries. Extraneous aid being necessary, there was no other resource than a rate. With respect to Mr. Denison's objection, that there was no provision in the bill for compulsory attendance, it must be borne in mind that, before such a provision could pass, more schools must be provided, and the effect of the bill in improving schools would probably be to stimulate attendance.

On the motion of Mr. EWART, the debate was again adjourned till Monday next.

BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

Some remarks made by Mr. DISRAELI, upon the premature period at which morning sittings had commenced, and a suggestion by him that they should be confined to Tuesdays and Thursdays, led to a rather long conversation respecting the business before the House, in the course of which Mr. BOUVIER contradicted the report that it was intended to withdraw the Partnership Amendment Bill and the Limited Liability Bill.

WAYS AND MEANS.

In Committee of Ways and Means, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. WILSON, that, towards making good the Supply granted to her Majesty, the sum of 10,000,000*l.* be granted out of the Consolidated Fund.

THE GOLD FINGER-RINGS BILL was read a third time and passed.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP BILL.

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY on Tuesday moved the adoption of the report on the Religious Worship Bill, the object of which is to repeal so much of the act of George III. as prohibits the assembling of more than twenty persons in a house, besides the family, for the purpose of religious worship. The Earl remarked that it is permitted to persons to open their houses for balls and other diversions; it is lawful to have a "meet" with a pack of hounds for the purpose of amusement; and it ought to be equally legitimate for persons to gather in one spot for devotion. Now that the penny stamp is taken off newspapers, there is great danger of the country being overwhelmed with seditious and infidel publications; and every opportunity should be sought of counteracting this poison with the antidote of religion. Lord Shaftesbury then went at length into several details exhibiting the spiritual ignorance which overspreads a large part of the population of this country, of whom five millions in England and Wales never attend any religious service whatever, while in one parish not one hundred people out of ten thousand attend regularly any place of worship, and only one hundred and fifty occasionally. One of the chief means of encountering this ignorance, and of instructing it, is declared illegal. Different religious societies are in the habit of calling meetings in their schoolrooms for the purpose of religious devotion; but the very act of prayer constitutes such meetings illegal, and renders those who are engaged in conducting them liable to a fine of from 20*s.* to 20*l.* The Church has of late taken to holding open-air meetings, at one of

which, held the other day in Greenwich Park, as many as twelve hundred persons attended. If these efforts are to be extinguished, there would be an end to the best system devised in these times for reaching large classes of the poor and ignorant. Ragged schools, also, and many other institutions for enlightening and evangelising the lower classes, would be destroyed by an enforcement of the present law; since the meetings of all such bodies as these are commonly opened with prayer. There is no hindrance to attending a lecture at which the evidences of Christianity and the truth of the Bible may be disputed; but a meeting for the maintenance of these, which should be opened with prayer, would be illegal. Indeed, he believed that the inauguration of the Crystal Palace, when the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a prayer, was a monstrous violation of the law. But he was told the law is obsolete. Yes; yet it has a power of revival. Lord Barham, now the Earl of Gainsborough, used to have religious services at his own house, at which the village school attended; but Lord Romney laid an information against him, and he was fined 40*l.* for two meetings. A county magistrate in the north of England had recently endeavoured to civilise the poor on his estate by religious exercises in the largest of their cottages: the meetings were largely attended, and the thing went on well for a few months; but it was then intimated that the proceedings were illegal, and they ceased. The reason for the present law has passed away. The acts of George II. and George III. are wholly unsuited to the present times; and his Lordship maintained that it is most unjust to put an interdiction upon any man receiving any number of persons in his house for religious worship.

The Bishop of London had great doubt whether the practice is illegal when clergymen act under the sanction and with the license of their bishops. He doubted also whether it would be any advantage for unqualified persons to be at liberty to hold small congregations in private houses, and thus draw them away from the parish church. He should like to have a clause embodying that view added to the bill.—The Bishop of Oxford had no doubt that the bill was brought forward with the best intentions; but, since he believed it would interfere materially with the action of the Established Church, he must oppose it. It would confuse the line of demarcation between the Church and Dissent, and would do serious injury to the cause of religious peace. The existing prohibition does not extend to open-air meetings, as Lord Shaftesbury, no doubt inadvertently, had said; and, as for house-meetings, the small payment of half-a-crown will procure a license. He therefore held that no alteration of the law is requisite, and concluded by moving that the bill be recommitted that day six months.—The Earl of ARROWBY, the Earl of CHICHESTER, the Duke of ARGYLL, the Earl of RODEN, and the Lord CHANCELLOR, spoke in favour of the bill, and the Earl of CARNARVON against it.—Their lordships then divided, when the numbers were—For the bill, 31; against it, 30. The bill was then reported with amendments.—The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, on Thursday, in answer to a request from Lord DERBY, refused to refer the bill to a select committee.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES BILL was read a third time and passed.

MORNING SITTING.

In the House of Commons, at the morning sitting, the Validity of Proceedings (House of Commons) Bill was read a second time. The remainder of the sitting was expended in discussing, in committee, the details of the Metropolis Local Management Bill.

DECIMAL COINAGE.

In the evening, Mr. WILLIAM BROWN moved a series of resolutions, "That the initiation of the decimal system of coinage, by the issue of the florin, has been eminently successful and satisfactory; that a further extension of such system will be of great public advantage; and that an address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she will be pleased to complete the decimal scale with the pound and the florin, as suggested by two commissions and a Committee of the House of Commons, by authorising the issue of silver coins to represent the value of the one-hundredth part of a pound, and copper coins to represent the one-thousandth part of a pound, to be called 'cents' and 'mils' respectively, or to bear such other names as to her Majesty may seem advisable." In support of the motion, he cited several authorities.—Lord STANLEY seconded the motion, considering that the plan embodied in the report of the Committee, and now proposed in the resolutions before the House, is the best of any of the plans that have yet been proposed, and that it would be attended with very few practical inconveniences.

Mr. J. B. SMITH moved, as an amendment, to leave out from the words "pleased to" to the end of the question, in order to add the words "invite a congress of representatives of all nations, at some convenient place, with the view of considering the practicability of adopting a common standard of moneys, weights, and measures," instead thereof.

The small coins contemplated in the plan of Mr. Brown would be utterly useless; inconveniences and losses would be caused by fractions; a decimal system of weights and measures would be a necessary complement of the change; and this would render an extensive alteration of our laws indispensable. It would be but wise to invite the co-operation of other nations.—Mr. LOWE, while admitting the advantages of the decimal system, thought that the unit or integer proposed was too high, and that perplexities would be thus occasioned, the chief burden of which would fall upon the poor. A cent is twopence and two-fifths of a penny. Such a coin could never get into circulation; for it is a mere arithmetical quantity. The only recommendation of the mil is that it is the thousandth part of a pound. It appeared to him that we should be unwise in adopting a system which would involve such a complication of divisors. In a scientific decimal coinage, the unit must be something which would divide the pound without a remainder. The proposed new coinage would be incommensurable with foreign money. In selling small quantities of goods by the pound or yard, we should be obliged to resort to the decimal of a pound, which might require the use of nine figures. In short, the project would be most puzzling, and would multiply, instead of economising labour.—The motion was supported by Mr. JOHN MCGREGOR and Mr. HANKY.—Mr. RICARDO acknowledged that the change would be attended with inconveniences, but thought that we should submit to them for the sake of the advantage.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER believed that the scheme was open to many serious objections; but he assured Mr. Brown the subject should receive the most careful consideration of the Government, and he recommended him to withdraw his motion.—Mr. CARDWELL was of opinion that, although the difficulties attending the proposed change are not so great as to be insuperable, the time has not arrived at which the scheme could properly be carried into execution. The House should prepare the country for the adoption of the plan, which is of high scientific value.—Ultimately the first of Mr. Brown's resolutions (that which asserts the success of the florin) was carried by 135 to 56; the second resolution affirming the advantage to be derived from an extension of the decimal system, was agreed to without a division; and the third resolution, praying for an address to the Crown, was withdrawn.

NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

Mr. KENNEDY moved an address for a commission to inquire into the arrangements most desirable for rendering national education in Ireland more comprehensive and complete—firstly, by means of industrial instruction; secondly, by securing the most efficient teachers. He was proceeding with his speech, when the House was counted out, at half-past eleven o'clock.

SUNDAY TRADING (METROPOLIS) BILL.

In the House of Commons, on Wednesday, Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR moved the commitment of this bill, which was opposed by Mr. MASSEY, who moved to defer the committee for three months. He denounced the principle as being in the last degree mischievous. It would interfere with the interests of the working classes, and merely proposed to do by an Act of Parliament what might be done by any one who chooses to act for himself. Sunday trading is confined to a few dealers who minister to the wants of the very poor: these men are always at liberty, whenever they please, to shut their shops if their conscience should require it. Compulsory legislation has never been known to control social evils. The only remedy for such is to be found in moral correctives.—Lord STANLEY supported the bill; and Mr. W. J. FOX resisted it, observing that it picked out trading exclusively, disregarding work and amusement altogether. A measure of such a kind ought to strike boldly at Sunday work; in which case it would interfere with bishops and archbishops, their cooks and carriages.—Mr. KEN SNEYMAN, in supporting the bill, described a visit which he had recently paid to Houndsditch Fair on Sunday morning during the hours of divine service. He admitted, however, that he saw no drunken men, nor anything disorderly, and that, in the words of a policeman with whom he conversed, "there was nothing particularly wrong going on, with the exception of thieving."—Sir JOHN SHELLEY also spoke in favour of the bill; while Mr. DUNCAN, Mr. DREMMOND (who would vote for an honest bill which would include clubs), Mr. BENTINCK, Mr. WILKINSON, Mr. MAGUIRE, Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY, and Mr. HEYWORTH resisted it.—After a few words from Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR and Mr. BARROW, in defence, the House divided, when the original motion was carried by 158 to 51.—The House then went into committee on the bill, the details of which underwent much discussion, the Chairman, before all the clauses were gone through, being ordered to report progress.

THE VALIDITY OF PROCEEDINGS (HOUSE OF COMMONS) BILL was committed, read a third time, and

passed. This act had reference to the taking of oaths during the absence of the Speaker.

LIMITATION OF THE WORKING HOURS OF NEEDLE-WOMEN.

The Earl of SHAFESBURY, in moving, on Thursday, that the bill for securing this object be referred to a select committee, explained the machinery by which he sought to curtail the excessive toil now imposed upon needlewomen. By the measure before the House, it would be enacted that the hours during which labour would be prohibited were, between the 1st of March and the 1st of August, from ten o'clock at night to eight next morning; and during the rest of the year, from eight o'clock at night till eight next morning. In the course of the day there should be one hour and a half for meals. In all cases in which penalties were to be enforced, the parties were required to go before a magistrate, to whom otherwise the working of the measure was referred.—Lord GRANVILLE, though he would not oppose the motion, pointed out the extreme difficulty of legislating on such a subject; while, on the other hand, Lord MALMESBURY thought the plan perfectly feasible.—After some further discussion, in which Lord CAMPBELL, Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, Lord OVERSTONE, and the Duke of ARGYLL took part, the motion was agreed to, and the bill was referred to a select committee.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BILL, and the ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS BILL, were read a third time by their lordships, and passed.

EDUCATION (SCOTLAND) BILL.

In the morning sitting of the House of Commons, the House resolved itself into a committee on this bill, when Lord ELCHO inquired how the Government intended, in the event of the bill passing, to administer and distribute the Privy Council grants, with reference to Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians?—Lord PALMERSTON replied that there are certain schools for which the bill makes no provision, namely, Episcopalian and Roman Catholic; and, as the object of the Government is to diffuse education, they have no wish to withhold assistance from schools which would not receive benefit from the bill. With regard to Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools, the Government and the Privy Council are disposed to give their most favourable consideration to cases of schools belonging to such communities, which, in counties or towns, are not in a flourishing condition. So far from diminishing, Government would rather increase their aid.—The committee then proceeded to discuss the details of the bill, which occupied the entire sitting.

VICTORIA GOVERNMENT BILL.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in moving the second reading of this bill, stated that the Government had omitted those clauses which, by taking away certain powers belonging to the Crown, had rendered it impossible for her Majesty's Ministers to assent to them.—Mr. BELL moved, and Mr. MIALl seconded, that the second reading be taken that day six months. They objected to the bill upon the grounds of its being unpopular among the masses in Australia, of its not having passed the Legislative Council, and of its sanctioning religious endowments.—Mr. LOWE opposed the measure; observing that the Imperial Legislature is bound not to interfere with matters within the cognizance of the Colonial Legislature, and *vice versa*, and that both principles were violated by the bill, which encroached upon the Colonial Legislature, while that, in its turn, was invited to encroach upon the jurisdiction of that House. The preamble was drawn up upon an erroneous interpretation of the law; and, if passed, the measure would be a nullity. He also objected to the Civil List (112,000*l.*), which he considered extravagant and oppressive. Altogether, the measure was anomalous; and he conceived it to be the duty of the House to place a negative upon it.—The bill was also opposed by Mr. ADDERLEY (who regarded it in a similar light to that of Mr. Lowe), and by Mr. PELLATT; and was supported by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. DUFFY.—Lord JOHN RUSSELL made some remarks in reply to Mr. Lowe, the chief import of which were to the effect that the bill had been sanctioned by the Colony itself, and ought therefore to pass.—Ultimately, Mr. BELL withdrew his amendment, and the bill was read a second time.

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT BILL.

Mr. LOWE moved that the second reading of this bill be deferred for six months. He observed that almost all the objections which he had urged against the preceding bill applied with equal force to this. The Legislative Council from which the bill proceeded did not represent the interests of the colony; their real object being to obtain for certain parties in the colony enormous tracts of the public land. The representation of the colonies is most unequal; and the result is an enormous preponderance in favour of the pastoral interest. The Legislative Council appointed in 1853 a committee to consider the question of the constitution; and one of the recommendations of that com-

mittee was the institution of titles in the Upper House, which they thought desirable because, among other reasons, it would induce emigration from the upper classes of the United Kingdom. Now, he (Mr. Lowe) thought the colonists had as much to lose as to gain by going back to pedigree. Mr. Lowe concluded by giving some instances of the misappropriation of the waste lands by the Legislative Council, and of the utter indifference of that body to the demands of public opinion.—The amendment was seconded by Mr. BAXTER; and the bill was also opposed by Mr. MAGUIRE, while Mr. JOHN BALI supported it.—Upon a division, the second reading was affirmed by 142 to 33.

THIRD READINGS.

The following bills were read a third time, and passed:—The Public Libraries and Museums (Ireland) Bill; the Places of Religious Worship Registration Bill; the Cinque Ports Bill; the Bill for the Repeal of Stamp Duties on Oxford Matriculations and Degrees; and the Woolmer Forest Bill.

THE WAR.

WHETHER it be a coincidence or a consequence, it is certainly a fact, that ever since the appointment of General Pelissier to the command of the French army the Allies have had nothing but a series of brilliant successes. Town after town on the Sea of Azof has yielded to our sudden onslaughts; that important water is dominated by our fleets; the line of the Tchernaya is occupied by the troops of France, England, Turkey, and Sardinia; and within the last week we have had news of the seizure of one of the most important outworks of Sebastopol itself—the Mamelon. With that in our hands, it is not too much to say that the tremendous fortress before which we have languished for so long is beginning to crumble beneath the fiery energy of our newly-aroused might. Still, the worst part of the business is yet to come; and we must not blow our loudest trumpets until after the final triumph.

It was about six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, June 7th, that the French attacked and carried the White Work and the Mamelon. They took several guns, including eight cohorns; and a large number of prisoners fell into their hands. At the same time, the English took possession of the Quarries. The success was complete. "We have lost," says a despatch received by Lord Panmure, "about four hundred men in killed and wounded;" but whether the "we" refers to the Allies altogether, or merely to the English, is not stated. It is tolerably clear, however, that the latter only are intended.

The following are General Pelissier's despatches, giving, in the first instance, his confident anticipation of success, and afterwards the record of the accomplished feat:—

"Crimea, June 6, 10 P.M.

"To-day, in concert with our allies, we opened our fire against the outworks, and to-morrow night, *Deo volente*, they will be taken."

"June 7, 11 P.M.

"At half-past six, our signals for the attack were given, and one hour after our eagles floated over the Green Mamelon and the two redoubts of the Careening Bay. The enemy's artillery has fallen into our hands. Four hundred have been taken prisoners. We occupy the conquered works. Our allies, with their habitual resolution, have carried the work of the Quarries and established themselves in it. All the troops have been admirable for their devotion and high spirit."

The "Quarries" here mentioned are situated between Frenchman's Hill and the Redan. They were constructed about the end of last April, and were intended as an indemnification for the loss of the rifle-pits in front of our right attack which we had just then taken. Several large rifle-pits were connected by means of trenches with the quarries; and the whole communicated with the Redan by a covered way.

Further despatches of General Pelissier are as follows:—

"June 9, 1855, 11 P.M.

"All the demonstrations of the enemy against the conquered works have been fruitless. They have abandoned the so-called battery of the 2nd of May; they have also completely abandoned to us the right shore of Careening Bay. The vessels in port have sought refuge in Artillery Bay, where our large mortars can reach them. We are watching them attentively."

"June 10, 1855, Half-past 11 P.M.

"The combat of June 7 was more advantageous for us than I first announced to you. It has put into our hands 502 prisoners, 20 of whom are officers, and 73 pieces of ordnance."

"June 11, 1855, 11 P.M.

"We are strengthening ourselves in the new works. We have been able to fire, with the Russian mortars, at the ships, which have retired still further off than Artillery Bay. We are preparing new batteries."

The "Ouvrages Blancs," or White Works, are to the right of the Mamelon; and the Mamelon is a

steep rocky eminence with a height of about one hundred feet. "The approach to it," says the *Daily News*, "was swept by about forty guns in the Malakoff works; its own guns made it truly formidable; and when it is added that its steep sides are covered with masses of rock and loose stones, the difficulty of the enterprise of June 7th becomes apparent, and its success more striking. Already the besiegers must have gained considerably in the freedom of their movements, as the guns of the Mamelon completely commanded the ravine of Otchakov just before it expands into the irregular-shaped valley lying at the foot of Frenchman's hill." The Mamelon also commands the Malakoff, which lies in a hollow beneath it. We shall, therefore, be enabled to fire straight down upon works which have always been esteemed the most perplexing and formidable with which we have had to deal. The importance of the newly-acquired position may be judged from the words of General Pelissier on a former occasion:—"The Mamelon must be taken: if it cost ten men, we must have it; if it cost ten hundred, still we must have it."

We have also gained still further successes in the Sea of Azof. On the 3d, 5th, and 6th of June, naval operations took place against Taganrog, Marioupol, and Gheisk. They were perfectly successful. "The public buildings," says a despatch from Admiral Lyons, "and numerous government magazines of provisions, were burnt; and thus an immense loss of supplies has been inflicted upon the enemy. The operations were conducted with great vigour and rapidity. The allied forces had only one man wounded, although opposed by about 3500 soldiers at Taganrog." Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, and Captain Sclaignes, were respectively the commanders of the English and French on these occasions.

Over and above the advantageous results thus accruing, we are also informed of the evacuation by the Russians of Anapa, which has been occupied by the Circassians. The Russians are supposed to have crossed the Kuban. We read in the *Daily News*:—

"Anapa, the last, is also in every sense the most important, of the towns and fortresses on the littoral of the Black Sea, abandoned by Russia since the commencement of this war. The town, situate on the north-east coast of the Euxine, at the northern termination of the Caucasian range, forty-seven miles south-east of Yenikaleh, is inhabited by a miscellaneous population of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Russians, and others, to the number of about five thousand. The adverse relations of its masters with the tribes inhabiting the mountain country in its rear have almost neutralised the great advantages offered by its situation, and prevented its growth. Its exports are at present grain, tallow, butter, hides, peltries, wax, &c. It is, however, as a military post that it has been most prized by Russia, and most deplored by Turkey."

After changing hands two or three times, Anapa was ceded to the Russians at the peace of Adrianople, in 1828.

A telegraphic despatch from Vienna, dated June the 11th, says:—"Two works close to the Malakoff Tower were taken on the 8th. The slaughter was fearful." Despatches from Marseilles of the same date speak to the following effect:—

"By intelligence from the Crimea to the 2nd, it appears that the Allies were fortifying the Tête de Pont on the right bank of the Tchernaya. General Bosquet's corps was to invest Sebastopol on the north. General Morris, after a cavalry reconnaissance of the Russian camp on the Tchernaya, estimates the force at from 80,000, to 100,000 men."

To this may be added the ensuing communication from the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Vienna, Thursday, June 14, 2 P.M.

"A despatch from Varna, dated yesterday, Wednesday, June 13, says that the French troops have been recalled from Kertch, probably to assist in some great blow against Sebastopol."

Abd-el-Kader is expected at Constantinople. It is to be hoped that the old desert-warrior will be employed, as we believe he desires to be, against the Russians. He would be "the right man in the right place" if put at the head of the Tartars, to inflame into them his indomitable will, his subtle strategy, and his romantic courage.

REPORT FROM SIR GEORGE BROWN.

The following report addressed to Lord Raglan, and having reference to the expedition to the Sea of Azof, has been transmitted to Lord Panmure:—

Yeni-Kaleh, May 25.

My dear Lord Raglan,—The expedition to this place, so far, has proved entirely successful, and we have got possession of all we proposed without striking a blow, and almost without firing a shot.

On leaving the anchorage off Sebastopol, on the 22nd, the night became so foggy that the fleet made but little progress towards its destination, but the whole of the ships and steamers reached the rendezvous, four leagues off Cape Takli, soon after daylight on the morning of the 24th, when it was speedily determined to run at once in for the spot at which, as your Lordship is aware, it was

originally proposed to disembark, and which is a fine smooth bay, round a low point running out immediately under the village of Kazatch-Bournou.

The water in the straits is so shallow that large ships cannot ascend higher than about three miles from this spot, but the steamers and vessels in which the whole of the British infantry and artillery were embarked could get at least a mile nearer to it.

All the vessels got as high up as the depth of water would permit, and came to an anchor about eleven, when the English and French troops began to get into the boats, and small steamers, which were assigned to them, towed them to the shore, and the gunboats and smaller war-steamers were stationed to scour the beach and protect the disembarkation.

Although we had observed some six or eight pieces of light artillery following us along the shore, no opposition was made to the disembarkation, and the first of the troops reached the shore at ten o'clock, which, as soon as they were formed, were pushed on to occupy the village on the rising ground bordering the marshy plain on which they landed, for the purpose of covering the remainder of the disembarkation. As they were the most numerous, and as your Lordship had done so on a former occasion, I placed the French on the right and the British troops on the left, intending to hold the Turkish Contingent in reserve.

Soon after the disembarkation had commenced several loud explosions were heard, and it was soon discovered that the enemy had blown up the magazines of all his batteries on Cape St. Paul, and was retiring by the road leading to Theodosia or Kaffa. It therefore became exceedingly desirable that I should advance to occupy the ridge of which the cape is the continuation; but, as only a few of the Turkish troops had got landed, and but little of the artillery, I contented myself by requesting General D'Autemarre to patrol to the cape and towards Kertch, and took up the best position I could find for the security of the troops and the protection of the disembarkation of all the necessary material and horses during the night, just before dark—which, in an open steppe, where we were exposed to the attacks of cavalry, was an operation of some difficulty.

In the course of the evening several more loud explosions were heard, and it was soon discovered that he had also blown up and abandoned the whole of his works here and along the coast between this and Kertch, and spiked all the guns. He had also set fire to and destroyed some large corn magazines in Kertch, as well as two steamers in the harbour; and the Cossacks, as usual, burnt all the forage and farm-houses in their way.

As soon as the batteries on Cape St. Paul were abandoned, or soon before, some of the smaller war-steamers were enabled to round Cape Ackbournou, and enter the Bay of Kertch, when they engaged and endeavoured to cut off some of the enemy's steamers attempting to escape into the Sea of Azof. They succeeded, I believe, in capturing a small one; but the other two managed to get through.

The disembarkation of horses, guns, and matériel went on during the whole night, under the zealous and active superintendence of Rear-Admiral Houston Stewart and Captain Sir Thomas Pasley; but, with all this, there was a good deal to be done at daylight this morning, and I was ultimately compelled to proceed with only three of the guns of the Turkish Contingent, and without any of their officers' horses.

Under the circumstances, however, I considered it imperative to proceed, and the whole force marched off their ground at six this morning,—the French in contiguous columns, followed by their artillery; the British in echelons of columns, covering their flank, and their own artillery and baggage; and the Turkish troops in contiguous columns of battalions, covering the rear of the whole, until they approached the precincts of Kertch, when the whole of the troops broke into an ordinary column of route. The town of Kertch is clean, and remarkably well built, and the troops passed through it with the greatest regularity, and without the slightest disorder; subsequently the day became excessively hot, and, the march being a long one, the men suffered greatly from fatigue and want of water, which was only to be found at occasional wells. We managed to get in here, however, by one o'clock, where we were soon after visited by the three Admirals, and found a large squadron of small steamers and gunboats, ready to proceed into the Sea of Azof, under the command of Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*.

The result of these operations, besides the opening of the passage into that sea and the destruction of the enemy's works, has been the capture of fifty of his guns, many of them of the largest calibre and the best construction; and, if the enterprise has from circumstances not added greatly to the glory of her Majesty's arms, it has, as already stated, so far been attended by complete success.

That success, however, is mainly to be attributed to the judicious arrangements of Admirals Brouat and Sir E. Lyons, and to their indefatigable attention in carrying them out, as well as to the able and willing assistance they have received from the captains and other officers of the French and British navy under their respective commands; nor must I omit to mention the invariable and willing assistance I have on all occasions

received in the course of this service from General D'Autemarre, commanding the French Division, and from Redschid Pasha, commanding the Sultan's troops.

I omitted to state that in passing through Kertch this morning, observing that an iron foundry there had been employed in the manufacture of shot and shells, as well as in casting Minié bullets, I caused it to be destroyed, with all its new and expensive machinery.

Yours, &c.

G. BROWN.

Field-Marshal the Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

REPORT FROM LIEUTENANT M'KILLOP.

Her Majesty's Ship *Snake*, off Yenikaleh, May 24. Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, in obedience to your signal granting me permission to intercept a Russian war steamer, I proceeded into Kertch Bay, exchanging shots with the batteries at Ackbournou in passing.

I succeeded in cutting off the steamer and engaging her, but not until she had placed herself under the protection of the forts of Yenikaleh. After a sharp fire on both sides for three-quarters of an hour, I was fortunate in succeeding in setting her on fire with Lancaster shells, from which she blew up, the crew with difficulty getting away. She had apparently soldiers on board. During this engagement the forts of Yenikaleh hulled the ship, and kept up a well-directed and continuous fire the whole time, which was returned with apparent good effect with our heavy shell.

Three steamers also came down from the entrance (to the Sea of Azof) and opened fire on us with very long range guns, their shot frequently passing over us at about 4000 yards. I continued to engage the batteries and steamers after the arrival of the ships sent up to my assistance, until recalled by signal from the *Miranda*.

The whole of the sailing vessels standing towards the Sea of Azof were intercepted and afterwards captured; two steamers, also intercepted in Kertch Bay, were blown up by their own crews, and a gunboat sunk.

The batteries along the coast, which fired upon us while chasing the steamer, also were blown up.

I should feel I was neglecting my duty unless I mentioned the zealous and creditable manner in which the officers and crew performed their duties; being very short-handed rendered working the guns for so many hours a work of great labour.

I beg to recommend for your favourable consideration Mr. N. B. Herbert (second-master in charge), who with much skill conducted the ship through the intricate and comparatively unknown passage, under the guns of Ackbournou, and inside the shoal of Yenikaleh, without any accident.

I am equally indebted to Mr. Sydney E. Wright, assistant-paymaster (an officer of long and meritorious service), for his assistance as a volunteer executive, who, with Dr. Roche and Mr. George Wilson (senior engineer), manned and worked the 12-pounder howitzer, sinking a gunboat.

I am happy that no casualties occurred, and the *Snake* received but little damage,—one shot through the main rigging, carrying it away, and one through the hull at the water-line.

I am, &c.,

H. F. M'KILLOP, Lieutenant and Commander.
Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., G.C.B.,
Commander-in-Chief.

REPORTS FROM CAPTAIN E. M. LYONS.

Her Majesty's ship *Miranda*, off Arabat, Sea of Azof, May 28, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, on hauling down your flag on the afternoon of the 25th, I proceeded with the steam-vessels under my orders, named in the margin,* and the French steamer *Lucifer* towards Berdiansk; at dark we stopped for the French steamers *Mégère*, *Brandon*, and *Fulton*. These having joined, at 3 a.m. on the 26th we all went on in company; at 3.30 p.m. on that day we anchored off the lighthouse on the spit at Berdiansk, in such a position as to command the harbour and beach and a large number of merchant vessels. I then sent the boats of the squadrons, under Commander Sherard Osborn, accompanied by the boats of the French ships, to destroy these vessels, as well as some lying about four miles off, and a storehouse. All this was completed by dark. During this time steamers of the two squadrons were chasing and destroying vessels in other directions.

At daylight of the 27th I weighed with the ships under my orders, accompanied by the four French steamers, and anchored off the town of Berdiansk, the *Miranda* in fifteen feet, and the gunboats in proportionally less water, in a position which effectually commanded the town and beach. Here we found run on shore and burnt to the water's edge and abandoned, the four steamers of war which had escaped from Kertch, under the command of Rear-Admiral Wolff, whose flag was flying in the *Moloditz*. I now landed the small-arm men and marines of the squadron under Commander Lambert, of the *Curlew*, accompanied by those of the French ships, with orders to destroy all shipping and Go-

* *Vesuvius*, *Curlew*, *Swallow*, *Stromboli*, *Medina*, *Wrangler*, *Viper*, *Lynx*, *Recruit*, *Arrow*, *Snake*, *Beagle*.

vernment stores, but to respect private property. This was done without molestation, although we had information that 800 Cossacks with guns were at Petroskoi, five miles off. Many vessels were destroyed, and corn stores to the estimated value of 50,000*l*. An 8-inch 62-cwt. gun was also recovered from the wreck of one of the Russian steamers, and is now on board the *Miranda*.

Immediately the boats returned, the squadrons weighed for Arabat; I at the same time detached the *Swallow* and *Wrangler* to Genitshi, to command the entrance to the Putrid Sea, and the *Curlew* to cruise between Krivaia Spit and Sand Island, and thus prevent vessels escaping us by getting up the Don.

On the morning of the 28th we arrived off Arabat, and engaged the fort (mounting thirty guns) for an hour and a half, at the end of which time a shell blew up the enemy's magazine; the ships having been ordered to keep at shell range, and being well handled, had only one casualty, the chief engineer of the *Medina* being slightly wounded by a splinter. The French senior officer's ship received two shots in the hull, but fortunately no one was hurt. The enemy must have lost many men, from the precision with which the shells burst in his works, independently of that caused by the explosion.

The commanders of the vessels employed deserve every credit for the skilful manner in which they manœuvred their vessels in a very strong breeze and shoal water without a single accident, and I may be permitted to say none were more distinguished than our gallant allies. The large garrison at Arabat rendering any attempt at landing out of the question, I now proceeded for Genitshi, parting, with regret, from Captain de Sédaiges and his squadron, who left at the same time for Kertch. I take this opportunity of mentioning the efficient, cordial, and hearty co-operation I received on every occasion from M. de Sédaiges and the ships under his orders, and my hope that it may again be my good fortune to have him for my colleague.

The allied squadrons have destroyed upwards of 100 vessels during the three days they have been in this sea, principally laden with provisions for the Russian army in the Crimea. Had we sent these vessels in as prizes, we should have lost much valuable time, and not been able to effect so many captures. The active and zealous way in which the officers and ships' companies perform their duties, and the cheerful manner in which they suffer this pecuniary loss for the benefit of the service, will, I trust, meet with your approbation.—I have, &c.,

(Signed) E. M. LYONS, Captain.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, &c.

Her Majesty's ship *Miranda*, off the town of Genitshi, May 29, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you, that I arrived here shortly after dark last night, with her Majesty's ships under my orders, and joined the *Swallow* and *Wrangler*, which ships had already destroyed or captured all the vessels in this neighbourhood outside the Straits of Genitshi; but a very great number had passed the straits, which are only fifty yards wide, and are commanded by the low cliffs on which the town is built, and were moored inside under the cliff.

At six o'clock this morning I sent Commander Crauford with a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of all these vessels, and of the immense corn stores for the supply of the army in the Crimea, and of all Government property of every description; stating that, if these terms were complied with, I would spare the town and respect private property; but, if not, the inhabitants were immediately to leave the town.

Commander Crauford was met by an officer, of apparently high rank, who refused to accede to these terms, saying that any attempt to land or destroy the vessels would be resisted.

The enemy at this time had six field-pieces in position, and with about 200 men with them, and, visible from the mast-head, drawn up from behind the town, a battalion of infantry, besides Cossacks.

Having allowed till 9 a.m. for the reconsideration of the refusal to deliver up the vessels and stores, and receiving no answer, I at that time hauled down the flag of truce, and placed the steamers as near to the town and the passage into the Putrid Sea as the depth of the water would allow, but they were only able to approach within long range. Seeing that if the enemy, who had removed his guns from their former position, could place them in the town, so as to command the passage, and that, if he could place his infantry in a similar manner, it would be impossible for the boats to pass the channel and destroy the vessels and stores, I directed the ships to shell the town, which they did so effectually, that the boats, as per enclosure, under the command of Lieutenant J. F. C. Mackenzie, got safely through the passage, and set fire to the shipping (78 in number) and the corn stores. This service was ably performed by Lieutenant Mackenzie, and the boats returned without accident.

The wind having shifted about two hours after the boats came off, some of the corn stores did not catch fire; conceiving the destruction of this corn, as well as of some more distant vessels in so favourable a position for supplying the Russian armies in the Crimea, to be of the

utmost importance, I sent the boats again, commanded and officered as before, although I was aware that, from the enemy having had time to make preparations, it would be a hazardous enterprise. The ships accordingly resumed their fire upon the town, and the boats proceeded. Lieutenant Cecil W. Buckley, of this ship; Lieutenant Hugh T. Burgoyne, of the Swallow; and Mr. John Roberts, gunner, of the Ardent, volunteered to land alone and fire the stores; this offer I accepted, knowing the imminent risk there would be in landing a party in presence of such a superior force, and out of gun-shot of the ships. This very dangerous service they most gallantly performed, narrowly escaping the Cosacks, who all but cut them off from their boat; at the same time Lieutenant Mackenzie pushed on and burned the remaining vessels, the enemy opening a fire from four field-guns and musketry, placed almost within point-blank range of the boats. Everything being now effectually accomplished, the boats returned. Although several of them were struck by grape and case shot, most fortunately only one man was slightly wounded. Lieut. Mackenzie speaks in high terms of the coolness and excellent behaviour of all employed under his orders; and I trust I may be allowed to bring to your notice the conspicuous merit of Lieut. Mackenzie himself on this occasion, when more than ninety vessels, and also corn for the Russian army of the value of 100,000*l.*, were destroyed, owing to his gallantry and ability, with so trifling a loss as one man slightly wounded.

Since the squadron entered the Sea of Azof, four days ago, the enemy has lost four steamers of war, 246 merchant vessels, also corn and flour magazines, to the value of at least 150,000*l.*—I have, &c.,

(Signed) E. M. LYONS, Captain.
Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, &c.

Her Majesty's ship, *Miranda*, at anchor above Yeni-Kaleh, May 25, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that having, yesterday afternoon, taken under my orders the ships named in the margin,* I, in pursuance of your orders, passed the Straits of Kertch, and anchored for the night just out of gun-shot of the batteries of Yeni-Kaleh. At 7 p.m. the enemy blew up the magazines and these batteries with a tremendous explosion.

At four o'clock this morning I sent Mr. George Williams, master of this ship, to find and buoy a channel through the straits on the Yeni-Kaleh side; and I desired Lieutenant Armytage, in the *Viper*, to follow as near as possible, and endeavour to pass the straits and get into a position to threaten the retreat of the Russian garrison of the forts on the Chesura Spit side of the strait, by commanding the neck of the spit; at the same time I sent Lieutenant Aynsley, in the *Lynx*, to pass round by the Taman Lake, and take up a position to command the rear of the Russian forts. This service was ably performed by these officers; and, on their obtaining the assigned positions, the enemy, as I had anticipated, exploded his magazines, abandoned his works, and made a precipitate retreat under the fire of the *Viper's* guns. Mr. Williams now returned, having found and buoyed a sixteen feet channel, and I immediately weighed, and, with the vessels under my orders, proceeded through the Straits of Yeni-Kaleh; thus we became complete masters of the Sea of Azof.—I have, &c.,

(Signed) E. M. LYONS, Captain.
Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, &c.

OPERATIONS IN THE STRAITS OF KERTCH.—DESPATCH FROM SIR EDMUND LYONS.

Royal Albert, Straits,
June 2, 1855.

Sir,—In my letter, No. 398, of the 26th ult., I stated that we had captured fifty of the enemy's guns. It now appears that more than a hundred guns have fallen into our hands in the different sea defences, many of them of heavy calibre, and remarkably well cast. Those which may not be required for the land defences which the Allied armies are now constructing, will be shipped and sent to England and France.

It has been ascertained from the Custom-house returns, that the enemy on evacuating Kertch, on the 24th ult., destroyed 4,166,000 lbs. of corn, and 508,000 lbs. of flour. This quantity, taken together with what has been destroyed by the Allied squadrons in the Sea of Azof, comprises nearly four months' rations for an army of 100,000 men; and it seems that shortly before our arrival the enemy had commenced sending towards Sebastopol daily convoys of about 1500 waggons, each containing half a ton weight of grain or flour.

Sir George Brown confidently expects that by the 7th inst. Yeni-Kaleh will be in such a state of defence as fully to justify his leaving it in charge of the Ottoman troops now here, under the command of Hadji Reschid Pacha, and that the British and French forces will be at liberty to proceed to the attack of Anapa and Soujak-Kaleh, in order to drive the enemy out of his last holds on the coast of Circassia.—I am, &c.,

E. LYONS, Rear-Admiral.
To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

* *Vesuvius*, *Curlew*, *Swallow*, *Stromboli*, *Ardent*, *Medina*, *Wrangler*, *Lynx*, *Recruit*, *Arrow*, *Viper*, *Snake*, *Beagle*.

ENGLISH OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED ON THE 7TH AND 8TH OF JUNE.

KILLED.—Capt. Muller, 2nd Battalion Royals; Lieut. Lawrence, 34th Regiment; Lieut. Stone, 55th; Lieut. Col. Shearman, 62nd; Major Dickson, 62nd; Lieut. Macbell, 62nd; Capt. Forster, 62nd; Major Bayley, 88th; Capt. Corbett, 88th; Capt. Wray, 88th; Lieut. Lowrey, Royal Engineers.

WOUNDED.—Capt. M. Adye, R.A.; Lieut. Evans, 19th Regiment; Lieut. and Adj. Padfield, 20th; Capt. Pennefather, 30th; Capt. John Peel, 34th; Capt. Westhead, 34th; Lieut. Saunders, 34th; Major Villiers, 47th; Capt. Lowndes, 47th; Major Armstrong, 49th; Capt. Le Marchant, 49th; Lieut. Young, 49th; Lieut. Easton, 49th; Lieut. Dickson, 77th; Capt. Maynard, 88th; Lieut. Kenny, 88th; Lieut. Mackesy, 97th; Lieut. Bellew, 2nd Batt. 1st Royals; Lieut. Stewart, 2nd Batt. 1st Royals; Lieut. Irby, 47th Regiment; Capt. Ambrose, 3rd; Lieut.-Col. Campbell, 90th; Capt. Hunter, 47th; Lieut. Boyd, 17th; Lieut. Trent, 48th; Lieut. Brendon, 3rd; Capt. A. Gordon; Lieut. Legg, 2nd Batt. 1st Royals; Major Mills, 7th Regiment; Capt. Turner, 7th; Lieut. Jones, 7th; Lieut. J. F. Jones, 7th; Lieut. Waller, 7th; Capt. Dixon, 41st; Lieut. Scott, 55th; Capt. Ingall, 62nd; Capt. Gilby, 77th; Lieut. Grier, 88th; Lieut. Anderson, 96th; Assist.-Engr. E. J. R. Keen.

Mr. Rawlinson is going on very favourably.

The loss of the English on the 7th and 8th amounted to—non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates, killed, 122; wounded, 510; missing, 15.

WAR MISCELLANEA.

THE CHOLERA IN THE ARMY.—By the latest Report from Dr. Hall, dated June 2nd, it would seem that the cholera is decreasing. The complaint, however, has attacked the Sardinian Contingent, the English and native drivers of the Land Transport Corps, and the brigade of Guards encamped on the heights near Balaklava. The cavalry division up to June 2nd was free.

REFORM YOUR ARMY CLOTHING.—A letter in the *United Service Gazette* contains the following, with regard to the late expedition to the Sea of Azof:—"The army advanced, and, though unopposed by the Russians, they had to contend with a power not to be trifled with. The sun was pouring its rays down upon them with an intensity which soon made itself felt. The British soldiers, having rigid stocks about their necks, with close-buttoned coats and heavily-laden knapsacks, were completely overpowered, and large numbers fell out of the ranks, overcome by heat and exhaustion. The Royal Marine battalion, eight hundred strong on landing, was reduced on reaching Kertch to thirty. The Highlanders were not much better. The French were in tolerable order, but the Turks in first-rate condition, hardly a man of them being left behind. The French and English, having no tents, were exposed to the heat by day and heavy dews at night, and it is feared that much sickness will ensue."

RUSSIAN LEVIES IN POLAND.—Orders have been secretly given, says a correspondent of the *Daily News*, for a general levy of every Pole capable of bearing arms. Poland has already contributed more than a hundred thousand men since the breaking out of the war; but this is not considered sufficient.

A SCRUPULOUS DUTCH GOVERNOR.—The French war frigate, *La Sybille*, recently entered the roads of Amboyna, in the Moluccas, to revictual and obtain further medical assistance for some of her crew attacked with cholera. The Governor, however, refused to admit the crew into the hospital, on the ground that, should they recover, they would be able to act against the enemy, in which case he would have been instrumental in breaking the neutrality. The commander of the *Sybille* has complained to the Governor-General of Batavia.

THE FOREIGN LEGION.—From two Government despatches to the Governor-General of Canada, which have been published in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, we learn that it is the desire of Lord Panmure to confer upon the officers and men of the Foreign Legion certain grants from the waste lands in the neighbourhood of Lakes Huron and Ontario. One million acres, it is calculated, would suffice to give "fifty acres to each private; one hundred acres to each non-commissioned officer; two hundred to each officer; five hundred to a few superior officers." So far, so good; but how about the English soldiers?

RECONNOITRING CROSTADT.—"On Saturday week (says the *Times* correspondent) Admiral Dundas, accompanied by Admiral Seymour, embarked at noon on board the *Merlin* surveying steamer, Captain Sullivan, and proceeded to reconnoitre Cronstadt. To guard against a surprise, they were attended on the expedition by the *Dragon*, Captain H. Stewart, and the *Bulldog*, Commander Gordon. Although they went in quite close to the batteries, and remained there for nearly three hours, the Russians looked quietly on during the whole time, apparently with the most perfect indifference; and, as all the ships in the harbour were dressed in colours, it is possible they were engaged in celebrating some high festival, or even perhaps doing honour to an Imperial visitor." There is no other news of importance from the Baltic. We still continue to take prizes; and it

becomes every day more evident that the mistaken principle on which we acted last year, of respecting private property, is abandoned.

ADMIRAL BOXER has died at Balaklava of cholera; and Rear-Admiral of the Blue, Charles Howe Fremantle, has been appointed to succeed him as Superintendent of the Transport Service. He has just completed his fifty-fifth year.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—In a despatch from General D'Autemarre, dated Kertch, May 27, we read as follows:—"We may compute at 6000 men the strength of the troops charged with the defence of the peninsula of Yeni-Kaleh. General Wrangel, who commanded them, had repeatedly demanded reinforcements. A letter from Prince Gortschakoff, which has fallen into our hands, informs this general that not only will he not receive the reinforcements demanded, but that he 'will have to send on all his cavalry to Sebastopol.'"

THE LAST OF THE VIENNA CONFERENCES.—THE AUSTRIAN PROPOSALS.

A FURTHER paper, containing the final protocol of the Vienna Conference, has been laid before Parliament. Count Buol having requested the Plenipotentiaries of the other Courts to assemble at his office on the 4th of June, proceeded to state that, as a last resource, Austria was prepared to make another proposition intended to settle by way of compromise the disputed point of the limitation of the naval forces of Russia in the Black Sea. In the eleventh Conference, held on the 19th of April, M. Drouyn de Lhuys had suggested that, as Russia pre-emptorily objected to treat with the other great Powers on the limitation of her own naval forces, an expedient might be found to meet this difficulty by bringing about a direct arrangement between Russia and the Porte to adjust the balance of their respective forces, which arrangement should have the same validity and effect as the general acts of the Conference. Upon this hint, which certainly does no credit to the sagacity or firmness of the negotiator, the Austrian Cabinet set to work to construct its final scheme, to the following effect:—"It is proposed, in the first place, that the great Powers should bind themselves to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and should bind themselves to consider every act or event of a nature to infringe upon it as a question of European interest. Secondly, that the Plenipotentiaries of Russia and Turkey should propose, by common agreement to the Conference, the equal amount of the effective naval forces to be kept up by them in the Black Sea, such amount not to exceed the number of Russian ships now afloat in the sea, and this agreement should form an integral part of the General Treaty, the Straits to remain closed, but each of the other Powers to be authorised by firman to station two frigates in the Black Sea, and in case of attack the Sultan to open the passage to all the naval forces of his allies.—*Times*."

PRINCE ALBERT ON RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

THE annual dinner of the Trinity Corporation took place on Saturday evening last, at the Trinity House, when Prince Albert, in proposing the health of Ministers, made the following rather significant remarks:—

"Gentlemen,—The toast which I have now to propose to you is that of her Majesty's Ministers. (*Cheers*.) If there was ever a time at which her Majesty's Government, by whomsoever conducted, required the support, aid, and sympathy of their fellow countrymen, it is surely the present. (*Loud cheers*.) It is not the way to success in war, to support it, however ardently and enthusiastically, and at the same time to tie down and weaken the hands of those who have to conduct it. (*Cheering*.) We are engaged with a mighty enemy, who is using against us all those wonderful powers which have sprung up under the generating influence of our liberty and our civilisation. You find him with all that force which unity of purpose and action, impenetrable secrecy, and uncontrolled despotic power, have given, while we have to meet him under a state of things intended for peace, and for the promotion of that very civilisation, the offspring of public discussion, of the friction of parties, and of the popular control on the government and the state. The Queen has no power to levy troops, nor has she any at her command but such as offer their voluntary services. Her government can take no measure for the prosecution of the war which it has not beforehand to explain in Parliament. Her armies and fleet can make no movements, nor even prepare for any, without their being publicly announced in the papers. No mistake, however trifling, can occur, no want or weakness exist, which is not at once denounced and even sometimes exaggerated with a kind of morbid satisfaction. (*Loud and continued cheering*.) The Queen's ambassador can enter into no negotiations without the Government having to defend him by entering into all the arguments which that negotiator, in order to be successful, ought to be able to shut up in the innermost recesses of his heart. (*Loud cheers*.) Nay, at the most critical position, when

war and diplomatic relations may be at their height, an adverse vote in Parliament may at a moment deprive the Queen of the whole of her confidential servants. Gentlemen, our constitutional government is undergoing a heavy trial, and we shall not get successfully through it unless the country will grant its confidence—patriotic, intelligent, and self-dwelling confidence—to her Majesty's government. (*Loud cheers.*) Gentlemen, I propose to you to drink the health of Viscount Palmerston and her Majesty's Ministers."

Lord Palmerston, in acknowledging this toast, made a very commonplace speech, full of stale quotations and metaphors about "the battle and the breeze," "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," "the vessel of the state," "weathering the storm," "a noble crew," &c. Of course he was loudly cheered.

PRESENTATION OF BURMESE MEDALS.

[We were compelled by the extreme pressure of other matter to omit the following from our last week's paper.]

This presentation, by the Queen, of the Crimean medals has been followed by a ceremony of a similar kind, less imposing, indeed, less touching, and less brilliant, yet of interest in these war times, when the profession of the soldier has a gravity and importance very different from the idle, sauntering, holiday character of military men during the days of peace. On Monday week, Sir Harry Smith presented at Manchester the medals granted by the East India Company to the 51st (King's Own) Light Infantry, which was engaged in the late Burmese war. The fact of the regiment being under orders for the Crimea added a deep, and we might almost say pathetic, interest to the occasion. The medals distributed were upwards of four hundred.

Sir Harry Smith, having addressed each soldier separately during the presentation, made some remarks to the regiment collectively at the conclusion. In the course of these, he said:—

"You are about, my men, to proceed on another arduous service. I say arduous, because many of you know what it is to be a soldier. The life of a soldier is not that of a feather-bed. We don't expect a comfortable bed, but enough to eat and drink; and fighting is all we look forward to, and an endeavour to keep out of hospital. And now, you old soldiers, try to teach the young ones what they have to do in camp, and not to expose themselves unnecessarily to the sun, or to drink when they had better be asleep; teach them that our duty is to preserve ourselves for the purpose of destroying our enemy. Then, my men, we may obtain that glorious result of war—peace. And now, 51st Light Infantry, go where you may, well do I know you will uphold that character which the regiment has earned, and which is written on its colours. Do your duty, my men, fear no one, and look forward to promotion. There is no reason why many of you now in the ranks should not attain to elevated stations in her Majesty's army; and it is the desire of the Queen and the country to promote those who have shown examples of gallantry, by the side of those who have shed in the ranks like yourselves, and are now wearing medals, and are officers in her Majesty's service. Let us therefore hope that, by your assistance, this war will soon be terminated, and that, when you come to your native land once more, you will strut about the streets like gentlemen with the medals which have been this day distributed to you, and with others that your gallantry will earn."

There are certain points of comparison between the two ceremonies—that in the park at London, and this at Manchester—which involuntarily present themselves to the mind. The Queen distributed her rewards to men who had already gathered their fame in the fields of the far-off Chersonese, and who had returned, pale and faint and shattered, from that Titanic contest which now holds the world breathless: Sir Harry Smith bestowed the medals of a private company upon men distinguished in a more distant but less arduous scene, and who are now about to depart for that blood-stained peninsula from which their comrades have come back with honourable scars. In the one case there was the sickness of long suffering, the premature lameness and helpless dependency of men hacked and rent in the pride of their youthful manhood: in the other, confident and healthy strength, as yet untouched, but going hopefully forth to confront at any rate a chance of the same fate. Let us trust, however, that at least a majority of those now on their route will return, to receive (as they will assuredly deserve to receive) the added laurels of still higher deeds than those which they have even now performed, and to take their station with the recognised bands of Crimean heroes.

AMERICA.

The examinations of the persons charged with enlisting recruits for the Crimea continue; and the cases have been adjourned. Three individuals have also been examined on a charge of fitting out a brig

at the port of New York for the African slave trade; and have been remanded.—Captain Kinney's "filibustering" vessel has been blockaded by three Government steamers and a revenue cutter in East River, New York. An attempt to sail was frustrated.—Accounts from California mention that the crops are in admirable condition. The mistake or imposition about new diggings at Kern river was thoroughly exploded; but fresh reports of still further gold discoveries were in existence. Business was dull. The Legislature had adopted an act to levy a capitation tax of fifty dollars on every Chinaman arriving in the State—Santa Anna, at the latest accounts, was advancing on Zamora; and report spoke of the Government troops having gained a victory at Guanajuato. The army of Santa Anna had been separated by the skilful manœuvring of his opponents.—The news of the combination of the Sioux Indians against the whites is confirmed: their attitude is extremely menacing.—The Canadian Legislature has been prorogued, after throwing out a bill for applying the principle of popular elections to the House. The *Toronto Globe* intimates that the removal of the seat of the Canadian Government to Toronto is pretty certain. A Government agent has been at Toronto making arrangements for the necessary buildings.—The house of Page, Bacon, and Co., of San Francisco, has again failed.

M. SOULÉ AND MR. PERRY: SERIOUS CHARGES.—The New York papers contain a letter addressed to the President by Mr. Perry, United States chargé d'affaires at Madrid, in reply to the charges recently brought against him by M. Soulé, who had denounced him as "a spy and a traitor." Mr. Perry, in reply, taxes the Americo-Frenchman with having transmitted erroneous information to the Washington Government with respect to the real views of the Spanish Cabinet and people in reference to the sale of Cuba. He also accuses him of having purposely mismanaged the affair of the Black Warrior, so as to impede the success of the reclamations of the American ministry; and of suppressing for five months an important despatch from the Secretary of State to the Spanish Government, relating to that affair. Mr. Perry asserts that, after the departure of M. Soulé, the case was properly adjusted; a settlement was obtained of certain claims which had been standing over since 1834; and an overture was made for the negotiation of a great treaty conferring immense mutual advantages upon Americans and Spaniards.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

A MEETING of the Administrative Reform Association was held on Wednesday evening, in Drury-lane Theatre, which was crowded in every part. Mr. Morley was in the chair, and read letters, apologising for absence, and approving of the objects of the movement, from the Rev. S. G. Osborne, Mr. Heywood, M.P., Sir William Clay, M.P., and Mr. Charles Dickens. He spoke at some length; but his arguments were similar to those which have already been advanced on several occasions, and do not call for analysis.

Mr. Layard then came forward, and was received with repeated bursts of applause. He said:—

"If he were called upon to divide England into two parties as connected with this movement, he should say that on one side were all the men of common sense, of respectability, and wealth, who by their perseverance and industry hoped to raise a name for themselves and to do good to the public service; while on the other there was a small party who claimed to themselves the monopoly of Government, and who lived, grew fat, and vegetated upon those corruptions and evils which the Association were determined, if possible, to remove. (*Cheers.*) . . . What had been the manner in which the war hitherto had been conducted? Generally the blame was thrown upon the system, and an endeavour was made to exculpate persons. In the evidence given before the Sebastopol Committee, no single fault had been pointed out which was not either thrown upon the system or upon Mr. Ward, who died several months ago. (*Laughter.*) If anything was found wanting which ought to have been supplied for the comfort of the troops, it was always said to have gone down in the Prince. (*Laughter.*) Now, he believed that all the misfortunes that had arisen were to be attributed to that system of misgovernment of which the society complained, and which the public had for many years permitted to exist. . . . Need they feel surprised at this when they knew, from the testimony of Lord Aberdeen (*murmurs of disapprobation*) and Sidney Herbert (*murmurs*), that during two months, while the greatest events were in progress, and while the dignity and honour of this country were pledged as they had never before been pledged, there was no Cabinet Council held? (*Cries of "Shame!"*) All the Cabinet, with three exceptions—and they were Peelites—were away amusing themselves. They found at the commencement of the

Crimean expedition, on the testimony of Lord Aberdeen, all the information which the Government received was almost entirely derived from the reports in the public papers."

Mr. Layard commented on the corrupt mode of distributing situations in public offices, and denounced our system of secret diplomacy, as well as the spirit of aristocratical cliques which rules in the formation of our Governments.

Mr. Lindsay, M.P., gave some singular instances of Government apathy and mismanagement with respect to shipping.

"About six weeks ago he was asked by Sir De Lacy Evans if the scarcity of shipping was still as great as it had been. His reply was, that shipping might be found to any amount; when Sir De Lacy Evans said his statement was very strange, because for more than a month he had been desirous of sending out 3000 horses to his division in the Crimea, and he had been told that it was impossible to find ships to carry them out. He (Mr. Lindsay) made inquiries into the matter, and subsequently addressed a letter to Sir De Lacy Evans, stating that some time ago a friend of his had written to Lord Panmure, offering to supply, in twenty-four hours, a magnificent fleet of the finest ships in the world, capable of carrying out 2200 horses, at the low rate of 16s. or 17s. per ton registered tonnage. The answer received was the usual one—that the offer would be considered. Some time afterwards, another offer was made to the Government to find a fleet capable of taking out 2660 horses, and yet he (Mr. Lindsay) understood that to this day the larger portion of the horses referred to by Sir De Lacy Evans had not gone out." (*Hear, hear,* and cries of "Shame.")

Mr. Lindsay then adduced further cases, in which the vexatious and inconsiderate conduct of Government with respect to shipowners had led to the loss of several valuable vessels, which had been taken by the French Government. In conclusion, he observed:—

"He had moved for returns to be made with respect to the transport service; and, although the Government had taken five months to make them, yet there were so many errors in them—even wifal errors he was afraid—that if a clerk of his had made one-tenth part of them he would have dismissed him, and he would not rest until the men who had made the errors in these returns were dismissed."

Mr. Tite, M.P., Mr. Otway, M.P., and Sir Charles Napier, briefly addressed the meeting, which then terminated.

MURDER BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

JOHN EDWARD PIERS, a native of the Isle of Man, has been tried in France for a murder committed under very singular circumstances. He had resided for five-and-twenty years at St. Omer, and in the course of last April occupied the first floor of a house belonging to a coal-dealer named Barbion. On the 17th of that month, Barbion was in his yard, talking with a workman; and Piers was at his window, listening to their conversation. Shortly afterwards, Piers invited Barbion up into his room, and instantly shot him. On being taken into custody, he stated that his motive for committing the deed was the fact of Barbion having made abominable imputations against him; that these imputations were of a nature to dishonour him in England; and that therefore he considered himself justified in taking Barbion's life. His answers to the interrogatories of the President of the Court of Assizes exhibited singular determination, and the existence of a most deadly feeling of revenge. Being asked if he admitted having killed the man, he at once said "Yes." He had been found after the murder armed with pistols and other weapons; and he now acknowledged that this was to protect himself from violence. He said that, on inviting Barbion up into his room, he was firmly resolved to kill him. "The act you have committed," observed the President, "is the greatest of crimes." "The imputation cast on me," retorted Piers, "was infinitely more serious than what I have done. It was the most dreadful outrage that can be made on a man; and, without being dishonoured, a man cannot allow the person who made it to live." He added, that he did not fire at Barbion while he was in the yard because he was afraid of missing him. The President desired to know why, if he believed himself insulted, he had not challenged Barbion to fight a duel. "A duel," replied Piers, "was impossible between us, because it was necessary to put him to death, and it would not have been possible to have found seconds who would have consented to that. Besides, I wanted to take his life and not expose my own; for, if he had killed me, I should have died dishonoured." Upon the public prosecutor demanding whether, under the same circumstances, he would again act in the same way, Piers replied, "Yes, Sir."

In defence, it was asserted that the man was demented; that he lay under continual suspicion of persons talking ill of him; that he would frequently rise at night to listen whether people were speaking against him in the street; and that on one occasion he fired a pistol at three individuals who were talking beneath his window. Two medical men stated that they believed him to be

labouring under monomania; and the jury found him guilty, with extenuating circumstances. He was sentenced to twenty years' hard labour. Being now forty-six years of age, it is probable that he will never reach the end of his term.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(Extracts from Private Correspondence.)

..... The only diplomatic news is the probable appointment of M. Thouvenel to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Thouvenel is a man of forty; he began his diplomatic career at Brussels, in Louis Philippe's time; he won the friendship of King Leopold, wrote in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and rapidly established a reputation. The House of Orleans was very fond of him; he was almost "one of the family." He is brother-in-law to M. Cuvillier Fleury, sometime tutor to the Duc d'Aumale. The Revolution of '48 found him in Greece, and left him there. It was by him that the little kingdom was saved in the Pacifico affair. He left Greece to become "director" in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and it was M. Thouvenel who won a state-paper reputation for M. Drouyn de Lhuys. During the Vienna Conference he supported alone the whole burden of affairs, received the diplomatic corps, corresponded with our agents abroad, all "on her own hook." The absent Minister meanwhile corresponded directly with the Emperor, in cipher. On this M. Thouvenel founded his resignation; but the Emperor, who highly esteems him, is determined to make him Minister. Since, however, it is unprecedented that a simple "director" should become Minister without having passed through an ambassadorship, this routine, which has almost the force of law, will be observed, by nominating M. Thouvenel ambassador to Constantinople, whither he may possibly not go. I don't know what England will think of our new Foreign Minister being the old protector of the Greeks, the old ally of the Russians at Athens, the old adversary of Admiral Parker in the Mediterranean.

..... A naval friend of mine, who returned last week from the Crimea, and who has been through the whole campaign since the Alma, assures me that after our first victory Sebastopol might have been easily taken in a day, and the forts in a very short time. The enemy was demoralised; St. Arnaud wanted to push on, leaving to the navies to take care of the wounded and the dead; but the English would not abandon their wounded. So the Russians had time to fortify. Since St. Arnaud's death there has been, properly speaking, no unity of command. Canrobert had under his orders generals of his own rank, of longer service than his: every man wanted to carry on the siege for himself. Pelissier won't divide his authority with any one, not even with the Minister of War: he strikes like a deaf man, and hears nothing. Last week the Ministry of War sent him some "counsels:" he replied, "I can quite understand people in Paris being anxious to know what is going on at Sebastopol; but at Sebastopol we care very little about what you are thinking at Paris." You see you were not far from right in describing Pelissier as a *mauvaise tête*. He is in favour now, and he does what he likes: to-morrow he may be in disgrace, and everything he does will be disapproved. Our Government is an *enfant terrible* that breaks all its toys.

..... The Academy will not be crushed because it will bend. You know the result of the protest. Our Academicians will be content with that. The most resolute say that, "after all, there are precedents." They recalc the proceedings of the first Empire, and, what is more serious, the members expelled, and their seats filled up under the Restoration. If you ask them why they don't resign, which would be the only serious protest, they reply that it would be repugnant to usage; that a resigned Academician would be a monstrosity in literature; that you resign a situation, but not a seat in the Academy. These *révolutionnaires de bonne compagnie* are good for nothing but to mutter behind doors, and to whisper *bons mots* against the powers that be.

You mentioned a *mot* of Grassot's à propos of Sebastopol; he is the author of another about Pianori. Grassot said that Pianori had not fired at the Emperor, but at an aide-de-camp who owed him for a pair of boots.

..... There is plenty of joking in Paris, but little else. No one likes the Government, no one takes any interest in the war; but there is too much luxury, too much pleasure, too much mere desire of enjoyment to allow the middle classes to contemplate the possibility of a revolution without trembling. The working classes make no sign of life; they are lulled as much as possible by work: when the hands are busy the head reposes. For the Ateliers Nationaux of the Champ de Mars is substituted the completion of the Louvre, and the

Neronian works in the Bois de Boulogne. But when all these works are finished, or when money runs short, what will be done then?

..... Literature and publishers are doing indifferently well. The Academy, living on its laurels, has just given a prize of 3000 francs to an able treatise on the works of Livy. The author is a young man of twenty-seven, a resigned professor, M. Taine, a man of large and liberal intelligence. The *Société des Gens de Lettres* has divided into four prizes a sum of 10,000 francs offered by an "Anon." This "Anon." is M. Louis Vêron, who pays his welcome to the Society in this form. It is to be feared, however, that the eminent apothecary's 10,000 francs will scarcely provide bread for all the men of letters who are starving!

..... The artists have remarked that the Emperor, after having opened in person the Industrial Exposition, had not honoured with his presence the opening of the Exposition of Fine Arts: it was opened like a shop, without any ceremony.

..... We are overwhelmed by an inundation of police. M. Laurens, a painter, went lately to Jersey to visit Victor Hugo. Since his return the police have been incessantly inquiring about him among his acquaintances. By-the-by, have you heard the following anecdote? A lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, well known for her anti-Bonapartist opinions, was about to give a ball. The Commissaire de Police of the district presented himself at her house, and asked her permission to send to the ball three Messieurs well dressed, who would pass muster very well among her guests, who would even dance if necessary, and play a rubber without cheating. The lady was aghast at the proposal, and exclaimed with some vehemence that she would rather put off her ball *sine die* than to be exposed to such an intrusion. The police commissaire endeavoured to appease her. "I should be sorry, indeed, *Madame*, to be the cause of such a disappointment. Would you allow me to glance over your list of invitations?" "Certainly, I am not in the habit of receiving people who will not bear inspection." The commissaire read the list, and returned it, smiling. "Now, *madame*, I will not press my request to be allowed to send three of my employés; you have invited six!"

(From another Letter.)

..... Your article on our Opposition was excellent in principle, but it seemed to me to be deficient in practical application. Beware of *Socialist chimeras*—that is the pith of your counsels, *n'est-ce pas*? Perhaps you were thinking a little of your troublesome Chartists at home when you gave us that excellent advice. But that is not the whole question with us. The republican party—I mean the temperate, enlightened, statesmanlike leaders of the party—know perfectly well that they will have to resist the exaggerations of impossible reformers. But at the same time they foresee other immense difficulties (which I have discussed in previous letters). We shall have to encounter royalists of every colour, and financial embarrassments of which it is difficult to form an idea. Consider the ignorant mass of the population, astonished to find themselves poor after having allowed their affairs to be conducted by a spendthrift and a gambler, will accuse not him, but the Government, whatever it may be, which will have to demand extraordinary sacrifices. Consider the working classes, accustomed to the application of the *droit au travail* by dint of loans continually renewed, but in a sudden crisis impossible, to a man they will join the Socialists, who will promise to continue, in some form or other, that system of disguised spoliation. If you have any formula to help us with, pray hasten to state it.* But a mere *Beware of the Socialists* will not carry us far. We shall have to contend with misery, with hunger, with bankruptcy, with the ruin of all credit, and with all the ordinary consequences of such a complication.

(From another Letter.)

I have only been once to the Exposition. To my shame be it spoken, I have never seen any pictures of Millais, except those now in Paris. In truth, however, I have scarcely been in London since he began to exhibit. I am adverse to the Pre-Raphaelite doctrine; but I am told that Millais is no longer a fanatical adherent to it. It has been wonderfully beneficial to him. I never saw more solid, obstinate, and effective painting (once the peculiar *donnée* admitted), and I suppose his example will have a wonderful effect in putting an end to the slur-

* We have assured our esteemed correspondent that we purposely abstained from even appearing to dictate a programme. We respectfully enforced certain general principles, essential to the vitality of a nation, but we never pretended to emulate M. de Girardin, and to be ready with a series of *Décrets de l'Avenir*. The excessive indulgence in formulas we humbly conceive to be one of the most serious elements of the disease which has reduced France to her present feverish atony.—Ed. LEADER.

ring conventional hypocries of art. I have not heard many valuable opinions on the English school expressed here. There are two conflicting tendencies in the public; one towards admiration without bounds, another towards contempt. The public seems waiting for the *mot d'ordre*. Among the few casual observations I have caught flying are these: "There are great qualities in the English school, but it does not know how to paint!" and—"The handiwork is excellent, but the English can't think!" The cry is, "The Exposition is a failure." The Opposition attribute this to the Prince; Bonapartists to the Company: about the fact all agree. I passed through on my way to the Beaux Arts, on the 4th (second frank day). At three there were not more than three hundred people in the building; most of them seemed to have something to do with the stalls. I suppose you have noticed that the shares have fallen thirty francs within a month.

(From another Letter.)

..... I have heard that the recent attack by General Pelissier was in defiance of a formal order to undertake nothing against the place—an order emanating from an *august personage*, but that Pelissier replied that the order arrived too late, that the attack was commanded, and that he could not be responsible for a second edition of the Kerch expedition disappointment, at the risk of losing the confidence of the whole army. It seems certain that in the recent engagements the lives of the troops have been lavished. At the Tuileries the loss caused consternation; hence the order to desist. Such is the rumour I have heard. Perhaps it is but a rumour, circulated with the design of throwing the whole responsibility of the sacrifice of life upon the hero of the Dahra.

..... We have a grand picture by M. Winterhalter, painter of all the dynasties, at the Exposition (representing the Empress and eight ladies of her suite sitting on the grass), which would make a fine signboard for a *marchand de modes*. This Decameron, however, is so richly framed, that on Sunday last it was completely mobbed. The good people fancied it represented the Favourites of the Emperor. Such was the universal suspicion in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

I hear on good authority that the so-called Pianori was a man of family. When the Procureur-Général came to question him for the last time, the prisoner answered him in good, and even elegant French.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

LETTERS from the Caucasus complain of the high price of articles of consumption, which have risen enormously since the conveyance of them by sea has been terminated. A small wheaten loaf, which used to cost no more than three copecks, cannot be had now under ten copecks.

The Spanish Cortes have decided, by ninety-five votes to sixty, to take into consideration a proposition declaring that municipal elections shall henceforth take place by universal suffrage. The Madrid *Gazette* of June 8 publishes a circular suspending the execution of the decree relative to the National Guard.

A Prussian circular, dated May 28, has been forwarded to the diplomatic agents of Prussia throughout Germany. This despatch, which is signed by Baron Manteuffel, is an answer to the two Austrian circulars of the 17th ultimo, of which we gave an analysis last week, and which had reference to the Russian intimation of the Czar's intention to abide by the first two Points, on the understanding that Germany shall remain neutral. Prussia states her agreement with Austria that the Russian despatch did not call for any discussion in the Diet; but she altogether dissents from the assertion of the Vienna Cabinet, that Russia is only striving after the disunion of Germany. While not denying Austria's claim to merit in acquiring the Russian concessions with regard to these two Points, Baron Manteuffel thinks "it would be matter of easy proof to show that Prussia's incessant exertions at St. Petersburg have also at least shared in bringing about" the result in question. He is inclined to doubt that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg desired to assure itself in advance of the determination of the German courts, since no responsive declaration was asked for by Russia. The Prussian Cabinet, in short, claims for all the powers concerned a fair and impartial interpretation of their acts and motives. But Baron Manteuffel "will not stop to inquire if the degree of (at least intended) secrecy and reserve with which Austria shrouds her negotiations with the Western Powers—from us still more than from other German Governments—exactly corresponds to the degree of confidence that she claims from us." Prussia, out of "consideration" for Austria, and the "difficult position" in which she is placed, does not wish to "drive" that power into further communications. "We shall, as I hardly need repeat, whilst examining into the state of the case, strive, by wish, by feeling, and by resolution, to prove that Prussia, both as a European and as a German Power, is wont to look upon herself as Austria's ally. But we claim for ourselves and for Germany the incontestable

right to enter upon this examination, and, if Austria reserves to herself to settle what, according to her views, Europe's and Germany's interests require, so shall we decide, at the right time, what our own, Germany's, and Europe's interest seem to us to require." Any arrangements which Austria may have made without consulting Prussia must be considered at some future period. Baron Manteuffel concludes by observing, "We consistently hope that Count Buol will find our frank language only commensurate with the gravity of the moment, and will recognise in it a fresh proof of our lively wish for a genuine and sincere understanding, and for a *solidarité* based upon it."

Rossini has arrived in Paris. We are glad to see it stated that he is not so ill as former accounts set forth. He complains of weakness and want of sleep; but his malady is thought by some to be chiefly nervous.

The Englishman, Rolfe, who was arrested at Hamburg, under suspicion of being a recruiting agent for the German Legion, has been released, with a warning to quit the city.

Five young men, accused of taking part in political "assassinations" in 1849, have been executed at Fimo (Roman States), after undergoing an imprisonment of six years. A letter in the *Independence Belge* says that no convincing proofs of their guilt were forthcoming, and that the execution caused a general horror amongst the population. Numerous persons retired into the country for the day.

The cholera is at Venice, Pesth, and Prague, but has not yet assumed an epidemic character.

A despatch from Turin, dated the 13th instant, announces that on the evening of the 12th an attempt was made at Rome to assassinate Cardinal Antonelli. The attempt failed, and the assassin was arrested.

The Carlist rebellion in Spain is not yet suppressed. A despatch from the Spanish frontier announces that a band of seventy unarmed men was formed on the 11th near Pampluna, and took the direction of the French frontier to procure arms there. Hotly pursued, the greater number sought refuge in France. A movement in Catalonia is said to be feared. The French mail which left Paris on the 9th, and the mail which left Madrid on the 10th, were burnt by some insurgents in Castile.

A despatch from Madrid, dated the 13th instant, says:—"Yesterday, the Cortes rejected a proposition tending to censure the Ministry. The Minister of Finance declared to-day to the Cortes that he would only have recourse to a forced loan as a last resource."

Amiens has just given a deplorable example of opposition to a paternal government. At the recent election of a member of the Council-General there were two candidates, and the one emphatically recommended by the Government was a M. Vulfran Mollet, who had manifested his enthusiasm for the Empire so long back as 1852. The rival candidate was a M. Porion, formerly Mayor of Amiens, and who, as a member of the Legislative Assembly, had displayed hostility to the intrigues and suspicion of the conspiracies of the then President of the Republic. Will it be believed, that in spite of the adjurations of the official journals, M. Porion has been returned to the Council-General by a majority over the imperialist candidate of 416 votes.

At Auxerre, the Government mayor has been re-elected, but by so small a majority, that with an honourable susceptibility he has resigned.

M. Jules Cloquet, the eminent surgeon, has been elected a Member of the Académie des Sciences.

MORE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN AUSTRIA.—The case of Borzinsky, which we noticed last week, is not the only case of the kind now casting disgrace upon the Austrian Government and Church. A correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Prague, mentions the persecution of one Joachim Jezule, "also formerly a (Roman) Catholic priest, who was converted to the Protestant religion, and who has now been confined for twenty years, and is treated as a lunatic because he will not recant." This is in the same convent as that to which Borzinsky belonged, and where he is now confined solitarily in a dark cell adjacent to those occupied by two raving lunatics.

A decree of the King of Sardinia has indicated the religious orders of men and women which are to be suppressed. The number is considerable: 334 monasteries will disappear; they contain a population of 5598 persons. Among these monasteries, 289 were inhabited by 4125 monks, and 45 by 1473 nuns. In the orders still preserved there remain 863 monks and 1699 nuns. According to the economy of the law, monks and nuns who belonged to the orders suppressed will continue to live each in common, and each of them during life will receive a pension net of 500*fr*.

Free Trade has got as far as Rome. An announcement has been made of a reduction in the import and consumptive duties of the principal articles of foreign produce introduced into the Roman States.

We have noted with special interest in the Melbourne papers of late, the name of a former collaborator, who appears to be rising to rapid and conspicuous distinction at the Australian bar—we mean Mr. Butler Cole Aspinall. This gentleman was for some time engaged as a parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, and was in the habit of contributing occasionally to our own journal. He was distinguished among his friends and co-

frères as a young man of singular promise and power, and extraordinary aptitude for public life. As a speaker, he was remarkable not only for his command of language, and for the easy vigour with which he would grasp a subject, but for a faculty of sarcasm which almost exceeded his control. In a recent number of a Melbourne journal, we find Mr. Aspinall, who has been retained to defend the Ballarat diggers, addressing a large open-air meeting with great effect. Alluding, we suppose, to the surveillance of the Government police, he commenced his address in these words: "Gentlemen—and spies." Those who remember the speaker will have no difficulty in recognising Mr. Aspinall.

ALLEGED PERJURY: EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

In the Central Criminal Court, on Monday, Louisa Harrison, a well-dressed young woman, with an infant in her arms, surrendered to take her trial on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case by a narrative of the facts, which were published at the time of their occurrence, and which may be thus briefly recapitulated.—A man of the name of Mallett had in a previous session been tried at that court for an assault and robbery committed upon the woman Harrison, who swore that he entered her house in Bull-yard, Aldgate, one evening last December, robbed her, tied her hands together, and inflicted several serious wounds on her head. A verdict of guilty was returned by the jury; and Mallett was condemned to death, the sentence being subsequently commuted to transportation for fifteen years. A very few days after this conviction, Mrs. Harrison was again found in her house with her hands tied and her head wounded, precisely as before. She represented that a second attack had been made on her, and that she should be able to identify the offender. This created suspicion; the police made inquiries; it was ascertained that there was no foundation for the charge against Mallett, and the Government consequently granted to him a free pardon. Mrs. Harrison was now placed on her trial for perjury; but the evidence produced certainly did not tend to establish the inference which had been formed against her—namely, that she had bound her own hands, and inflicted the wounds upon herself. When found on the evening of the alleged robbery and assault, she was nearly insensible, bleeding profusely, and with her hands tied so tightly that one of the witnesses who went to her assistance was obliged to use his teeth to loosen the knots. There was not, said this witness, the slightest appearance of "shamming" in her conduct. The eldest child, who seemed very much frightened, was the first to give an alarm, by saying that a man was murdering her mother. Another witness said he certainly could not have tied such a knot round his own hands. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Harrison fainted twice, and was seized with violent convulsions. A woman who attended on her had great difficulty in preventing her from injuring herself. Nevertheless, the medical man who was called in was of opinion, according to his evidence on the trial, that the woman might have inflicted the wounds upon herself; but he admitted that she had a convulsive fit which was "undoubtedly real." He added, that she was then three months advanced in pregnancy. She was insensible and almost pulseless when he first saw her. He did not consider that it would be a very easy thing for a woman to cause such injuries to herself; but she might have done so. A stick was found in the house, with blood upon it; and, if she had used this stick, she must have inflicted the wounds first, and tied her hands afterwards.

The man Mallett was then examined, and accounted for the whole of the evening of the alleged robbery. He admitted that he passed under a false name, but that was because he had formerly been a bad character, by which he meant a fighting man. He had been arrested at a penny theatre, where he was an "officer," appointed to "keep order." The *alibi* which he now proved was advanced by him on his trial; but it was not heeded by the jury.

The Recorder, in summing up, directed the jury that Mallett was innocent, and that the woman Harrison was simply mistaken as to the identity of the person who assaulted her, and had no corrupt intention in accusing Mallett. He did not think it could be doubted that an assault and robbery had really been committed.

Mr. Ryland, Mallett's counsel, consented to withdraw from the prosecution; and a verdict of Not Guilty was accordingly taken.—A second charge of a similar kind against Mrs. Harrison it was arranged should not be taken until Friday morning.

OUR CIVILISATION.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—A very singular history of alleged successful fraud, and unlawful withholding of large landed property from the real owner, has been heard before Vice-Chancellor Wood. The plaintiff is a common day-labourer residing at Louth in Lincolnshire, and seeks to establish his title to certain property in Northumberland producing a rental of nearly 50,000*l*. a year, of which he alleges his grandfather to have been fraudulently deprived. Stote Manby, the grandfather, had become of unsound mind owing to the kick of a horse. He also was a labourer, was unable to read and

write, and lived during his latter years in a wretched hovel, supported by the exertions of his wife and by casual charity. Upon the death of Dorothy Windsor, from whom the property descended, the estate should have passed to Stote Manby; but Sir Robert Bewicke and John Craster, two of her tenants, colluded together, according to the allegations of the plaintiff, and unlawfully obtained possession of the property. After their deaths, some time prior to 1780, it descended to their heirs, who took possession of it, though well knowing that they had no right or title. In 1781, a lawyer of Newcastle, named Harvey, who had sought out Stote Manby, and informed him of his rights, brought two writs of "cosenage" on behalf of Manby against Bewicke and Craster; but subsequently, as the plaintiff averred, he colluded with them, accepted a bribe to betray the interest of Manby, and agreed that a compromise should be made, by which Bewicke and Craster were to pay 1,500*l*. to Harvey, and to charge the estates with a perpetual rent-charge of 300*l*. a year in favour of Stote Manby and his heirs. The action was consequently withdrawn, and an order, which was afterwards made a rule of court, was drawn up, in which it was stated that William Manby, the son of Stote Manby, was present in court, and consented to the arrangement. This, it was now alleged, was false. William Manby was not in court, and being, like his father, of weak intellect, he was not capable of giving any valid assent to the proposed terms. Subsequently, certain legal documents were signed, or alleged to have been signed, by Stote Manby; but, owing to his imbecility, it was contended that the instruments, if executed at all, were inoperative. By a further fraudulent scheme, Stote Manby, according to the plaintiff's averments, was deprived of the 300*l*. a year rent-charge. The plaintiff in the present suit first became informed of his alleged rights by a very old man at Louth in the year 1846. This man recollected the action of 1781; and, in consequence of what he said, and of inquiries afterwards made, the plaintiff filed the bill now before the Vice-Chancellor's Court. To this bill, the defendants demurred; and the Vice-Chancellor, thinking the allegations were not capable of legal proof, and were extremely doubtful, stated that the demurrers must be allowed, with costs. As, however, some documents might possibly exist, which would throw light on the transactions, he granted leave to amend.

ROBERT M'LAREN, the youth charged with having robbed the young lady to whom he was engaged, was brought up on remand on Monday, when the counsel for the prosecution said that M'Laren had reiterated his intention to marry Miss Hill; in which case his client was not desirous to press the charge. The prisoner was therefore set at liberty.

A BUSINESS-LIKE THIEF.—Henry Palmer, an escaped convict, has been arrested after a desperate struggle with the police. Upon his person was found a memorandum-book, containing the following entries with respect to his "profession":—"Sunday, at 11 o'clock, St. James's Church, Paddington; half-past six, Eccleston Chapel; Monday, the 27th, Willis's-rooms; 24th, public meeting, Upper-street, Islington, at 7 o'clock; 16th, Lecture-hall, Greenwich, note 'Sims Reeves'; 17th, a sale at Churton-street, Pimlico; 21st, a sale in Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square; 21st, 11 o'clock, Haddington-villas, Romford-road." He was brought up at Worship-street on Monday, and remanded for a week.

HOMELESS.—A boy, twelve years of age, named Edwin Williams, was charged at Clerkenwell with being found destitute near the Caledonian-road. A policeman discovered him, together with another boy, lurking in some brick-fields; and here, in the furnace-holes of the heaps of new bricks, they were in the habit of sleeping every night. The constable took the lad to the station-house, and thence he was conveyed to the workhouse; but, as it was the middle of the night, the porter refused to take him in. On the following morning, added the policeman, the second boy was not to be found in the brick-field. Upon this, the lad Williams immediately rejoined, "But he will be there to-night." He then stated, in reply to the magistrate, that he had no relatives or friends. His father, who was a shipwright in a man-of-war, was killed in the Black Sea. The news came to his mother by letter, and she died in five days after the "worry." He did not know where they lived, nor where she was buried. When his mother died, the landlord said to him, "You must go away;" and he was turned out before she was buried, and did not see her again.—The magistrate made an order for the immediate admission of the boy into the workhouse.

THE ALLEGED GOLD ROBBERY.—Samuel Seal was on Friday week again remanded at the Mansion House, bail being this time accepted—himself in 1000*l*., and two sureties of 500*l*. each. Mr. Chaplin, of the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, carrier, gave evidence as to two consignments of gold which he had recently received for transmission by rail, and which were stolen. The clerk of one of the consignors, however, stated that the gold sent by his employer was totally different from that which the prisoner had possessed.

MURDER.—At the Thames Police-office, on Tuesday, Jeremiah Foley was charged with the wilful murder of Hannah Robertson, of Five Bell-alley, Limehouse. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner, who had frequently been in custody for assaults and disorderly conduct, had been in the habit of visiting the deceased,

who was herself of very bad character. On Monday night deceased was in her house, and with her two men and two women (street-walkers). The prisoner, who appeared to be mad drunk, rushed in, in a violent passion, and attacked one of the men, whom he threw from the top of a flight of stairs to the bottom. He then furiously assaulted the two women, and, on the deceased interfering, he struck her violently on the bosom with his fist, and also kicked her. She fell to the ground groaning heavily. The prisoner afterwards continued his ill-usage, kicking the woman until she was nearly insensible. The result was that she died a few hours afterwards.—The prisoner was remanded until to-day.

WILLIAM WINCHELSEA BEVAN, lately a clerk in the Deposit and General Life Assurance Company, has been acquitted at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of stealing certain orders for the payment of money. It appeared probable that an implied authority had been given to the prisoner to deal with the moneys of the company as his own, and that he had paid the accounts in question, although not at the time expected. Several other indictments were brought forward, to all of which the prisoner pleaded Not Guilty; and he was retained in custody, in order to give the prosecutors time to consider whether or not they would proceed with the charges.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.)

The mortality of London is still higher than it should be in the beginning of June, a month which is usually the healthiest in the year; but the returns of the last two weeks prove that the public health is approaching a more satisfactory state. Last week, 1087 persons, of whom 565 were males, and 522 females, died. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 931, and, if this be raised in a certain proportion as allowance for increase of population, it becomes 1024. There was an excess in the deaths of last week of 63 above the estimated amount.

Of the 1087 deaths, 515, or nearly half, occurred under 20 years of age; only 25 occurred at 80 years and upwards. Of 235 deaths, which are ascribed to diseases of the zymotic class, 186 were amongst young persons not more than 20 years old, 25 occurred at the ages 20-40, 12 at 40-60, 11 at 60-80, and one at a more advanced age. Of diseases in that class, scarlatina, which was fatal in 53 cases, is at present the most prevalent. Next in the number of cases referred to them are typhus and hooping-cough; from each of these, 43 deaths have been registered. Small-pox numbers 22, diarrhoea 16, and measles 10. Three deaths from scarlatina occurred in the sub-district of Gray's Inn-lane, and 3 in that of Poplar. The deaths of 2 persons are returned as caused by intemperance.

Last week, the births of 870 boys and 840 girls, in all 1710 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 1414.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

THE CAMP ON THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE progresses rapidly. There is now accommodation for more than 3500 men. Two streets, each forty feet wide, extend a distance of about three-quarters of an English mile; and there are also two cross-streets, about fifteen or eighteen feet in width, with a square in the centre. The huts are plainly but neatly furnished; those of the officers being divided into small apartments, the size and number of which are determined by the rank of the occupants. The streets are to be macadamised, and some, as well as a portion of the huts, will be supplied with gas. Altogether, the encampment will have quite the aspect of a little town; and its appearance will no doubt be, as a writer in a daily contemporary observes, "magnificent." The buildings will extend over about two miles in length.

SERGEANT-MAJOR THOMAS LAWRENCE, of the 51st King's Own Light Infantry, has been presented with a sword by the non-commissioned officers of that regiment as a mark of their esteem. The ceremony took place at Salford Barracks, where the regiment is now quartered. On presenting the sword, an appropriate address was made by Quartermaster-Sergeant John B. Hide. Sergeant Lawrence, in returning thanks, said that, although he had been twenty-two years in the service, and might claim a pension, yet, as his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, he should go out with it. The declaration was much cheered.

REINFORCEMENTS continue to be sent off to the Crimea.

THE CASE OF CORNET BAUMGARTEN.—The Commander-in-Chief has communicated to the regimental authorities his decision in this well-known case. Cornet Evans, of the 6th Inniskillings, is to be cashiered. Lieutenant Webster, of the 1st Royals, is to retire from the service by the sale of his commission. Lieut. Hartop is most severely reprimanded, and his conduct is to be reported every three months by his commanding officer, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Hardinge considers Sergeant Brodie's conduct in preventing the duel most praiseworthy; but it would

have been better if he had reported his apprehensions to his commanding officer the previous night. Cornet Baumgarten is directed to be more on his guard for the future, and his attention is called to certain sections in the Articles of War. Captain Fitzwygram's name is not mentioned.—A letter from General Yorke to Lord Seaton, commanding the forces in Ireland, has been published. It has reference to the analogous case of Ensign Sanders and Neville of the 30th Regiment, and states that Lord Hardinge could not think of recommending those officers to her Majesty for promotion on the occasion of two lieutenantcies of the 30th Regiment being about to be filled up. The two "frolicking ensigns" are likewise informed that, "until their conduct may have been favourably reported upon for at least two successive quarters, they need not look for any promotion; but as it is not just that the other ensigns junior to them should suffer for their misconduct, these will successively pass over them whenever vacant lieutenantcies may be filled up in the regiment till the period of probation as above laid down shall have expired. I am further to add, that it is his Lordship's determination to take this course in every similar case that may not appear to require a still more severe proceeding."

WRECK OF A LONDONERRY STEAMER.—The Londonerry steamer, Maiden City, on her passage from Liverpool, struck on the rocks inside of Maughold Head, Isle of Man, during a thick fog, on the night of Wednesday week, about eleven o'clock, and speedily filled. No lives were lost. The steamer had a full cargo of guano, Indian corn, and other merchandise.

A REVEREND OLD COLLIER.—The Conference, of North Shields, captured and burnt by the Riff pirates, was one of the oldest collier brigs belonging to the Tyne. She was employed as a transport at the siege of Quebec, and has been in use ever since.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORE than two hundred members of the House of Commons have signed a memorial, recommending a public monument at the national expense to be erected to Hume.

STOPPAGE OF MESSRS. STRAHAN, PAUL, AND CO.'S BANK.—The *Morning Chronicle* announces the stoppage of this old-established firm. On Monday morning, checks drawn upon them were returned, marked "Cannot be paid." Later in the day, a commission in bankruptcy was opened by Mr. Commissioner Fane against "William Strahan, Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and Robert Makin Bates, of 217, Strand, bankers; and navy agents, of 41, Norfolk-street, Strand, trading under the style of Halford and Co." The cause of the failure is thus set forth by the *Morning Chronicle*:—"The firm of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Co. have unfortunately become involved in railway speculations. The house some time back became connected with a firm which undertook contracts for the construction of railways in Italy. The latter firm had previously failed in the provinces, but soon afterwards recommenced business with scarcely any capital. Their place of business being at the west-end of London, they kept a banking account at Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Co.'s. Their operations in time involved a loss to the latter of 1500*l*. In order to recover this small sum the house very unwisely, and unfortunately, as it has turned out, themselves 'went in' very extensively into the Italian railway contract business. Various heavy bills were drawn upon them from abroad, and finally in London, until the 'acceptances' of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Co. were very freely current in the City." The firm was one of the oldest in London, having been established nearly two hundred years.

AN ELECTION AGENT.—POLITICAL MORALITY.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday week, an action was brought by Mr. Grant, a parliamentary agent, to recover 140*l*. 15*s*. 3*d*. for work done and money paid for Mr. Guinness, one of the members for Barnstaple, as his agent during his election. The defendant pleaded never indebted, and that the plaintiff had not sent off his account within a month, according to the terms of the Corrupt Practices at Elections Act. Mr. Grant having stated his own case, the upshot of which is contained in the above allegation, Mr. John Laurie, who was elected for Barnstaple at the same time as Mr. Guinness, and afterwards unseated, gave the following unblushing evidence, at which (of course) there was "much laughter":—"He had paid 1500*l*. to Mr. Carnsew (a lawyer and election agent) without being aware that there was anything wrong in doing so. Witness understood it was the amount of the expenses of the commission, and the solicitor's bill. Witness was introduced to Grant three or four weeks before the election. Witness employed Mr. Carnsew, but could not say whether he employed Grant. Grant made himself very effective, and witness was returned at the head of the poll. He was so warmly received that he must go there again. (A laugh.) It was true he had paid 1,500*l*.; but nothing is done without paying in this world. (A laugh.) Mr. Guinness kept his seat, and witness lost his—most unexpectedly. (A laugh.) He did not spend any money himself at Barnstaple, except that he made some purchases; one must patronise one's constituents." (A laugh.) Mr. Guinness denied Mr. Grant's statements, and the validity of his claim; but

the jury, after deliberating for an hour and three-quarters, gave a verdict for the plaintiff for 69*l*. 3*s*. 9*d*.

THE POSTAGE OF NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS.—A recent *Gazette* contains a Treasury warrant, altering the rates of postal transmission for books and other works of literature and art, as they were fixed by the warrant of the 3d of last January. The following are the new arrangements:—"On every such packet, if not exceeding 4oz. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 1*d*. And on every such packet, if exceeding 4oz. and not exceeding 8oz. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 2*d*. And on every such packet, if exceeding 8oz., and not exceeding 1lb. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 4*d*. And on every such packet, if exceeding 1lb. and not exceeding 1lb. and one-half of another pound in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 6*d*. And on every such packet, if exceeding 1lb. and one-half of another pound, and not exceeding 2lb. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 8*d*. And for every additional 1lb. in weight of any such packet above the weight of 2lb. there shall be charged and taken an additional rate of 2*d*. And every fractional part of every such additional 1lb. in weight shall be charged as 1lb. in weight. And we do further order and direct that no such packet which in length or width or depth shall exceed the dimensions of 2 feet shall be forwarded by the post under the provisions aforesaid." The packets are to be sent open at the ends or sides. This warrant came into operation last Monday.

AUSTRALIA.—An open-air meeting was held at Melbourne on the 12th of March, for the purpose of considering the extraordinary conduct of Government in postponing the trials of the Ballarat rioters. Resolutions condemnatory of the course pursued by Government were passed, and a subscription was entered into for the defence of the remaining prisoners. The insult offered to the jury by the Attorney-General was also censured; one of the speakers, Mr. Aspinall, stating that it was understood the Attorney-General intended to resign as soon as he was able to pass a measure prohibiting trial by jury.—The Legislative Council of Melbourne are turning their attention to railways. Mr. Deas Thompson, says the *Melbourne Morning Herald*, has expressed the hope that he shall live to travel by railway from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The spring trade in the Sydney markets has been very dull.

TRUE PROTESTANTISM.—The Archbishop of Dublin, in a charge delivered on Thursday week during his annual visitation in St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, made the following admirable and conclusive remarks on the subject of the papal "aggression" which threw all England into a fever some four years and a half ago. Their logic is as irresistible as their spirit is large and honest. If Protestantism were always the exponent of similar views, it would be the real and legitimate antithesis to Papacy—the representative of tolerance and inclusiveness, of genuine "Catholicism," as the Roman Church is the embodiment of bigotry and proscription; whereas Protestantism is in fact often nothing more than another kind of Papacy, equally denunciatory, secular, and uncandid. The Archbishop observed:—"On a late occasion, I came forward, as you will remember, in opposition to the prevailing feeling at that time among my countrymen, to point out of how small consequence are empty ecclesiastical titles, when applying claims not already admitted by the persons concerned. The title for instance, of 'King of France,' retained for ages by our sovereigns, gave no uneasiness to the French people, and only exposed ourselves to ridicule, till it was, within our own memory, wisely dropped. And the last Stuart Prince who, to the last, called himself 'King of England,' excited so little of either fear or resentment, that he was actually in the enjoyment of a pension from our own royal family. In like manner, if the people are not Romanists, or inclined to be such, in a certain English or Irish city, the assumption by a Romish Bishop of a title from that city will not make them so. And if they are, from other causes, Romanists, the prohibition by law of that title will never convert them to the Protestant faith. In the present case also, as there is not, as I can see, any ground for special indignation at the arrogance of a claim which has been made for many ages by the Romish Church, to dictate articles of faith to all the world, so neither is there any ground for alarm at the recent exercise of that claim, nor any reason for our making a special protest against it."

THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.—A meeting was recently held at Halifax, with the design of passing resolutions in favour of the Sunday Beer Bill. After a very stormy scene in the Market-place, where about five or six thousands persons assembled, an amendment denunciatory of the Act was carried by an immense majority.

DR. LOCOCK has proceeded to Paris, having been telegraphed for by the Emperor. It seems that the Empress again gives her husband some prospect of the chance of an heir.

THREE CHILDREN WERE BURNED TO DEATH last Saturday, in a house at Hackney. They had been locked into the room by their mother, who had left the house for a short time; and it is supposed that one of them must have played with the Lucifer matches, and set fire to the bed, under the remains of which their bodies were discovered. The loud shrieks of the children had

been heard for some time before the fire was discovered; but it was only then that assistance was given.

LORD MAYOR MOON has been entertained at a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, when Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, made a eulogistic speech, suited to the occasion, and our gentle Moon cast the beams of his full orb upon M. le Baron, upon the Hôtel, and upon the "marvels of art" by which he was surrounded.

CLOSING OF OLD SMITHFIELD MARKET.—On Monday afternoon, immediately after the termination of the day's business at Smithfield, notices were posted on all parts of the market, signed by Sir George Grey, and informing the public that, the Corporation of London having complied with the whole of the provisions of the Markets Act, in the formation of the New Market at Copenhagen-fields, Islington, he had fixed the New Market and slaughter-houses to be opened on Friday, the 15th inst.; and that henceforth Smithfield would entirely cease to be a market for the sale of horses and cattle. The sale of hay and straw will be continued as usual.

THE ARCTIC SEARCH VESSELS.—Everything at present (says the *New York Enquirer*) indicates an early departure of the expedition in search of Dr. Kane and his companions in the Arctic regions.

THE CROPS IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES, aided by the late fine weather, begin to look very promising and healthy.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, June 16.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

On the motion for the recommitment of the Religious Worship Bill,

The Earl of DERBY moved as an amendment that a select committee should be appointed to inquire into the actual state of the law on the subject, and into the expediency of relaxing or abrogating the existing enactments. He believed that no practical inconvenience was now felt, and he recommended the House to pause before it tampered with the present system.

Earl GRANVILLE and the Earl of SHAFTESBURY defended the bill, which was opposed by the Bishop of Oxford.

On a division, Lord Derby's amendment was carried by a majority of 47 to 30—17.

The Education of Poor Children Bill was read a third time and passed.

Their lordships adjourned at half-past seven o'clock.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE EX-MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

On the motion that the House on rising adjourn till Monday,

Mr. OTWAY urged an inquiry touching the stipulations which it was said that certain members of the last Government had exacted from the present Premier, respecting the terms to be demanded from Russia, at the time they consented to take the offices which they held for a few days under his administration. In the course of his remarks the hon. member used expressions, which the Speaker pronounced to be unparliamentary.

Lord PALMERSTON declined to disclose the precise tenor of the stipulations alluded to, but declared that at the present time the Government entertained no idea of making any special terms the *sine qua non* of peace.

Mr. DISRAELI remarked that the Prime Minister had provoked the query, having himself been the first to speak about the existence of the stipulation in question.

Mr. GLADSTONE regretted that official reasons had prevented Lord Palmerston from explaining the whole transaction.

The subject then dropped, and the motion was agreed to.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

Mr. LAYARD then moved the resolution of which he had given notice. After referring to the marked feeling prevalent throughout the country on the subject of Administrative Reform, he observed that the subject fell almost inevitably into the hands of a non-professional member; military men, from very intelligible reasons, feeling reluctant to put themselves forward in the cause. He then proceeded to glance in turn at the condition and faults of the three chief governmental departments as connected with the military, the diplomatic, and the civil services. With respect to the first-mentioned department, the honorable member cited high professional authorities to prove the necessity of reform, and supported his argument by citing a great number of instances, dwelling especially upon the constant neglect of merit and the prevalence of a system of gross favoritism in the army and navy. Adverting to the diplomatic service, Mr. Layard declared that it had become a mere vehicle for aristocratic favoritism, men of high talent being left in subordinate situations. He insisted that some proof

of ability should be required from the candidates for diplomatic appointments, that every attaché should be paid; and that advancement should be given to merit alone. With the consular branch of the service he expressed extreme dissatisfaction. Lastly, he analysed the civil service, which was characterised by much the same fault as the military and diplomatic departments, the employés being selected and promoted chiefly under political influences, and without regard to their individual capacity or conduct. The examination to which candidates were subject was utterly delusive, and could only be rendered satisfactory by being carried on in public. If efficient functionaries were secured the number of the working staff of the public offices might be reduced, and better pay afforded to the remaining employés. In conclusion, Mr. Layard insisted that most of our recent disasters and disgraces had arisen solely from the incapacity of the persons employed in different departments, and that the only remedy that could give us confidence for the future must consist of a thorough reform in every branch of administration.

Sir S. NORTHCOTE, acknowledging the existence of the evils complained of, denied that Mr. Layard had suggested any feasible remedies. He reviewed in minute detail the practical machinery of the government offices, and excited much amusement by tracing, link after link, the chain of political dependency which reached from the electors to the ministers of state and influenced the exercise of ministerial patronage in every department.

Mr. L. GOWER and Mr. PEACOCK having spoken, Mr. GLADSTONE would not accept the motion proposed by Mr. Layard, though agreeing with him on the abstract principle. The evils of nepotism and favoritism no doubt infected the public service, but it was a mere delusion to represent those faults as essentially aristocratic in their origin. For all the existing evils he accounted the House of Commons primarily responsible, observing that it governed the Government, and appointed those by whom the minor appointments were made. The present resolution, moreover, laid down a vague and general conclusion, binding the House to no definite pledge and leading up to no practical measure. From the existing movement in favour of Administrative Reform, he anticipated much good, provided always it could be found possible to give it a practical direction. The Government to which he had belonged had indeed planned a general system of open and competitive examinations, involving a total surrender of patronage as regarded first appointments in all branches of the civil service. He anticipated also great and various benefits from throwing open the public offices to general competition. The executive would be relieved from the burthen of patronage, education would be stimulated, the moral tone of the community raised, and better service secured in all the departments of the administration.

Sir E. B. LYTTON complained of the attacks that had been made against the aristocracy, as a class, by the Administrative Reformers. These attacks, he urged, had commenced with the Aberdeen Government, had been encouraged by the conduct of Lord J. Russell towards the Duke of Newcastle, and inflamed by the undecided and trifling administration of Lord Palmerston. Stimulated by disasters and disappointment, the public had resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and a movement was begun, which being directed ostensibly against the principle of party appointments, in reality threatened a heavy blow upon constitutional government.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER rejoiced that an opportunity had been at last afforded to the House formally to discuss a question which had lately assumed formidable dimensions. But besides embodying the question of Administrative Reform, the resolution proposed by Mr. Layard involved a motion of want of confidence, and its adoption, he declared, would be followed by an immediate resignation of the Government. The amendment proposed by Sir E. B. Lytton was not free from objection, but he intimated that the Government would consent to adopt it by way of negative to the original motion, although Ministers did not require the stimulus of a vote of the House to urge on their efforts for the practical accomplishment of Administrative Reforms.

Lord GODERICH moved the adjournment of the debate, which being opposed, a division took place, when there appeared—For the adjournment, 240; against it 29; majority 211.

The debate was then adjourned to Monday next, and the other business having been disposed of, the House adjourned at half-past one.

THE CRIMEA.

General Prince Gortschakoff writes from the Crimea that the cannonade against the Korniloff Bastion still continued on the 9th.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

We (*Times*) have received the following telegraphic despatch from our Berlin correspondent:—

"Berlin, Thursday, June 14.

"The squadron under the command of Rear-

Admiral Baynes, numbering fifteen sail, anchored in the Great Belt on the 13th inst."

A letter, dated Elsinore, May 24, says—"On the day before yesterday, twelve new prizes, taken by Admiral Danda's squadron, east anchor at Elsinore, accompanied by the *Geyer* corvette, taking them to England. Among these prizes, seven were sailing under Mecklenburg colours, four under the Danish flag, and one under that of Holstein."

SPAIN.

A telegraphic despatch from Saragossa of the 8th announces that the rest of the insurgent cavalry of that city had been routed, and that the chief and nine of the band had been arrested.

INDIA.

By the last mail from India, we have dates up to as late as May 12, but no news of great importance. The disputes between Gholab Singh and his nephew appear to have been amicably settled. In connexion with the Meeranah expedition against the rebellious hill-men at Peshawar, a telegraphic despatch states that two thousand of the rebels have been driven back in an attack which they made on the camp. The Burmese chief Moung Bo is in open revolt. The murderer of Lieutenant Glasgow has been hanged.

ARREST OF AN ENGLISH OFFICIAL AT COLOGNE.—The *New Cologne Gazette* confirms the fact of the arrest of the secretary, Mr. Curtis, of the English consul in that city, for recruiting men for the English foreign legion, as mentioned in a London paper. The above-named journal adds that the consul immediately sent a report on the matter to the English minister at Berlin, who at once put himself in communication with M. de Manteuffel on the subject.

A Paris letter says that on Tuesday, after a consultation held at the Tuilleries between Dr. Locock and Drs. Dubois and Conneau, it was formally announced that the Empress was *en route*.

MR. FONBLANQUE.

In the course of the discussion in the House of Commons last night on Administrative Reform, Sir Stafford Northcote illustrated his argument against irregular and unroutine appointments in the Civil Service by this instance—rather an ancient one now, it must be admitted,—of the selection of Mr. Albany Fonblanque for the statistical secretaryship of the Board of Trade. Sir Stafford was understood to condemn this appointment as an improper one, on the grounds of personal unfitness; and though the honourable baronet to some extent retracted the illustration, and insisted that he had merely used it for an abstract and rather Northcote purpose, apart from the question of Mr. Fonblanque's capacity, yet Mr. Gladstone, who appears to have waited with great patience for avenging the sarcasm on the "Pony Peel," fastened upon the occasion to endorse the opinion that the appointment of Mr. Fonblanque was personally an improper appointment. Mr. Labouchere, ex-President of the Board of Trade, and responsible, explained to the House, and vindicated Mr. Fonblanque: the incident constituted a scenic episode in the dull debate. Every one was amused. But Mr. Fonblanque suffers; and obviously this treatment of a man so distinguished and so esteemed is grossly unjust. On general grounds his appointment may be easily defended. It was exactly of that class of appointments which administrative reformers are now demanding to have made. A post was vacated by Mr. Porter (*Progress of the Nation* Porter) which required in its occupant not the faculties of an arithmetical-minded clerk, but the philosophical faculty of statesmanlike generalisation, and Mr. Labouchere, in looking out for Mr. Porter's successor, selected a gentleman who had become eminent and honoured in journalism, not alone for wit, which has rendered his *Examiner* historical in our literature, but for the profoundest, as well as the pleasantest popularisation of questions of political economy. Again the appointment may be justified even on the lower ground—that party ground which all the speakers last night acknowledged must always be considered. The politics of M. Fonblanque were Whig politics; he had served the Whigs as their most popular journalist; and in calling him into the service of the country the Whigs did one of the few graceful things of the kind which they had ever done. And, since the appointment, we have never heard a syllable to suggest that in the career of M. Fonblanque at the Board of Trade, there had not been as clear an example as in the career of Mr. John Stuart Mill at the India House—that a philosopher may make a first-rate head of a department. We rather suspect that the pettiest personal malice is at the bottom of the insinuation started by Sir Stafford and assisted by Mr. Gladstone, and the circumstance of such a case, amid thousands of actual, staring, and recognised jobs, being selected as an illustration in an unaffectedly sham debate on Administrative Reform, does not much enhance our idea of the nobleness of the House of Commons.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

During the Session of Parliament it is often impossible to find room for correspondence, even the briefest. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

SURVEY OF THE WAR.

SINCE the second of June, the date of our last survey, much has happened at the seat of war, and the Allies have made decisive strides towards final success. Pressed on by the energetic impetuosity of PELLISSIER, the French operations have been at once steady and brilliant; while Captain LYONS has swept over the sea of Azof like a tongue of flame, and General BROWN has solidly entrenched his troops at Kertch and Yeni-Kaleh. Following the course we have hitherto adopted, let us consider each in succession.

The Siege.—The solid and brilliant operations to which we referred above are the capture of the Mamelon and of the Quarries, the reduction of the redoubts on Mount Sapouné, and the shelling of the Russian fleet with captured Russian mortars! These operations were triumphantly and successfully effected between the 6th and the 11th of June, at which date the enemy had not molested our troops in their new positions.

To estimate the value of those positions, the reader must understand their relation to the works of the enemy. Although the attack on the east side of Sebastopol was the latest commenced, it has received the greatest development, and has become the most important. The ground on which it is conducted is formed of alternate ridge and ravine. These ravines, in fact, intersect the plateau, and form the beds of streamlets that flow into the waters of the harbour. Each ravine, therefore, and each ridge runs in parallel lines down to the water, and consequently the conformation of the small angle of the eastern plateau defended by the Russians is of the same character as the larger portion occupied by the Allies; that is to say, the Russian batteries are on the same ridges as the corresponding attacks of the Allies, with one exception to be presently explained. These attacks are the Inkerman attack directed against the redoubts on Sapouné; the Victoria attack, next on its left, directed against the Mamelon and Malakoff, two elevations on the same ridge; Gordon's attack, which slowly but steadily creeps down towards the Redan, meeting with the quarries on its way; and lastly, Chapman's attack, on the extreme left. The position of this attack is peculiar. It advances on a ridge, bounded on one side by the Woronzoff ravine, on the other by the South ravine, and is quite separated from the

Russian defences by a turn of the Woronzoff ravine into the inner harbour. Consequently Chapman's attack cannot proceed beyond the brow of the hill on whose top it is established; and its gallant director will have to be content with giving a powerful support to the French at work against the Flagstaff, and the British engaged with the Redan. The progress made on the 7th and 8th of June consists in this, that the Allies have seized the three most commanding positions in advance of their direct attacks—Mount Sapouné that overlooks the roadstead; the Mamelon, that stands higher than the Malakoff and far above the Redan, indeed, that commands the town and a great part of the harbour; and the Quarries, a strong post immediately in front of the Redan. So that the foremost parallel on this side includes all these forward posts, and materially reduces the superiority of the Russian position. The gallant way in which the affair was accomplished—a short and sharp bombardment, a sudden onset, and sustained advance of storming columns in broad daylight, winning victory in an hour—this *modus operandi* must have chilled the hearts of the enemy. The new spirit that animates the French army is strikingly expressed in a laconic despatch from General PELLISSIER, dated the 6th of June. "To-day," he says, "we have bombarded the enemy's external works, and to-morrow, please God, we will take them." The General kept his word—taking also seventy-three guns and five hundred prisoners.

Sea of Azof.—The steam flotilla have made a complete circuit of this inland sea. The operations have included the bombardment of Arabat, the burning of stores at Berdiansk, at Genitchi, at Marioupol, at Taganrog, at Gheisk. What the whole amount of damage done to the enemy by the destruction of his stores may have been up to the 6th of June—the date of the attack on Gheisk—we cannot say, but in the first four days of their operations, including those at Kertch and Yeni-Kaleh, no fewer than six millions of rations had been destroyed—in other words, the provisions for an army of 100,000 men for four months. It is now placed beyond a doubt that vast supplies were drawn by the Russian army in the Crimea from Kertch and Genitchi. Anticipating a descent of the Allies, and unable to prevent it, for several days previously to the arrival of the expedition, the enemy had been saving his stores at the rate of 1500 waggon loads a day, and forwarding them from Kertch to Sebastopol. The Allies also found both cattle and forage in the vicinity of their quarters sufficient for their subsistence for some time.

At the latest dates the Allies occupied strongly entrenched positions at Kertch and Yeni-Kaleh, the earthworks on the land side being defended by the guns captured from the enemy. The Russian troops, under General WRANGEL, had retreated to Arghin, a place not far from the neck of the peninsula, whence they could readily act either in defence of Arabat or Kaffa. The paucity of their numbers, the facility with which they yielded the batteries commanding the straits, although the position was of such vital consequence to them, shows either that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has no troops to spare, or that he has determined to concentrate his forces around Sebastopol. The Allies fully understand the value of their new position, and will, no doubt, make the most of it; but whether Sir GEORGE BROWN will be reinforced for an advance upon the left rear of the Russians around Sebastopol, or not, it is impossible to say. Although attended with lasting results, all the work in the Sea of Azof

has not yet been accomplished. It seems there is a second military road across the Putrid Sea, west of Genitchi, and it is understood that boats for an expedition to destroy it, and probably also to penetrate the Don, are now being sent out from this country.

But the most striking result of the Kertch expedition, and the operations in the Sea of Azof, is the abandonment of Soujak-Kaleh and Anapa. That the enemy should give up the former fortress and concentrate the whole of his troops in the latter, was not surprising. It was a sound proceeding. But that he should suddenly quit Anapa, and give place to the Circassians, shows that the pressure exercised upon him must have been very great. The reason for that precipitate flight is this: Anapa, and nearly all the Circassian forts, were provisioned from the Sea of Azof. The appearance, therefore, of the Allies at Taganrog and Gheisk, and the gathering of Circassians on his line of communications with the Kuban country, must have convinced the Russian commander that the best thing for him to do would be to fly. The fall of Anapa alone would be a great result of the expedition to Kertch; for Anapa was the last of the Circassian fortresses—the last hold of Russia on the eastern shores of the Black Sea.

To these successes no doubt in our next impression we shall be able to add others equally important. The Russian army in the Crimea is reduced entirely to the defensive. The initiative, so long held by our foes, is theirs no longer. We have posts on both their flanks; we have cut off one material line of communication; we are in great strength on their front. The next step, whether it be against the fortress or in the field, cannot fail to bring us close to the crisis of the campaign.

THE PRINCE CONSORT ON FREE GOVERNMENT.

THE Radicals who called upon the Crown to interfere and help us out of our diplomatic and military crisis, have got what they might have expected, but what, to judge from their past expressions of opinion, they did not desire—an intervention of the Prince Consort, who in a speech, distinguished as all his speeches are by real intellect, lectures us on our factions and our undiplomatic debates, and tells us significantly that constitutional government is on its trial. The Prince's speech will tell, and deserves to tell: we only hope it will not tell in a wrong way.

Free institutions are on their trial: but they are not being tried at their proper work. They are not made to carry on diplomacy or diplomatic wars. They will do very well, and always have done very well, to carry on a war of self-defence or a war of principle. In either case all is plain, unmistakable, and felt by every heart. There is no secret object that any diplomatist need keep "locked in his inmost bosom." There is no danger of ambiguous language as to the terms to be demanded of the enemy. There is no chance of success for any faction which may endeavour to persuade the nation that its sacrifices are unnecessary. The right men are borne irresistibly to the head of affairs, and the contest is enthusiastically carried on till the end, which all alike seek has been attained. What contests in history are comparable to those which free nations have gone through for freedom? What councils have been more wise and steadfast than those of free nations in such contests? If you want to overreach for a small object, you must have secret diplomacy to do it. If you want to raise war taxes for an unworthy or uncertain object, you must have despotic

power to do it. Freedom and free institutions give you mighty and irresistible ardour in a great cause; they do not give you silent credulity and blind following in a petty one.

The people of this country are carrying on this struggle, they are pouring out their money and their blood under the belief that they are crusading against despotism. But in this belief they are miserably deceived. They are crusading with, and indirectly for, despotism. The object that their statesmen have in view is purely a diplomatic one, to diminish the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. Hence the country and the Government are all at cross-purposes. The country, in sublime oblivion of our magnanimous ally, wonders that the Government does not openly declare itself to be crusading against despotism, as embodied in the Czar, and heartily take the nation into partnership in the crusade. The Government, on the other hand, is disconcerted and scandalised at the uproarious interference of the nation with its deep designs for cutting down the Russian fleet. The Government, of course, when they want to raise the wind, appeal to our hatred as freemen of Russian influence in Europe. But how will that influence be diminished if all the points demanded at the Vienna Conferences are gained? Suppose Russia is bound by a paper treaty not to meddle with her friends and accomplices, the Greek Christians in the Turkish empire, will she be bound, even by a paper treaty, not to league with German despots, and lend them the aid of her piratical arms to put down in blood the rising liberty of their peoples? When the Principalities are made neutral, or independent, or Turkish, or whatever it is to be, how will that diplomatic transaction guarantee Hungary against having the same fearful odds cast against her again in any future struggle for freedom? Compel Russia to accept a clause binding her never again to interfere by force or diplomacy for the maintenance or extension of despotism in Europe, and you will at least have asserted a principle, and made the House of ROMANOFF feel that what they now suffer is the punishment of their crimes.

Our polity is republican, but our diplomacy is monarchical; it is the only thing really monarchical which we have remaining. This little shred of the old system dragged us, in spite of real and essential character, into the Revolutionary war. We fought to avenge the dethronement of a dynasty and the murder of a King, being ourselves in the full enjoyment of those liberties which were the fruits of an exactly similar operation. We have allowed the Foreign Office to fix the objects of this war, and of course they are the objects of a Monarchical diplomacy, not of an essentially Republican nation. They are strictly limited by regard for the sensibilities of that group of despots from whom, in virtue of a name, we continue to receive "the most satisfactory assurances." Free institutions are on their trial. They are trying to be at once what they are and what they are not—a hard trial for any institutions. Oh for one frank, unmistakable European Commonwealth! It would blow secret diplomacy to the winds, and make war, if it did make war, for those objects which can alone justify the shedding of blood.

THE NEWEST NEW WORLD.

THE House of Commons did notable work on Thursday last, in profound unconsciousness, we believe, of its real scope and value. They gave a constitution which upon the whole we may pronounce admirable, to a country which is the heir-apparent of the coming time—one day destined to be the mistress of India, the protector of China, the rival of

America. In a thin House, after a debate of no great force or insight, the foundations and landmarks of a nation were laid down in the new constitution for Victoria, the chief of the Australian States.

The colonists were represented by a rather incongruous opposition, composed of ex-official Whigs, semi-official Tories, and Irish Radicals. But on the whole their views seem to us just and reasonable. Let us endeavour to winnow them from out the bushel of parliamentary chaff in the morning papers.

The bill confers upon the Colony an absolute control over its own affairs, its lands, its revenue, its public offices. It creates a Government responsible to, and removable by, the popular branch of the local Legislature; it places in their hands the appointment of every public office, with a single exception—that of the Governor. This is a large and liberal constitution under which a new people may healthily grow and develop. But the Opposition have pointed out two or three serious impediments to its successful working which, if we had more trust in parliamentary wisdom, we should count on seeing removed.

The qualification of a member of the Legislative Assembly is a freehold estate of the value of 2000*l.*, situated in the colony. No other property but freehold will suffice, and no other locality but Victoria. The result of this absurd restriction is to throw the representation into the hands of a very small, and not a particularly eligible, class. And to make their monopoly secure, it is provided that each member shall make a solemn declaration that "he has not collusively or colourably obtained a title" to this property for the purpose of a qualification. Note the result of these provisions.

"Freehold property alone creates a qualification."—This was once the law in England, but it became so odious and oppressive to shut out wealthy manufacturers, merchants, fundholders, and shareholders, that in the first year of the present reign it was repealed, and landed property of any tenure, and chattel property of any kind, may now create a qualification. Mr. BRIGHT qualifies out of his mills, Mr. CORDEN out of his Consols.

"Every Member shall make a declaration," &c.—It is computed that more than half the Members of the House of Commons might be shut out by a scrutiny which it is proposed to apply to every Member of a provincial Parliament. There are fifty-three Scotch Members, for example, who are exempt from the necessity of any property qualification, on the [specific ground that] estates are small in Scotland. Six representatives of universities are exempt, in order that men competent to represent the seats of learning may not be shut out for want of land or money. Fifty or sixty heirs-apparent of Peers, or of persons qualified to be Knights of the Shire, are admitted without any question as to property in possession. Perhaps there are as many manufacturers and fundholders who qualify from chattels. And lastly, there are undoubtedly a large number of persons to whom property has been legally conveyed for the purpose of creating a qualification. None of these classes, or any corresponding classes, are admissible in the colony. This is rather strong. Provisions sufficient to protect the authority and dignity of a Parliament which has lasted for seven hundred years might be adequate, we should think, for one which has not lasted quite fifty months.

Perhaps there is something in the nature of a colony which makes extra precautions necessary. Hardly; for no other colony has adopted them. There is no pro-

perty qualification for the Lower Chamber in Canada; none in the Cape; none in the neighbouring colonies to Victoria—South Australia and New South Wales; none across the straits in Van Diemen's Land; none in the British Isles in the Southern Pacific—New Zealand. Almost the last news from the Antipodes was an insurrection in Victoria, in which nearly sixty men were killed. The insurgents caught with arms in their hands have since been tried by Melbourne juries and acquitted: acquitted on the ground that they had been subject to taxation without representation. One may predict the consequences of sending to such a people a constitution which carefully shuts them out from any place in the Legislature. These diggers create the wealth, bear the burdens, and pay the taxes of the state; if they are excluded from all share in its management we may predict a thunderclap.

Another point urged by the Opposition was the reduction of an enormous Civil List granted to the Crown; as this, however, is not a permanent burden, but reversible at any time by a vote of the Local Parliament, there is no serious danger here.

They also propose to restore certain provisions, which Lord JOHN RUSSELL struck out of the original measure, limiting the class of bills which the Governor will be authorised to hold over for the consideration of the home Government. There is no greater hindrance to prosperity than uncertainty in a people of the laws under which they live. That just and necessary measures, which have been duly considered and deliberately adopted in the country to which they apply, should need to travel thirty thousand miles round the globe, and be subject to an official in Downing-street before they come into operation, is a grievance which no people will endure a moment longer than they must. If this be not cured, it will cure itself in a very peremptory and effective manner on the spot.

But with all its drawbacks the Victoria Constitution is a great and generous measure, under which that singular colony may grow into its destined prosperity and power. When London was raging for the Reform Bill the foot of civilised man had not been planted on the shores where now sits the city of Melbourne with its eighty thousand inhabitants; before London has achieved true administrative reform, a new state, holding in a strong grasp the rod of empire, will have set its stamp upon the scroll of nations.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE world, no doubt, is right in betaking itself at once to the use of that which answers its present purpose, without waiting for that which, out of all abstract possibilities, is demonstrably to be preferred: or else it might not be difficult to show that when men began to count, they ought to have left out their thumbs, and contented themselves with their eight fingers. Probably, however, they could not then spare the extra digits from their limited arithmetic, and they certainly did not see what complexities of calculation they incurred for their descendants by thus indulging themselves with the present convenience of the thumbs. Ten has been made the period of recurrence with a universality which prevents our remembering that it has no natural title whatever to the honour; for, as far as principle is concerned, we might just as well stop at 7 or 11, instead of 9, and begin again at 8 or 12, instead of 10, and so on for all succeeding periods. The question is one of convenience.

The chief advantage of the period of 8 over that of 10, for general use, lies, perhaps, in its capability of perpetual bisection down

to unity, and in the identity of its series of bisections, when started from the different recurring points. Beginning at 8, we have 4, 2, 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, &c.; but 10 soon brings in fractions—10, 5, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and the series passes over unity altogether, though it is the base of all systems. The fourth of a shilling of eightpence would be twopence, and not twopence halfpenny, as in a decimal coinage; and the eighth would be a penny, and not a penny farthing. The same advantage attends all higher numbers.

Again: 64, which in form and importance would stand in the place of 100 in our present notation, divides into 32, 16, 8, 4, 2, 1, without a fraction—the same series as before—only beginning from a higher point; but 100 gives 50, 25, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$, 3 $\frac{1}{8}$, 1 $\frac{5}{16}$, $\frac{3}{32}$, &c., a series everywhere encumbered with fractions, different from that which starts from 10, and passing over unity again, but at a new distance from it. So also 512, which would take the place and figures of our present 1000, bisects to the same effect again—256, 128, 64, 32, 16, &c.—while 1000 gives 500, 250, 125, 62 $\frac{1}{2}$, 31 $\frac{1}{4}$, 15 $\frac{3}{8}$, 7 $\frac{5}{16}$, 3 $\frac{5}{32}$, 1 $\frac{11}{64}$, $\frac{1}{128}$, &c.—still a different series—and so on.

Any preference, however, for the octenary system on this ground, must depend on the comparative frequency with which we use halves, quarters, eighths, &c. rather than other subdivisions. If we divided by 3 oftener than by 2, it would be more convenient to use 9 for the recurring number than either 8 or 10. There are however but few advantages in 10, since it divides without fractions only by 2 and 5.

There is another advantage in 8, which is not so obvious, nor indeed would it so often come into play. Sixty-four is both a square, that of 8, and a cube, that of 4; from which it follows that all numbers of the moderate extent most frequently occurring in practice would have their cube and square roots extracted approximately with a facility the existing system does not afford. Divide the number by 64: the square root of the quotient (known almost on inspection), multiplied by 8 gives the square root of the original number; and the cube root of the same quotient multiplied by 4 gives the cube root of that original number. Thus 273 divided by 64 gives 4 $\frac{1}{4}$, whose square root is roughly 2 $\frac{1}{4}$, which, multiplied by 8, gives 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the square root of 273, true in the first decimal; and for the cube root, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ multiplied by 4 gives 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, true in the same degree. The operation would really be much more simple than it here appears; for in the notation of the octenary system the division by 64 would be done by merely pointing off the two last figures, and all the requisite numbers for use on inspection would not be nearly so many as those of our present multiplication table. By these means approximate results could always be obtained for common purposes with very little trouble—an advantage the decenary system does not afford to nearly the same degree—for while no doubt 10 is the square root of 100, the cube root is 4 with a tail of decimals.

We presume, however, that it is useless to say anything of these or other advantages of the octenary scale: for it would seem that men of all races have counted on their thumbs: Hindoos, Arabs, Romans, Celts, Saxons, Barbarian, Scythian, Greek, and Jew, all have the decimal or semi-decimal system. CHARLES XII. of Sweden, indeed, is said to have intended a reform in this universal mistake, and it was a project worthy of his iron will. But will, however iron, is not everything in influencing mankind; and CHARLES's success would hardly have been equal to that to be won by the amenities of cheerful persuasion, and the example of successful use.

Taking it for granted that we have not the courage or the perseverance requisite for changing the practice of the whole world in this apparently simple matter, we sit down with the belief that the decenary system will hold its ground amongst us until a period of time far beyond our present provisions. But then, let us at least be reasonable in using it. We are going to reform the system of our money to suit that of our arithmetic: but if we go so far we ought to go farther, or our money will halt and stumble with our weights and measures. The work is only half done if, while we make one factor decimal, we leave the other in the state of 16ths, 8ths, 3rds, &c. &c. Try 7lb. 11oz. by 6 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the result, a little over 4 shillings, is come at only by five or six lines of figures, and even then with tolerable accuracy only by the help of decimals. The same quantity very nearly would have been expressed by 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ths, and the money by 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ 25; the result, 48 $\frac{1}{4}$ pence, is obtained in two or at most three lines. The same contrast in favour of decimals, *throughout if at all*, occurs perpetually in the detail of daily transactions.

The contemplated reform then, we trust, will be completed by making the foot, the pound avoirdupois, and the gallon, the units of our weights and measures, to be used decimally both upwards and downwards.

One hundredth of a foot, or 0.01, would give a little less than an eighth of an inch; 10,000 feet, something less than 2 miles.

The ten-thousandth of a pound avoirdupois, or 0.0001, expresses $\frac{1}{10}$ of a grain; and 2000 pounds nearly a ton.

The gallon requires no illustration.

These figures show that our most common, popular, and best-ascertained measures, supply units which admit of convenient expression for all quantities, both small and great, with very little aid from other terms.

It is true that with this system we have not a complete and scientific connexion amongst our weights and measures like that of the French, in which the unit-basis of the weights is derived from that of the unit-basis measure of water: but we should have that identity of division which affords by far the greater part of the advantage. In deducing the weight of substances from their bulks, through their specific gravities, the French system affords that facility by design which we get only by the accident of a cubic foot of water weighing about 1000 ounces. We shall lose this accidental coincidence if we part with the ounce; but we shall gain much more in other ways; and a second column to our tables will at once repair even this small loss.

The value of the proposed change will much depend on its completeness. If our money only is made to conform to our arithmetic we shall scarcely gain enough to compensate us for the disturbance of our habits: if we carry the reform into every kind of quantity we use, we shall soon forget the inconvenience of the change in the magnitude and frequency of its advantages. If we had courage and patience enough to adopt the octenary system in arithmetic, money, weights, and measures, we should probably be followed in time by all other civilised nations. But in such a course there is this as well as other difficulties: a government may decree weights and measures, but the people will make an arithmetic for themselves;—the government in this as in everything else has to take for granted in fundamental matters what the people spontaneously do for themselves.

Whether then by defect of courage, or by the circumstances of the case, we are bound to the decenary system, which men have everywhere adopted; and being bound to it, let us have it complete.

THE CHURCH AND FREE WORSHIP.

As an Englishman you would certainly say, that in this free, religious, Protestant, right-of-private-judgment country, no kind of obstacles would be placed in the way of public religious worship. You would say, we pride ourselves on the number of our churches, on the number of our chapels, on our gregarious religion. We think it a good thing—and a thing to be encouraged—public worship; and our Exeter-Hall JEREMIAHS leading the way, we all weep when some sturdily-statistical HORACE MANN shouts aloud "Give ear, O Protestant England! there are five millions who attend no place of worship at all." When this is the case, and we turn up our eyes and mourn over it, like hypocrites as we are some of us, it never could be supposed that there is actually an Act of Parliament prohibiting unlicensed public worship!

But it is so. People in England pray publicly by permission, confess their sins by permission; they are authorised to do it, and must not do it unauthorised. Taverns, pawn-shops, and churches all alike exist by virtue of tickets of leave from the State. Such is the law. By an act of GEORGE III., any person assembling above twenty persons over and above his servants in any house not registered, for purposes of public worship—an elastic phrase that applies to the singing of a hymn as well as to the celebration of the whole service—is liable to a fine of 20l. for every offence. What is the consequence? Thousands of persons, from the peer, nay, from the minister of State to the labourer and the City missionary, break the law every week, almost every day. While some consent, while to some it is convenient, to register their place of worship, in thousands of cases it is neither agreeable nor convenient. For instance: there is Sir GEORGE GREY—he does not like to register his residence as a place of public worship, yet he violates the law every Sunday we are told on high authority. There is Lord PAMMURE; he does the same. Nay, when the QUEEN was present at the opening of the Exhibition by prayer in 1851, her Majesty assisted at the infraction of this law, so natural to a free religious people. Seeing this, feeling for his ragged schools, and city missions, and "mother meetings," and complicated benevolent apparatus for saving the souls of the poor and benighted wayfarers of life, my Lord SHAFTESBURY comes down to Parliament and asks the House of Lords, and especially the bench of Bishops, to repeal the prohibitive and penal clauses of the Conventicle Act; in other words, to establish for the British people what it has not got—the liberty of praying in concert. He did not contemplate opposition—short-sighted man! He expected, no doubt, that every true Protestant and sincere Christian would eagerly embrace, if not him, at least his proposal. Vain expectation; how can, how dare, a divinely-instituted Church, with divinely-appointed Bishops, claiming to be the National Church, permit other worship than that ordained in its divinely-constituted rubrics, without confessing a weakness incompatible with its pretensions, and displaying a greater love for the purple and fine linen than the gospel of salvation which it assumes to monopolise? How dares, we say, a State Church consent to the liberty of praying? It dare not.

Every now and then comes up a question which is as a test applied to this singular mechanism of property and religion, called the Church of England: tests which it cannot bear with safety. Liberty of worship is one of these. Grant liberty of worship, O Bishops and Laymen of the Church of England! and you pass a decree which shakes your authority

to its foundations, and makes your claim to be a divine church appear what it is—an arrogant delusion; refuse to grant liberty of worship, your conscientious course, not as Peers of Parliament, but as pillars of the Church, and you declare war against one of the most sacred rights of man. Not only this; you place yourself in the most inconsistent position, lamenting the heathen darkness of the land, unable, yourselves, to raise up a spark of light, and making believe that you hold, and to some extent holding down, an extinguisher over the lamps of those who would, to the best of their ability, light their fellow-creatures out of the crooked paths of wickedness.

Let us have liberation. On every side there seems to be a breaking-down of the prestige of olden institutions. If the land were really Church of England—if Church of Englandism were any real, intelligible, heart-seizing thing—it would not need this system of registered public-worship tenements for its protection. It is because the Church is a political establishment, with a "territorial constitution," that it needs protective laws. But, it would seem, there is no one doctrine in the sacred books and articles upon which the Church founds herself, then why pretend there is but one, harmonious, and divinely derived? One sect has as much right to be heard as another; one sect has as much right to official protection as another; surely one man or men have as much right to pray when they please and how they please as another; surely this is a matter in which all have equal rights, in which, to use the words of Lord SHAFTESBURY, a man shall be at liberty to do as he pleases, providing he does nothing subversive of morality. It is not always that we can concur with Lord SHAFTESBURY; we think his position, as a member of the Established Church, at least anomalous; but in this principle we heartily concur; and if there be one maxim more sacred, more fruitful of greatness and goodness in states than another, it is that no Government, no earthly power whatsoever, has the least right to dictate to any man or set of men where, when, and how he or they shall worship. Least of all when, as is admitted, the metropolis, nay the nation, has gone far beyond the grasp of a Church falsely calling itself national, has that Church, because, by an accident, it possesses the remnants of an autocratic power bequeathed by the elder institution, of which it is only a contumacious offshoot, the right to dictate to those who are neither of the elder Church, nor of the younger prevailing schism?

Lord SHAFTESBURY'S Bill escaped condemnation by a majority of one. Its great opponents were the Bishops and stout high-church and political-church Lords. Clear-sighted enough in such cases, these gentlemen see that if the law be relaxed, it will really be a great blow at the theory of the Church, for it will permit an almost endless diversity of so-called church services, starting from the Prayer-book as a basis, and diverging in all directions. In the fanciful words of Lord CARNARVON, "the line of demarcation between Churchmen and Dissenters would be obliterated, and there would only be a tangled wilderness of vague and shadowy Christianity, professed by persons who, in reality, belong to no church or sect." But, in fact, is not this a tolerably accurate description of the actual state of things hidden under that veil of lip-conformity which Lord CARNARVON desires to perpetuate by penalties?

We have cried out ere this for the utmost freedom of speech, writing, and worship; we have, while doing battle for the honest portion of the Church, and contending for her emancipation from the fetters of the State, remained

ever true to the cry for the full freedom of the whole people in matters spiritual, and, therefore, we are glad to see a movement made in the House of Lords for the repeal of that disgraceful prohibition which would prevent Englishmen from assembling for public worship, unless, like the landlord of a gin palace, they first obtained a license. Think of one worm begging of another worm for leave to pray to the Supreme Ruler, the Father of all!

BRITISH BANKRUPTCY.

THE stoppage of a bank of high character is the text for a moral preached by the Money article of the *Morning Chronicle*. It is pointed out as an instance how dangerous it is for a house, let it be in what business it may, to step beyond the strict letter of its functions; and how much more prudent it is to put up with the first ascertained loss than to seek to cover it by increased liability. The moral is narrow, but it is sound so far as it goes. A Banker's business differs from that of every other mercantile firm whatever; but it appears to us that the distinctive peculiarity of banking in reference to its control and its guiding moral principle, is never kept in view with sufficient clearness. It is generally thought that bankers are traders in money; but a consideration of the function that they perform in trade will show this to be an erroneous description. In all commercial business, properly so called, some commodity passes from a seller who produces it at less cost, to a purchaser who can give in exchange something not so valuable to him; and hence a double profit in the increased value which each commodity acquires for the person receiving it. A merchant, for example, buys a quantity of print goods in Manchester at one price, which he can well afford to give, and sells it to a foreign house at a higher price, which that house can afford to give; the difference being the merchant's profit. In some trades, as in that of Commission Agent, a service is performed with a percentage on the amount of money passed; but here the service may be said to be the thing sold on speculation; and the chances of the market in the long run will justify the calculation of the dealers on both sides.

With regard to money, the case is wholly different. A Banker's business is to take care of cash, and so far to save the attention, the trouble, the time, and the costly machinery which the same care would entail upon every private possessor. This is a service that can always be performed, but it differs from the Commission Agency in this respect. The money itself is an ascertained value; the payment for the service is to be got out of that very money; and there is no necessity for depending upon the speculative value of the market. *Safety* is the first consideration for all, whether it be safety of custody or safety of transport; and the very commodity sold is abstracted or adulterated when the banker neglects any precaution necessary for securing the absolute safety of the money. As the money always comes to him an ascertained value, so he has no excuse for mistaking the charge in his keeping. There is nothing speculative about it; and as soon as the element of speculation is introduced, the business of the banker is invaded by a foreign and an incompatible business—the banker is traitor to his customers. The only chance for a legitimate mistake in trade is where the banker is custodian for a given amount of property of ascertained, but not immediately convertible value; while the claim for money of immediately convertible value exceeds the proportion that he may happen to have on hand. In such cases, his bank may stop payment,

but it will be solvent, and will pay 20s. in the pound. No bank can pay less without being guilty of a breach of trust. The moral of the *Morning Chronicle*, therefore, strictly applies to banking.

A similar moral may be extended to most kinds of business, if we give it a broader interpretation. If every man in trade abstained from transgressing his professed function, we should have fewer speculative losses. The purchase and sale of cotton requires experience, and when the agent devotes that experience to the purchase and sale of cotton, he can make a very handsome profit on the transaction. But he is not content with this; he endeavours to get up in the United States a false estimate of the stock on hand in England, that he may buy cheap; he endeavours to get up a false estimate in England of the crop, that he may sell dear. His transactions are like those of others, based upon credit; and before the whole round of deception can be completed, the trick is found out; the capital that he has invested in his business is not sufficient to meet the demands upon him, and he is bankrupt, because he tried to add to the business of cotton dealer that of swindler. Yet there are cotton merchants who run these risks without going into the *Gazette* at once, and the highest in the land are glad to invite them to their tables and pay them honour.

It is the same in ship dealing. A person owning a number of ships is making a fair profit by the employment of those vessels; he thinks that with the prospect of war there will be great demand for shipping; he has command of a large sum of money, and while he is supposed to be in possession of 50,000*l.*, he can obtain credit for half that amount from, we might almost say, fifty different people, because they believe he can fulfil what he promises to do. He purchases, therefore, scores of ships, to be paid for, not immediately, but at a date not very long distant. The anticipated dearth of shipping is neither so sudden nor so vast as he calculates. He has not been carrying on a trade in shipping according to demand and supply, but a trade not his own, and he has been accumulating ships that nobody wants, and distributing bills that he has not the means of paying. The mistake explodes, and he goes into the *Gazette*, because he has drawn a number of people into his blunder without telling them what he was doing. Here was a gentleman trading in ships and dreams, but he called himself only a trader in ships, or nobody would have traded with him if he had told his real business.

So again it is even when we descend to the most respectable of the retail traders. There is hardly a grocer's preparation, a drug, an article of composite food, or even simple food, which is not mingled up with something that adulterates it, and the tradesman over his counter sells real goods mingled with counterfeits, making the purchaser pay for the whole as if it were genuine. The thing is done all around, and thus the community spends in the aggregate an immense amount of money for the carriage and consumption of things that it does not want; to say nothing of the amount spent in doctors' bills, because we consume poisons where we would purchase food.

Now, falsehoods have no substance in them; there must be a point in the whole transaction where the sham breaks down; and at that point bankruptcy sets in. What is the amount of bankruptcy transacted in London every year? We are aware that nobody can answer the question. The amount is by no means expressed in the accounts of the cases gazetted. Besides those flagrant acts of bankruptcy, there are many cases of bank-

ruptcy compromised; and besides the compromised, there is a vast amount of what we may call suspended bankruptcy—of floating accounts which are not pressed, because it is known that if one house is brought down others will come too. A few houses overtrading in Liverpool or New York will drag down others in Lancashire and the Empire State. How many people would have conspired to avoid that last pressure upon either house which brought it down? The forbearance of the business world is beyond computation. Nevertheless all this amount of bankrupt account will never really balance. It represents the gross of the mistakes or delusions in trade which cannot be realised. It is at once a shadow and an incubus upon the true commerce of the country—upon that which consists in advantageous exchanges to increase the gross amount of substantial property. It would be an interesting inquiry—far more worth a Committee of the House of Commons than many subjects—to ascertain the probable amount of bankruptcy, overt or concealed, in the British metropolis alone during a given number of years. People perhaps would be shocked to confront the truth which they can conspire to hush up. But the spendthrift negligence of the commercial world is not less mischievous than that of the foolish heir or the sporting class, whom moralists treat so severely. There is no real difference between an Honourable FRANCIS VILLIERS, who tries to snatch a profit out of the anticipated feats of a horse, and the speculative attempts of a Liverpool merchant on a shipping business that will never come into existence; or the illegitimate tampering with Italian railways by a firm whose sole business was to take care of other people's money in London.

COURT VISITORS.

THERE is something evidently of inspiration in royalty. You may test the fact by the commonest application of the rule of subtraction. Take any royal person; subtract from him the royalty, and see what remains. The families have in some cases, but not in all, arrived at their station by the peculiar ability of an individual; but since able men seldom recur in families above once in four or five generations, in ordinary cases of succession there must be about four fools to one man of sense. Since, however, the practice of breeding in and in is known to deteriorate the kind, we must adopt a lower estimate for the established royal families; and if we allow a tithe as being possibly men of sense, the allowance would be too liberal for the truth. Nevertheless, the possession of royal power and station, with something that is conferred by divine sanction or popular superstition, imparts to the average fool qualities that render the possessor distinguished. Let any royal person be exhibited, and he is surrounded by a host to worship and admire. The consequences are sometimes amusing. It is said that when her late Catholic Majesty of Portugal visited this country in her youth, and when the Duke of WELLINGTON went to pay those respects which he never omitted in such cases, her Majesty, with an unaffected playfulness that distinguished her, fastened upon that characteristic of the Duke which was the most obvious to the eye of youth, and seized manually upon his nose. The accomplished young man who owns the same crown recently visited this country, and Sir EDWIN LANDSEER was presented as a person whose works the King had been industriously collecting. "Ah! Sir EDWIN," exclaimed his Majesty, most affably, "I am delighted to

make your acquaintance; for I am very fond of beasts." And thus our men of genius and influence will constitute themselves the menagerie for the amusement of infants, so that the infants be royal. As a simple "F.R.S.," LOUIS NAPOLEON excited no particular remark; as a pretender to power, people thought something of him, though they pitied his triviality; as an actual Emperor, he is admirable. Strip him of the purple, and the "F.R.S." would be considerably the inferior of any of the royal gentlemen residing at Claremont; and yet even the "F.R.S." might deserve to be ranked higher in the scale of creation than princes who own a congenial affection for beasts, or sport with the conk of victory.

You may test the sense of dignity in the vulgar by another process. Let the chosen leaders of a great republic visit this country, and they will be comparatively free from any obtrusion on their valuable time. We have two distinguished Americans who have passed the Presidential chair now in London—MR. MARTIN VAN BUREN, and MR. MILLARD FILLMORE. MR. FILLMORE was the last President before the one now in office; but what then? MR. FILLMORE is only "the Honourable," and Honourable only in a republic. It would be quite safe to visit either one. Sir EDWIN LANDSEER would not be received with the affection bestowed upon beasts, and even if the Duke of WELLINGTON were as famous as his father, his nose would be safe. Nay, if any English statesman desires to be enlightened upon the subject of the most important Commonwealth of modern times, he could learn much from the mouth either of FILLMORE or of VAN BUREN; but it is a matter of taste. There is hardly an independent Englishman who would not rather have his nose pulled by an anointed Prince, than shake hands with a gentleman who has been chosen to govern the Great Republic, who has been the guide of its state business and the depository of its councils.

Yet MR. FILLMORE has been invited to Court,—had an audience on Tuesday, and dined with the QUEEN on Wednesday; but then QUEEN VICTORIA is something more than a pageant monarch: her MAJESTY is compelled to be a man of business; and in courting MR. FILLMORE, the Sovereign of England is really paying her compliment to the great and powerful republic.

THE PEOPLE'S DAY AT SYDENHAM.

As the summer advances, and the beauties and glories of the Crystal Palace are completed, we must enter one more protest, however hopelessly, against the cruel and iniquitous superstition which closes the enjoyments of the Palace to the multitudes of the lower classes on the only day in the week which they have for recreation. The Palace seems made to redress in some degree the inequalities of fortune, to place beauty and grandeur within the reach of the poor, to open their hearts to kindly feelings towards society, and to wean them from the brutal indulgences to which, as an almost inevitable alternative, they are reduced. But they are absolutely and hopelessly shut out to flatter the religious self-approbation of people who can enjoy the Palace all the week, and who make no scruple of keeping their Sunday in all the enjoyments of luxurious houses and gardens, and with capital dinners cooked for them as "a work of charity and necessity" by their unresting servants. Surely if the clergy were really ministers of truth and justice they would protest against this hypocritical tyranny, and forbid an offering not unworthy of Moloch to be made to the Christian's God.

"THE STRANGER" IN PARLIAMENT.

[The responsibility of the Editor in regard to these contributions is limited to the act of giving them publicity. The opinions expressed are those of the writer; both the *Leader* and "The Stranger" benefit by the freedom which is left to his pen and discretion.]

MR. LAYARD came into Parliament at the very moment when his specialty, the East, was the question of the day; and that would seem to be an astonishing piece of good fortune to a public man; but, in reality, it has been Mr. Layard's great misfortune. He was suddenly successful: what other able men gain after ten years' work, he gained by a spring; and the result has been that he has not attempted that labour which is necessary in those who want to keep a position. The circumstances of his success were adventitious, and he did not understand it; he thought he was being admired as an orator, when he was only being listened to as a witness. He lost his head and went wild, and was spoiled, and the consequence was—several scrapes. Had Mr. Layard, with his intellect and his energy, trained for public life and public speaking, he would have attained, legitimately, to a very respectable position; but not having laboured, his attempt to insist on House of Commons position, his evidence being exhausted by force of the clamour of an "Association" out of doors, is preposterous.

His speech last night was like his speech on Wednesday at Drury-lane—indicating an insolent want of preparation for the public occasion. The impression was that he had thrown some remarks together, which remarks he pitched out pell-mell. Mr. Layard's manner as a speaker is ludicrous. He does not condescend to study the art of speaking; the management of the voice, of the body. He at once screams and mumbles, roars and whispers; and as to his gesticulation, remember Madame Celeste as a *mime* in a passion, and you have a perfect notion of Mr. Layard. But not to speak of this, his style is deplorable. There is no construction: no management of points: no art: no elaboration: no contrasts: no illustrations:—it is the style of an unpolished man, who having too many facts in his head, pulls and pitches them out—"any how, no how." There was a fine occasion for him last night: a splendid case: but they were greatly misused. There was no real research, no adroit application—in short, nothing new. His material was as old and as familiar as his argument. Well, he did more than displease by his unregulated manner—his jumble of a speech disappointed; and you could judge of the effect by the circumstance that, though he commenced in a full House, he finished in a nearly empty House. This ought not to discourage Mr. Layard; it ought to induce him to study his oratorical business.

The character of the speaking for the couple of hours after Mr. Layard indicated inattention and a sense of unimportance; not only was the Administrative Reform Association a failure at Drury-lane, but it had solemnised the failure in the House, and the aristocratic mind was relieved. Mr. Gladstone gave some weight to the debate by contributing a statesman's opinion as to the chances of carrying on affairs, without selling the administration of public affairs to M.P.'s. Sir Edward Lytton talks so absurdly like Sir C. Wood—particularly in the w's,—that one is not quite clear what he was driving at; no one would have known but for the fact that his name was connected with an amendment, that he rose from the side of his brother novelist and Tory leader, and that the Conservative press is assiduously discovering that the Tories are the administrative reformers. Sir Edward made himself understood in a heavy attack on Whig oligarchy, which he went so far as to call an oligarchy, a caste, a governing class, but that sort of thing has been very often done before, and rather better than ponderous and pompous Sir Edward can well manage. I say pompous: for he speaks as you can fancy he writes,—he puts his notes of exclamation with great regularity at the end of each of his sentences, and he commences every second word with a capital letter. He takes to all the resources of the forcible feeble, but he rather wearies. When he rose a crowd of members (all the dinners were over) rushed from the side gallery behind him, where they could

not make out a word of his bow-wow, to the other gallery opposite him. But, whether there they could hear, or did not enjoy what they did hear, it is certain that gradually, one by one, they fell into reclining attitudes, studied easy postures, and—went to sleep. Sir Edward seemed to urge the Government to be Richard the Second in earnest, and to take the question of Administrative Reform out of the hands of the agitators. Which the Government begs the country to believe that it will. So said Sir Cornewall Lewis, but the House refused to listen to Sir Cornewall Lewis. However Sir Cornewall was quite good enough orator to answer Lytton and Layard: and the three had made matters so heavy that he House, bored beyond all precedent for such a pretentious wight, would hear no more,—but adjourned, thoroughly sick of Administrative Reform and Reformers.

Considered from the proper point of view, the airs which the House of Commons gives itself in lecturing the Government about *laches* in administration, are amusing. Hume's (David's, not Joe's) discovery of the inherent anomaly in the British Constitution, that our Parliament is representative, while our Government is not representative, accounts for many things that seem to puzzle the worthy but thick Samuel Morley class of mind. But nothing can be clearer than that our Government is so vicious because our House of Commons is destitute of any sense of public virtue. We might get over the fact that half that people's House is made up of old squires and young nobles; that is not the principal reason why our Government is a job. The worst of the matter is, that the Liberals, even violent Liberals from Radical constituencies, are even more hungry than the old squires and young nobles for patronage and place, for their friends, their agents, their voters, and themselves. The floor of that House is strewn with prizes, and it's a scramble for them, all round. Why did Mr. Layard go into the House? To get a place; and, without any malignant suggestions of a man who obviously means well, it is certain that he would not be making reform motions if Lord Palmerston had given him the place he wanted. Look back on the career of Mr. Phinn: he came in as a people's man, and he lands himself in a good office, after two sessions' work. These are two excellent gentlemen: nobody blames them: it occurs to no one that they are selling their cause and being bribed into agreement in a villainous political system. But all the Liberal members are not looking for office? No. There are rich men, and who have not capacity for office, in the party; who, moreover, under the pressure of large constituencies, have a tendency to conduct themselves with honour and independence. But when the Whigs are in their business is to keep the Tories out; and for keeping the Whigs in they become entitled to have favours conceded—their wives are brought on in society, their daughters get to the right house, and papa invariably succeeds with that little place for young M'Cad in the Customs. Papa knows that young M'Cad is a startling young idiot, utterly unfit for the paternal cornhandlery occupation: but when papa has got the thing from Hayter, into the House he goes, and votes for administrative reform. But then there are other Liberals who have no relation of this sort with the Government? Why, not half a dozen in the House; and even these are in such clubby relations with Ministers, and in such social snares, that you only here and there get an eccentricity to stand out from the club as the popular member, and represent the country against the system. The Liberals that existing constituencies return, are middle-class men of wealth, who see no wrong in maintaining social and political life as it is, or middle-class men of adventure, who cannot afford to wait for a revolution, and meantime, while voting as honestly as they can, are disposed to make as much as they can for themselves out of the villanies around them. This may be all right; and while this is the condition of the House of Commons, it is sheer cant to be talking about administrative reform. All things considered, the Government is wonderfully honest; if it were not to take a more national view, and to

act on a higher conscientiousness than actuate the average members of the House of Commons, we should see some things even more singular than the appointments of Howells and Ramsays. Lord Palmerston seems to be a man thoroughly proud of England, and England should understand that if he deals contemptuously with the House of Commons, it is because, after considerable experience of it, he finds the House of Commons contemptible. It is out of the question that Jones, the 10*l*. householder who has refused a bribe, can take the same view of the House of Commons which the Palmerstons, Russells, and Derbys take.

Even Jones would be disabused of some of his imbecile theories about that popular assembly, and about Parliament generally, if he would only use his common sense and face facts. Take the Sunday Trading Bill, Jones. The House insists that it is a desecration of the Sabbath-day to let you have milk after nine or newspapers after ten (Sabbath-day does not begin until nine and ten, mind). Do you think that honourable members have any passionate respect for the Sabbath-day? My own impression of the House of Commons is, that there are not fifty Christians in it: and I know that hon. members themselves are not ferociously against morning amusements and three courses—(the cook's, not Peel's)—on the seventh day. But honourable members can't help cant; the House of Commons is returned by the middle-class church-and-chapel-going and partial-to-be-shut-up-on-the-Sunday-in-a-pious-and-pestilential-atmosphere-of-perspiring-Christians public; and the House of Commons, not having a vast mass of Joneses to fall back upon, dare not offend the white neckcloth interest,—the white neckcloth, in fact, chokes us in England. It's hypocrisy, inconsistency; it's the atheistical rich imposing Mosaic laws upon the poor—that is what you say, Jones. But honourable members know that quite as well as you; they'll admit it over Burgundy at eight to-morrow evening; and they'll congratulate one another that they are practical men. And when they get a chance they will turn white-choker theories against the middle class. The House of Commons will gloat over the appointment of a select committee (which Mr. Scholefield is to demand) to inquire into the best means of checking the universal custom of English tradesmen in regard to adulterations of goods. The House of Commons, by that means, to say—"Gentlemen, you go to chapel, and allow the white chokers to choke us, but you see we know very well that you sand the sugar before you go to prayers: we are all scoundrels, gentlemen, so, if you please, we had better not, any of us, give ourselves any remarkable airs."

Nationally, Parliament should not be presumptuous. Lord Shaftesbury has been at his old work this week,—most *à propos* to the suggestion of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners that the crying want of the age is twelve more bishops—exposing the heart-rending shams of British social organisation. Trying to induce a law to force capitalist milliners of a church-going calibre not to work their poor stitchers to death. Trying to induce a law which shall offer facilities for the religious instruction of the 5,000,000 persons (his own ghastly statistics) who live in England and Wales without ever having heard the Word of God, that there was a God, or why the tastes of Moses and Co. should prevent them getting milk after nine and beer between eleven and one on certain mysterious days, called Sundays, because they are usually days of rain. Of course Lord Shaftesbury, distressingly earnest man, was pooh-poohed. To the first suggestion it is replied—law of supply and demand: dresses wanted in a hurry by Lady de Trop: must have the dresses: death of the stitcher in producing the dress not within the province of political economy. To the other suggestion the answer is—the Peers and Bishops know the blessing of a knowledge of God, and that it is necessary to be honest and good in order to go to heaven,—great pity that there are 5,000,000 heathens in our own land: but, then, the parochial system, and amateur saving of souls would be badly done:—accordingly there being only a majority of 1 in favour of trying to preserve the 5,000,000 British heathens from eternal darkness and damnation. We all know that the majority is far greater against Lord Grey when he remarks that it is scarcely worth our while to be defending civilisation in the Crimea.

The only sensible work of Parliament this week has been in the House of Commons declining to interfere with the Australian Constitution bills, that is to say, in no work at all in that direction. Our amusing popular assembly is too conscious of its imperfections to dictate to Australians the sort of governing bodies wanted there. Thus it was of no use in Mr. Lowe, Mr. Duffy, and Mr. Adderley talking liberalism and Abbe-Sieyes-isms: Lord John reversed the idea of Barnave and, oddly for a Whig, enunciated—*périssent les principes plutôt que les Colonies*.

Saturday Morning.

"A STRANGER."

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS IN ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

THE MIDDLE AND LOWER CLASSES.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—While I perfectly agree with the tenor of your remarks on the unhappy feeling of jealousy which the lower classes are evincing towards the middle, I regret that you did not enforce and illustrate your position by reference to French history. You might have pointed out how inefficient the lower classes have always proved when left to themselves, and, as an instance in point, you might have quoted the horrors of the *Jacquerie*. The presumptuous self-confidence of the nobles having caused the defeat of Poitiers and the capture of their king, the humbler inhabitants of the towns and villages treated the fugitives with scorn, often accompanied by acts of violence. For a time a man of the middle classes, Etienne Marcel, restrained the popular fury within due bounds, and laboured successfully to ameliorate the condition of the people. But the torrent burst its banks, and hordes of savages broke loose upon society. "The cry of the French populace," "The nobles dishonour and betray the kingdom," became a signal for the extermination of those of gentle birth in the cottages of Beauvoisis. Peasants, armed with clubs and knives, rose and marched in bands, increasing as they advanced, attacking the castles with sword and flame, murdering all they found in them—men, women, and children; and, like the barbarians of the great invasion, unable to give an account of the objects which they sought, or the motive which instigated them." The consequence was, not only the miserable destruction of these ruffians, but the entire failure of the rational and practical revolution then in course of accomplishment by the Parisian bourgeoisie. Again, at a later period—in 1413—when the middle classes had well-nigh succeeded in introducing reforms which would have rendered the Revolution of 1789 uncalled for and impossible, the lower classes lost everything by their precipitation and violence. "Persons of mature wisdom and versed in public matters had at that time neither will nor political energy. They held themselves aloof, and the work remained in the hands of the visionary and the turbulent—of the butchers and their allies (the *écourcheurs*). By intolerable excesses these persons hastened on a reaction which led to their fall, their banishment, and the abandonment of the reforms which had been obtained with so much labour." Other instances might be easily adduced, but the easier course is to refer your readers to M. Augustin Thierry's "History of the Formation and Progress of the Tiers-Etat in France," very fairly rendered into English by the Rev. F. B. Wells. In that admirable work they will observe the gradual advancement of the nation through the patient, persevering, and constitutional measures of the middle classes. The Parliaments, drawn almost entirely from this order of society, were continually at issue with the Crown and the nobles. Though frequently coerced by superior power, they steadily gained ground, and prepared the nation for the enjoyment of true liberty. Unhappily, their final triumph was thwarted by the despotism of Louis XIV., and the frightful corruption of the court under his successor; but, nevertheless, their exertions ever produced an immediate benefit, while the impatience of the lower classes as invariably caused a reaction which destroyed even the semblance of freedom.

I am, &c.,
J. H.

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE, whose name has been repeatedly before the public in connexion with projects for aiding and employing the poor (soup kitchens, the street-orderly system, &c.), and who a few years since contested the representation of Westminster, died on Wednesday last at his residence in Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road.

THE SERASTOPOL COMMITTEE have had several meetings during the past week, for the purpose of considering their Report. There has been very great difference of opinion, and the debates, it is said, have been exceedingly stormy. The next meeting will take place on Monday.

OPENING OF THE NEW METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.—This new market, which is situated in Copenhagen Fields, close to the North London Railway, was opened on Wednesday by Prince Albert, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation. A luncheon followed, at which the Prince was present, as well as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and several members of Parliament and persons of high standing.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

A VERY common and unjust remark is made by Englishmen who read *La Revue de Deux Mondes*, namely, "we have nothing in England to compare with it." True, we have no single Review which is at once so important and entertaining; but if we consider how many Reviews we have, the injustice of the comparison becomes obvious. France has but one good Review; has never yet been able to support more than one. The *Revue de Paris*, *Revue Indépendante*, *Revue Nouvelle* formerly, and now the *Revue Contemporaine*, have tried in vain to rival the *Deux Mondes*: each work has boasted of eminent contributors, and many excellent articles, but steady uniform excellence has not been attainable. Limiting France, therefore, to one, or two Reviews, and comparing the produce with our *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, *British Quarterly*, *North British*, *London Quarterly*, *Dublin Review*, *Irish Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, and *Fraser*, the result must be pronounced insignificant. If we imagine ourselves limited to two reviews, which would thus have the pick of the contributions now bestowed on ten, it is easy to see that these two works would be of a kind to throw the *Revue des Deux Mondes* into insignificance. Indeed, such a suggestion leads to curious comparisons. France a literary nation, and Paris a university capital, France the "brain of the world," as she repeatedly tells us, with charming modesty, Paris where alone the laurel wreath of fame can be conferred on Genius, is as indubitably as far behind England in the market she opens to Literature, as she is in manufactures. Waiving all question of quality, it may be safely asserted that in the quantity and gravity of publications England exceeds France tenfold. In periodicals, and in cheap literature, our superiority is enormous. This implies a far greater spread of intelligence among the people; which again implies a higher degree of civilisation. We draw no odious comparison between the *élite* of France and the *élite* of England: in many respects they have decided superiority over us; in some respects inferiority as decided.

The last numbers of *La Revue Contemporaine* and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, which led us into these reflections, are certainly not calculated to impugn our verdict. Agreeable, they are in no respect striking. In the *Contemporaine*, M. ALFRED NETTEMMENT replies to an insolent article by that most insolent of critics, GUSTAVE PLANCHE (a writer who seems to us to have gained his reputation more of means of magisterial dogmatism than by any other quality), and the Parisian public may feel some interest in the debate, which to our readers would have no attraction; M. LOUIS RATISBONNE furnishes a mediocre article on HEINE, who demands a first-rate writer if he is to be treated properly; ADOLPHE ADAM, the musical composer, gives an agreeable sketch of one of his predecessors, MONSIGNY; and EDMOND ABOUT tells the story of the composition of *Tolla*—as we intimated last week.

The *Deux Mondes* has an able paper on Young Ireland in Exile, by EMILE MONTGUT; an historical study of MAZARIN, by LOUIS DE CARNÉ; a most inadequate paper on ACHIM D'ARNIM, the husband of BETTINA, by BLAZE DE BURY; and an elaborate paper on Longevity, by JULES HAIME, in which he discusses the statistics of M. DE CHATEAUNEUF, and the theories of FLOURENS. We touch on this subject, as regards M. FLOURENS, in another part of our Journal, and simply refer those curious on the point to M. JULES HAIME. The programme of this number (which includes several articles not named here) is as various as one need desire; but the treatment of the subjects is certainly below what would be found in any average number of one of our Reviews.

TENNISON's new volume, so long expected, will soon appear. It contains, as we learn, three poems of some length: *Maul*, an *Idyl*, and a poem on *Italy*; and although in general we have large distrust in the verdicts of friends on works unpublished, we have in this case too great a belief in TENNISON's genius not to put faith in all that friends say of it. TENNISON is a good example to poets, in the fastidious reticence and anxious care with which he treats the Muse. If this lead him sometimes into the fault, which he confesses,

To add and alter many times
Till all be ripe and rotten,

it also saves him from the perilous haste of snatching unprepared at laurels. He gives us the essence of his work, and not the hasty sketches. Equally slow, laborious, and solid is another of our great writers, CARLYLE, who pays little attention to the impatient demands of an eager public—a public only too ready to cry out about "falling off" if the work presented be not superior to what has gone before—who does not care one jot how much we desire to have his *Frederick the Great*, but cares a great deal how he is to make that work worth having. The public should be grateful when men of reputation forego the temptation of discounting their names; and should remember that

Le Temps n'épargne pas ce que l'on fait sans lui.

While we gossip thus, let us not omit to notice ALEXANDER BAIN's work, just published under the (to many) attractive title *The Senses and the Intellect*, a work which, to our knowledge, has been many years in preparation, and of which we hope to give a more specific account by-and-by. Nor should the *History of the Spanish Conquest*, by ARTHUR HALLS, be omitted in any mention of laborious works: the thousands who have smiled at the humour, cherished the wisdom, and tasted the fine flavour of style in *Friends in Council* and the *Companions of my Solitude*, will welcome any new appearance of so rare a mind; and if "Gossip Report" may be trusted, this appearance in the new character of Historian will be as striking as it is new.

We recently called attention to the dispute agitating the Paris Academy of Sciences respecting the sugar-forming function of the Liver, which after six years of glory bestowed on its discoverer, CLAUDE BERNARD, is assailed by a formidable antagonist, who undertakes to show that the Liver forms no sugar at all, but only acts as a filter and condenser. Nothing new has reached us; at least no new step in the debate; but some readers may be glad to learn that the last number of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* is devoted entirely to this question; it contains M. FIGUIER's memoir, M. BERNARD's reply, and two other papers bearing on the dispute. As far as these documents go, we incline to the opinion of M. FIGUIER; but the Commission of Inquiry will, it is hoped, express a decisive verdict.

JULES JANIN, in his feuilleton this week, after a very characteristic rhapsody about Paris as the sole arbiter and dispenser of glory, recalls the success of Miss SMITHSON, whom the Parisians discovered to be a great actress. "In vain the English critics, much disconcerted at this refutation of their opinions given by French criticism, tried to disavow her genius, her triumph was proclaimed for ever." It is perhaps pedantic to argue with J. J., but we would venture to ask what he would say if the case were reversed—if English critics were suddenly to be smitten with enthusiasm for an actor whom the French rejected? Would he think English verdicts of any force? Would he not attribute them to want of nicety in the perception of nuances, if not to want of knowledge of the language? Respecting Miss SMITHSON's genius we are unable to form an opinion; but there are two reasons which make us prefer the English verdict to the French: first, the fact that she was not accepted on the English stage—a stage never very critical—is significant, and points to some prominent defect in the actress; secondly, the fact that she was an Irishwoman, not free from Irish accent, and this defect (not appreciable by foreigners) would of itself have constituted a bar to her success in tragedy. Some such reflections must have occurred to J. J., had he not been nurtured in the faith that Paris, and Paris alone, is competent to form an opinion in matters of Art.

It is a species of literary, and at any rate very interesting news, that the abolition of the newspaper stamp is being followed by considerable newspaper enterprise in the provinces. Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool have now announced their penny daily papers. The *Liverpool Daily Post*, projected by the Messrs. Whitty, is already published daily at a penny, and indicates that in respect to newspapers, England is approaching the condition of Germany and the United States, when the student of public opinion must refer to the organs of each of the large political and commercial communities.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- The Louvre; or, Biography of a Museum.* With Two Plans. By Bayle St. John. Chapman and Hall.
Cranford. By the Author of "Mary Barton," &c. (Cheap Edition.) Chapman and Hall.
Lecture on the Method of Teaching Grammar, delivered before the United Association of Schoolmasters at the First Annual Meeting. By James Telleard, F.R.G.S. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.
Monastic Institutions: their Origin, Progress, Nature, and Tendency. By Samuel Phillips Day. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.
Land, Labour, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria: with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. By William Howitt. Two Vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.
The Hippolytus Stephaneophorus of Euripides, with short English Notes, for the Use of Schools. J. H. and J. Parker.
A Plea for Painted Glass: being an Inquiry into its Nature, Character, and Objects, and its Claims as an Art. By Francis H. Oliphant. J. H. Parker.
Jonas Clint: a Tale. J. H. Parker.
A Brief History of Sherburn Hospital, in the County of Durham, with Observations on the "Scheme" proposed by the "Charity Commissioners" for the Application and Management of that Charity, and the Estates and Possessions thereof. J. H. and J. Parker.
May Flowers: being Notes and Notions on a few Created Things. By "Acheta." Lovell Reeve.
The Philosophy of the Cross; or, Christ as Man. By Henry G. Cooper. Groombridge and Sons.
Every Boy's Book: a complete Encyclopedia of Sports and Amusements, intended to afford Recreation and Instruction to Boys in their Leisure Hours. By George Forrest, Esq., M.A. G. Routledge and Co.
Administrative Reform: The Reorganisation of the Civil Service. By a Subordinate Smith, Elder, and Co.
Notes on some of the principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy, 1855. By the Author of "Modern Painters." Smith, Elder, and Co.
The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nussir-u-Deen, King of Oude. Hope and Co.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GOTTHE.

THE GRANDE EXPOSITION.

GENERAL CLASSIFICATION—TEXTILE FABRICS—COTTON.

The scheme of classification adopted by the Imperial Commission is derived in all its important features from that propounded in 1851. All the objects exhibited are divided into two great divisions; one consisting of the Fine Arts, and the other subdivided into seven groups.

- I. Articles used for the extraction or production of raw materials.
- II. Articles used for the employment of mechanical forces.
- III. Articles founded upon the employment of physical and chemical agencies, or connected with the sciences and the art of instruction.
- IV. Articles specially connected with the learned professions.
- V. Manufactures of mineral products.
- VI. Textile fabrics.
- VII. Furniture and decoration, fashions, designs, printing, music.

These seven groups are again subdivided into twenty-seven classes, and these again into an immense number of sections.

It will be at once perceived that this scheme is very artificial, and perhaps it would not be possible to devise any mode of classifying objects of such infinite variety according to natural law. Take, for example, the very obvious mode of divisions suggested by the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and such a simple article as one of Erard's harps baffles you at once by distributing its component parts among all the three. But any system of classification is after all only useful in the arrangement of the catalogue; national divisions and the necessity for picturesque effect, absolutely forbid its adoption in the actual distribution of the objects, and it is only when we come to compare results and balance the relative strength and merits of competing countries in particular divisions of industry, that the value of classification becomes apparent. How far the system here adopted is open to criticism, or whether it be the best possible plan, are questions which it would be useless to discuss here; it may, however, be fairly observed that the division into such a small number of groups, by attempting to be comprehensive, has in some cases produced a very confusing incongruity. The third group, for example, is divided into four classes, and these again into thirty-one sections, and among these we find:—

Weights and measures, instruments of admeasurement and calculation.
Economical Combustibles (Combustibles spécialement destinés au chauffage économique).
Lighthouses.
Canechou.
Wines and Tobacco.

Of the sections composing this third group it has been curiously remarked that stoves may be classed under any one of three sections.

Class VII. is likewise a singular *olla podrida* of the most dissimilar objects.

In the official Catalogue now circulated, the Imperial Commission offers some explanation of the extremely imperfect form in which it comes before the public. They urge that, whereas all the bulletins for the Catalogue ought to have been sent in before the 30th of November last, on the 1st of January, 1855, they had only received 350 French, and on the 1st of March they had not one-third of the matter necessary for the construction of the Catalogue. Sweden and Norway did not send in before the 10th of May, whilst Turkey, Egypt, Tunis, Portugal, the duchy of Nassau, the Argentine Confederacy, Peru, Guatemala, New Grenada, Hayti, Costa-Rica, and the English Colonies, kept their lists back until two days before the opening of the Exhibition. It appears, therefore, that a portion of the blame so unsparingly awarded to the Imperial Commission is justly due to the exhibitors themselves.

This edition of the Catalogue contains the names of 16,944 exhibitors, of whom 8,968 are French, and 7,976 of other nations. Next in numerical strength to the French comes the Austrian list, and Great Britain and Ireland stands third: Austria exceeds the United Kingdom by 281 exhibitors: Prussia stands fourth on the list.

Group VI. (Textile Fabrics) is perhaps the only one of the great divisions which is composed of elements strictly homogeneous. It contains five classes:—

1. Cottons. (Class 19.)
2. Wools. (Class 20.)
3. Silks. (Class 21.)
4. Linens. (Class 22.)
5. Laces. (Class 23.)

The last class is perhaps rather mixed in its character, and is certainly made still more so by the absurd introduction of *Bonnets* into its sub-classification. Laces are, strictly speaking, either silk or cotton, and there is no apparent reason why they should not have been so classed.

Class 19 (Cottons) is subdivided into eleven sections:—

1. Materials used in Cotton manufactures.
2. Raw Cotton and yarn.
3. Plain Cotton fabrics.
4. Figured Cotton fabrics.
5. Cotton fabrics for special purposes, napped, &c.
6. Light Cotton fabrics.
7. Cotton fabrics woven with dyed yarn.
8. Printed Cottons.
9. Cotton velvets.
10. Mixed fabrics.
11. Cotton ribbons.

In the present edition of the Catalogue the cotton manufactures are illustrated by about 700 exhibitors; of whom France supplies 410, Great Britain and Ireland 87, Austria 63, Switzerland 39, Belgium 35, Prussia 26, Spain 24, and Baden, Denmark, Greece, Mexico, the Nether-

lands, Sardinia, Saxony, Tuscany, and Wurtemberg the remainder. The United States of America do not seem to have sent a single exhibitor to illustrate the branch of industry upon which their national wealth is mainly built. Is it indifference, or what, that has kept the Lowell manufacturers back?

The division of Great Britain and Ireland is credited in the above summary with eighty-seven exhibitors, but this requires some little explanation. The exhibitors represented by the Manchester Committee (comprising nearly the whole contribution of manufacturing Lancashire) mass themselves into one body, and their several names do not appear in the Catalogue. The Catalogue says that this committee represents "about sixty exhibitors." The only Lancashire manufacturers who take an independent position in the Exhibition are Messrs. Slater and Smith, of Preston, and Mr. Edward Hollins, of the same town. It is not easy to understand the spirit which animates the Manchester gentlemen in adopting this course, but it certainly looks very like that false pride and fondness for combination which never appears to desert them. Why should they pretend to despise the advantages of publicity afforded by the plan upon which the Exposition is conducted, when the most respectable Glasgow firms and the best Yorkshire houses have not disdained to give their names at full length, and even to put prices upon their goods, to guide the juries in their verdicts?*

The most important part of the French cotton series is decidedly the contribution of Tarare, in the Department of the Rhône. The muslins sent from hence are celebrated all over the world, and though they may not have attained the extraordinary fineness of the Dacca fabrics, the manufacturers of Tarare have continued to take the lead in muslin manufacture by a combination of fineness of texture, elegance of design, and moderation of price. No less than seventy-four exhibitors come from Tarare, and almost without exception, muslins form the staple of their collection. In the north-west portion of the gallery these beautiful fabrics may be found grouped together, objects of admiration both to the lovers of the beautiful, and those skilled in the lighter branches of the cotton manufacture. The yarn used at Tarare is mostly spun at other places on the Rhône, as Gleizé, Thizy, &c. The weaving is, of course, by hand-loom.

If Tarare be celebrated for its muslins, the Pas-de-Calais is not less so for its cotton tulles and bobbin-nets. Forty exhibitors from that district sustain the honour of its speciality. This fabric is more consumed by the common people of France than of England, and enters largely into the composition of those wonderful caps for which the peasant women of Normandy and Brittany are so celebrated. Condé, in Calvados, sends twenty-seven exhibitors, who give an excellent display of fancy cotton goods—cotton satins, ducks, towellings, and strong yarns. The department of the Upper Rhine, of which the manufacturing capitals are Mulhouse and Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines, but which contains about twenty manufacturing localities of various importance, sends fifty-two exhibitors as its important contribution. Common yarns, dyed yarn, calicoes, jaconets, cotton prints, and coloured cottons, mixed fabrics, madapolams, percales, and a variety of those fabrics known as domestics, form the staple of this excellent collection; and some of those articles are of such excellence that they may possibly be found to shake the boasted superiority of the Manchester manufacturers in this branch of goods. The Department of Lower Seine, where Rouen is the seat of the cotton manufacturers, sends forty-five exhibitors, with a large and creditable collection of fancy and mixed goods, coarse and fine yarn, and calicoes, for exportation. Chollet, in the Maine-et-Loire, has some extremely good prints and fancy goods. The Department of the North, which includes Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing exhibits those fine threads and yarns for which it is so justly celebrated. Edward Cox and Co. (an English immigration), of Lalouvière, show fine yarn, ranging up to 800. The fine yarns sent by Mallet, of Lille, range up to 720, and some of the other spinners from the same town send yarn spun of Algerine cotton, numbering 300's. These fine counts are, of course, used in the manufacture of those muslins and laces for which the district is famous. Paris itself sends a varied collection, consisting principally of lighter fabrics, and the light percales and nainsooks of St. Quentin (Aisne) are very well worth examination.

It is obvious that even since 1851 the French manufacturers have made very rapid strides, and that in those light and fancy fabrics which depend for a sale more upon fashion than cheapness, they are fast beating the English manufacturer. When cheapness, however, has to be considered, the Lancashire manufacturers seem far beyond all competition. In domestics, calicoes, longcloths, and jaconets, the difference in price is most remarkable. The causes of this are obvious. Human labour is much cheaper in France than in Lancashire; but then the possession of the great cotton port, vast appliances for internal transit, cheap coal, and home-made machinery, are advantages which the French manufacturer can never hope to enjoy to the same extent as his Lancashire rival. The manufacturer of the Rhine is perhaps in the best condition for carrying on a successful rivalry; but it must be many years (even if Mr. Aspinall Turner carries out his threat of emigration) before the banks of that glorious river can equal those of the muddy Irwell as a land of promise to the cotton-spinner.

The Austrian display of cotton is creditable but not remarkable. Some capital yarn is spun in Lower Austria and in Bohemia. Fustians from Moravia, and light fabrics from Rumbourg in Bohemia, are noticeable; also mixed fabrics of cotton and wool from the same place, and some excellent duck from Wandsdorf in Bohemia.

In the Belgian collection the Ghent manufacturers take the lead, supplying nearly a quarter of the whole display: Brussels, Antwerp, Tournai,

* It must be confessed that in this some of the Lancashire manufacturers are not very consistent. Although the resolutions of the Manchester Combined Committee do not permit Mr. Miller, the manufacturer of Horrockses' longcloth, to advertise his goods to the French public, there may be found in a case exhibited by John Wilson and Sons, of New Bond-street, professing to contain a display of Irish table-linen and sheeting, about a dozen pattern-books, inscribed with the well-known words, "HORROCKSES, MILLER, and Co., MANUFACTURERS." What business have the M. M. M. or H. H. cloths of a Preston manufacturer among the fabrics from Belfast?

Courtrai, follow in their order. The character of the collection is plain, but creditable.

The Prussians are great in such fabrics as beavers, beaver-teens, cotton velvet, and the mixed fabrics of cotton and wool. Rhenish Prussia (as might be expected) shows to the best advantage, and some of the Gladbach and Elberfeld factories are evidently in the hands of very skilful manufacturers.

The Swiss collection, as has been before indicated, is one of the most extraordinary features of the Exposition, presenting the most unique series of embroidered muslins probably ever grouped together. The fine-spinning from Saint Gall and Zurich, illustrating the Second Section of the class, and the gingham, percales, and cloths illustrating the Third, are all good in their way, but the Sixth Section is that which is best illustrated, and which forms the star of the collection. Seven exhibitors alone are to be found here, but those are of world-wide reputation. Herisan and Saint Gall are the only two contributing towns, but these insignificant figures can serve to convey not the slightest idea of the nature of the display. Muslins embroidered with silk and metallic threads, patterns thrown up in crochet, embroideries in every variety of stitch, guipure lace and imitation point of every description, curtains, robes, handkerchiefs, collars, and sleeves,—such are the component parts of this collection, which, for infinite variety and beauty of design we have never seen surpassed. The embroideries, however, belong more especially to Class 23, and we must reserve a fuller description of them until we come to that part of the Exposition. The printed cotton stuffs from Glaris are also very noticeable. Although, strictly speaking, the Swiss embroideries are correctly classified as cotton fabrics, they certainly stand in quite a different category from all other descriptions of cotton manufactures. Objects of luxury and art rather than use, and necessarily very costly, they scarcely fall within the scope of a survey exclusively industrial: still they are interesting to the political economist in more respects than one, and not the less so for the illustration which they afford of the patient, wealth-producing industry of the Swiss population, and the native taste which seems to come to them as naturally as their native air. It is a curious and somewhat analogous fact that the rude and uncultivated Irish peasantry are the most successful and tasteful imitators of lace with the crochet-needle, and that their superiority lies chiefly in the imitation of guipure which has no regular pattern, but takes its form from the imagination of the worker.

The Spanish exhibitors are all from Barcelona, and their collection is highly suggestive of the present state of the cotton manufactures in Spain. It is well known that many intelligent capitalists in that country, seeing the advantages which they possessed in a port directly communicating with America, abundant fuel, extremely cheap labour, and a direct communication with England for machinery, have been for some years past cultivating the cotton manufactures to a very extensive extent in Barcelona. English mechanism has been obtained, English managers and overlookers hired, and the condition of the factories with which that city now teems is such, that if Spanish institutions stood upon a sounder basis, and Spanish capital were more plentiful, it would be to the south of Europe and not towards the banks of the Rhine that the English cotton-spinners would look in fear of successful rivalry. The collection here exhibited is an additional proof of the great good sense which guides the Spanish manufacturers. Few fancy stuffs are to be found in it, and its staple consists of those bleached cottons, prints, &c., which indicate an ambition to manufacture for the million.

The necessities of journalism and the relative importance of the collections alike require that the remarks upon the next eight contributing countries should be very brief.

The Netherlands, represented by the towns of Harlem and Goor, send some good and cheap calicoes. The Grand Duchy of Baden sends pocket-handkerchiefs and waistcoatings, not calling for any special remark. Denmark has a few good muslins and cotton shawls, Saxony (great in woollens) sends a small, but creditable collection of furniture stuffs, cotton thread, jaconets, and embroidered muslins: some of the last very beautiful. Tuscany calls for no remark. Sardinia has some very good calicoes, madapolams, lustrines, and prints from a joint-stock company calling itself *Société Anonyme de la Manufacture d'Annecy et Pont*. Wurtemberg displays some good drills, fustians, and velveteens. Greece sends a little of that native cloth of light texture, which it generally imports from Manchester; and Mexico supplies two exhibitors to illustrate the calico and light stuffs so largely worn by its natives.

Last of all comes Great Britain; and here, without any national boasting, we may confidently aver that the land of Arkwright, Crompton, Hargreaves, and Roberts still retains its pristine superiority. Blest by nature with those advantages of position and of material to which we have before referred, England is, *par excellence*, the mother-country of the cotton manufacturers. Without unduly exaggerating the national importance of this fact, as it is very much the custom to do, we see in it great matter for pride and gratification. Far be it from us to diminish the glory of those brave pioneers of the Cotton Trade who made Lancashire what it is, but it seems to us that if the manufacturers of that country only keep the vantage ground which chance has put under their feet, they cannot be dislodged from their superiority over the world. Cheapness of transit, of building, of machinery, and of fuel, added to the abundance of its capital, more than counterbalance the costliness of labour, the sole condition in which it is inferior to its competitors. So long as these happy advantages are at its disposal, Lancashire must remain the *Shirt Maker to the World*, and the French may cease to wonder at the distance by which the English manufacturers surpass them in the quality of cheapness alone, when they remember that from India itself, the birthplace of the cotton manufacture, raw cotton may be brought over to England, spun, woven, bleached, dyed, packed, sent back again, and then sold at a less cost than it could be manufactured for in Calicut itself.

The Manchester Committee, whose display fills a large space of the ground-floor, in the south-east corner of the Palais de l'Industrie, have contrived with great judgment to select from the wealth of material at their disposal a very perfect and comprehensive monograph of the English cotton

manufactures. Perfect series of carded cottons, rovings, and yarns, from the commonest counts up to the finest products of Houldsworth's and of Bazley's mules (we beg pardon for intruding upon the anonymity of these well-known firms); calicoes and longcloths, of every quality and state of finish; sackings, drills, madapolams, beavers, moleskins (humourously translated in the catalogue *peaux de taupes*), swanskins, cords, satins, jeans, and cantons; damasks, vestings, and fustians; jaconets, cambrics, nainsooks, muslins, tarlatans; gingham, nankins, and chambrays; gambroons, welts, and mocks, and every variety of cotton print; cotton velvets and mixed fabrics in great variety. Such is a mere outline of the Manchester series. In sheetings and longcloths it is very rich; but the longcloths exhibited by Mr. Edward Hollins, of the Royal Sovereign Mill, Preston, will probably turn out to be the best in the Exposition.

Glasgow sends some worthy representatives of its celebrated muslins, and Paisley of its fine spinning. That Glasgow, the mother-city of the English muslin trade, should maintain its reputation in that branch of the cotton fabrics, was to be expected. The collection of calico-prints and muslins sent by Messrs. Black is very fine, and some cases of fine-spun thread will repay examination. Dagliesh's display of fine muslins in the nave is splendid, excelling in dyes, though not perhaps in fineness, the fabrics of Tarare. Belfast also sends beautiful muslins, both plain and embroidered.

The readers will do us the justice to bear in mind that the imperfect condition of the Exposition has thrown difficulties nearly insuperable in the way of a satisfactory survey. Anything approaching a thoroughly conclusive comparison of individual merit would be altogether impossible, if not somewhat beyond the scope of our duty as journalists. It is not our province to anticipate the verdicts of the juries, but a few leading remarks may possibly be of service, and will probably not differ in any essential point from the ultimate decision of the jurors.

It appears to us that both in point of excellence of manufacture and cheapness of price England stands far ahead of all competitors. The Rhenish factories (notably of Mulhouse and Sainte Marie-aux-Mines) and the looms of Tarare may rival her in muslins, and for certain purposes of fancy embroidery and for lace the threads of Lille and Paris may take the lead; but where qualities required are substantiality and cheapness, Lancashire will claim an undisputed supremacy. In some of the lighter cotton fabrics, such as fine muslins and bobbin-nets, France will probably rank in the first grade, contesting with Glasgow the first place. In longcloths Lancashire is not to be approached, nor in prints and stuffs woven out of dyed yarn. Spain, Austria, and the Zollverein will contest the second rank.

TO THE AMERICANS.

Sons of England, though ye hate her,
Though ye hate her, still her sons,
Yet her lion stands victorious,
Yet her lease of glory runs.

Still the flag your fathers followed,
From your fathers rocks unfurled,
Waves to mark the home of freedom
In the serfs and tyrants world.

Still it floats; but fast around it
Banded priest and tyrant close.
God is with the hearts that guard it,
Europe is with Freedom's foes.

It may fall. The flame of freedom
Quenched in freemen's blood may die,
And the despot ride triumphant
Where your fathers' ashes lie.

Ye will gaze with joy and laughter,
Brooding o'er an ancient hate,
Thinking of the bales of Boston
Envyng England's proud estate.

While the meek-eyed monk of Jesus
Ambling by the soldier comes
To the shame of English maidens,
And the wreck of English homes.

Well! our fall atones our greatness,
And unenvying you may tell,
Thoughtless of the bales of Boston,
How Old England fought and fell.

You may trace each Roman council,
• Each high deed by field and flood,
And forget the bales of Boston
In the pride of English blood.

Love or hate—revile or praise us—
Howsoever your hearts may be,
When the despot reigns in England,
Think that ye alone are free.

Rail at England's fame and story,
Keep her great tradition true;
And when sets her sun of glory,
Let her freedom live in you.

The Arts.

THE THEATRES.

A new play—*Love's Martyrdom*, by a new dramatic author, Mr. JOHN SAUNDERS—has been produced with some literary success at the HAYMARKET, where Mr. BECKWITH makes periodical sacrifices at the costly shrine of the legitimate drama. The present piece is of the old five-act, blank-verse class; but it is written by a man who has genuine feeling, and a true heart and ear for poetry. Some graceful lines, some eloquent speeches, and some really tender and passionate love-scenes, make this play well worth going to hear. Its faults are (as usual, unhappily, on the English stage) faults of construction. The main idea is not palpably and broadly enough worked out; and, in many cases, the motives from which the characters act, instead of being of the plainest and most universally-striking kind, are obscure, and even unintelligible to the general capacity. In short, and to put it in the plainest terms, Mr. SAUNDERS has produced a graceful and tender poem in dialogue—but not yet a play. We charge this against him only as a misfortune, for which we are quite willing to believe that stage-inexperience is mainly accountable. He has so much real feeling, so many happy facilities of expression when he is speaking the language of emotion, that we hope yet to see him a dramatist as well as a writer of elegant verse. We would beg to remind him, if he will allow us to offer a suggestion, that the taste of audiences has altered greatly of late years. They are glad to get graceful and cultivated writing, but they will absolutely have with it a story that keeps interest alive and culminating from act to act—a story which strikes them by a new idea, and rivets them by the strongest situations. Good verse and good acting are not enough now to make a play successful on the English stage. People want the excitement of a good story as well; and they will miss everything else rather than miss that. If Mr. SAUNDERS will remember this, we shall hope to see him elevating the drama of his own day when he next writes, and not going back to the worn-out dramatic forms of days that are past.

The play was, on the whole, well acted, and, as to "scenery and appointments," was neatly put on the stage. Miss HELEN FAUCIT and Miss SWANBOROUGH (a lady new to London, who acts nicely, and has the additional merit of possessing personal attractions), Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN, and Mr. HOWE (always conscientious and painstaking) played the principal characters.

Mr. ROBSON has made another "part" at the OLYMPIC, in a revived adaptation from the French, called *The Garrick Fever*. He is a poor actor who passes himself off at a country theatre as the great Garrick, and gets drunk by way of nerveing himself to sustain the character on the stage. Any readers who want our recommendation to see this remarkable performance, have it most cordially. While we are on the subject of the OLYMPIC, we may mention that the *School for Scandal* is to be produced for Mr. WIGAN's benefit. Mrs. STIRLING re-appears, after her long illness, in *Lady Teazle*; Mr. ROBSON is to be *Moses*; Mr. EMERY, *Sir Peter*; and Mr. WIGAN himself is to play *Joseph Surface*.

STATE OF TRADE.—The reports of the trade of the manufacturing towns during the week ending last Saturday contain nothing of interest. At Manchester, business is restricted, owing to the uncertainty and caution generated by the speculative excitement in the Liverpool cotton market. The Birmingham advices state that the prospects of the iron trade continue to show a slight tendency to improvement, but that the general business of the place is still greatly depressed. At Nottingham, there has been little activity, although prices have advanced in consequence of the movement in raw material, and the orders from North and South America are likely to increase. In the woollen districts the transactions have again been to a satisfactory extent, chiefly in consequence of the prosperous condition of the agricultural classes. The Irish linen markets are slightly firmer, but their recovery is very slow. In the general business of the port of London, there has been continued activity.—Times.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, June 5.
BANKRUPTS.—THOMAS and EDWARD SCULLY, Curriers, Shoreditch; wholesale cheesemongers—WILLIAM STRAHAN, Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL, Bart., and ROBERT MARIN BATES, Strand, bankers, and Norfolk-street, Strand, wine merchants—THOMAS MORSE, North-terrace, South-street, Grosvenor-square, wine merchant—JOHN VOWE, Surrey-street, Old Kent-road, oilman—HERMANN BRIDBACH, Middlesex-street, Aldgate, and elsewhere, baker—WILLIAM DAVIS, Birmingham, boot manufacturer—ANTHONY BIRCH, Birmingham, grocer—HENRY PRATT, Bristol, grocer—JAMES WATMOUTH, Taunton, stationer—SUSAN LYONS, Tavistock, draper—CHARLES RICHARDS, Wrexham, draper—ORLANDO THOMAS NEWTON, Liverpool, spirit merchant—JOHN PARKER HALL, jun., Liverpool, dyer—JOSEPH JACKSON, Liverpool, draper—ALBION PARIS DRESSER, Manchester, machinist—ALEXANDER PEAT, Manchester, boot manufacturer—ISAAC MOTTEHEAD, Macclesfield, builder.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—T. KIRK, Glasgow, smith—J. LOGAN, Hamilton, grain dealer—A. DAVIDSON, late of Muirton-of-Durno, Aberdeenshire, wright—J. LALING, late of Edinburgh, farmer—J. REID, Arbroath, merchant.

Friday, June 15.
BANKRUPTS.—HENRY BRATLEY, High street, Ely, ironmonger—RICHARD WALKER, Wisbech St. Peter, Cambridge, stationer—ROBERT KILLAWAY MEADEN, Walbrook, wine and spirit merchant—JOHN HENRY MOORE, Kingston-upon-Hull, joiner and builder—THOMAS WILLIAMSON, Truro, Cornwall, draper and tea dealer—JOHN FENTON, Liverpool, apothecary—THOMAS PUNSHON, Durham, builder—HARVEY FIBBERG, Newport, Monmouthshire, clothier and outfitter—WILLIAM NEEDHAM, and SAMUEL WHITE, Birmingham, drapers, silk and velvet manufacturers—WILLIAM KENT, Norfolk-street, Strand, hotel-keeper—JOHN BARTON, George BARTON, and JOHN PARKS, Manchester, copper roller manufacturers.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—ALEXANDER CAMERON, Glasgow, merchant—JOHN STARR, Glasgow, glass and perfume manufacturer—JAMES and CHARLES ALEXANDER, Glasgow, tea merchants—A. KNOX and Co., Glasgow, wine and spirit merchants—JAMES HOOD, Newmilns, Ayrshire, draper.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

BIRKETT.—June 12, at 48, Russell-square, the wife of Edmund Lloyd Birkett, M.D.: a son.
CONYBEARE.—June 12, at Keat, the wife of John Conybeare, Esq.: a son.
MASTERMAN.—June 12, at Leyton, Essex, the wife of Edward Masterman, Esq.: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

GLYN—ELLIOTT—WILLIAMS.—June 5, at Tullyallen Church, Townley Hall, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ardagh, St. Leger, R. Glyn, Esq., second son of G. C. Glyn, Esq., M.P. to Florence Elizabeth, eldest daughter, and Alex. J. H. Elliott, Esq., Captain 5th Dragoon Guards, A.D.C. to Major-General Scarlett, son of Admiral the Hon. G. Elliott, to Gertrude Mary, second daughter of the late J. W. Williams, Esq., of Herringstone, Dorset.
OLDHAM—DORRIS.—June 13, at St. Mary's, Edge-hill, Joseph Oldham, of Hoole, Chester, Esq., to Julia, fourth daughter of John Dorrington, Esq., of Mount Vernon, Liverpool.

WHITAKER—MORLING.—June 13, at Upwell, Norfolk, by the Rev. G. Townley, Mr. Charles Whitaker, of London, to Louisa, third daughter of George Morling, Esq., Wisbech.

DEATHS.

BOXER.—June 4, of cholera, at Balaklava, Edward Boxer, C.B., Rear-Admiral of the White, commanding the Port and Harbour of Balaklava.
DE BODE.—June 9, at Albert-street, Mornington-crescent, Regent's-park, Major-General Baron William Henry Otto de Bode, of bronchitis, aggravated by excitement and distress of mind, consequent upon his misfortunes and severe trials; aged seventy-seven.
KING.—May 28, of cholera, before Sebastopol, Charles Thomas King, Esq., Captain in the 32nd Regiment, Orderly Officer to F.M. the Lord Raglan; and eldest son of the late Colonel Charles King, K.H., formerly of the 16th Lancers, and for many years on the Staff in Ireland.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, June 15, 1855.

THE Bank has lowered its rate of interest this week to 34 per cent.; the effect on the Consols market had been anticipated, and therefore there has been no rise since this took place. We continue very firm—not much business doing. In Turkish there has been considerable fluctuation. We believe, if any favourable arrangement is made for a new loan, that the bears in this market will be sorely hit. The accounts from the Crimea, lamentable as they are as regards loss of life, are more encouraging as to ultimate results. The failure of a Banking-house of old standing in the West End has not touched any one here; it had been "suspect" for some time. It will fall severely upon persons who are not traders, upon country gentlemen and naval officers. In railways there is not much life. French lines continue to be in demand. Antwerp and Rotterdam have improved. Great Western of Canada are firm, considering the heavy sales that have been made in this stock in order to realise profits. United Mexican are very low. Some West India mines have had an improvement. Waller Gold is said to be

MONTI'S LECTURES ON SCULPTURE.

At his third lecture on Wednesday last, which attracted a larger audience than the preceding, Signor MONTI approached the consideration of Greek Art in its flourishing period, expatiating on its free spirit and its national character. But the second part of the lecture, in which he brought forward and explained a series of diagrams and casts of some of the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, proved the most attractive and successful. The impassioned affection with which the lecturer dwelt upon the friezes of the Parthenon and the Venus of Milo, seemed to penetrate the audience, and to awaken a mutual sympathy. We are persuaded that Signor MONTI will do well to give more prominence in his remaining lectures to technical demonstrations. It is interesting to hear a master dilate upon the theory and the history of his art as a religious, or national element in successive civilisations; but lectures on the theory, or even on the history, of art have no particular novelty, while the technical process, and the actual workmanship employed by the artist, appeal to the curiosity and awaken the interest of the public who are not in the secrets of the atelier. We are glad to find that Signor MONTI purposes, in his lecture on Wednesday next, to resume the consideration of Greek art, and to illustrate the methods and the resources of its workmanship. The theory of the colouring of Greek sculpture, which has been recently a topic of controversy among artists and scholars, will naturally enter into the cadre of the exposition, and we shall be glad to hear what Signor MONTI has to say upon the subject.

THE OPERA.

AWAY with melancholy! should be inscribed, in gas, over the portals of the ITALIAN OPERA as often as the *Barbieri* is performed. What evil spirits can resist the crystal overflow of that fountain of eternal youth? How worn out, how meagre and exhausted do contemporary tune-scrappers appear, compared with the reckless luxuriance, the abundant fancy, the fun, the frolic, the abandonment, the wanton and wilful prodigality of invention in this opera thrown off in a fortnight by a young man of twenty!

Thursday was a happy night. One speaks of "happy" nights at the Opera as sailors talk of "happy" ships. Everybody on the stage and in the orchestra was in the best humour and condition, and the audience heartily disposed to listen and enjoy. The cast could not be easily surpassed. MARIO, who looks *Almaiva* to the life, acted with unwonted spirit, and sang with the ease and comfort, the finished and voluptuous grace of his best days. TAMBUINI (*Figaro*) was as delightful as a *vieux garçon*; LABACHE (*Bartolo*) colossally comic; FORMES (*Basilio*) sang "La Calomnie," one of the very finest pieces of music-painting ever written, magnificently; and Madame VIARDOT's *Rosina* was like everything that admirable artist plays, perfection. She looked a type of Spain, all archness, petulance, and passion, conscious of grace, but of grace spontaneous, in all her movements. Her acting alone would have given life and reality to the scene; but her singing—how consummate the art, how lavish the genius! And there is to be noted in the most lavish *finiture* with which Madame VIARDOT sets all vocal difficulties at defiance—she seldom, if ever, sacrifices, as inferior singers do, the structure to the decoration—she always respects what she adorns.

on the eve of declaring a dividend; people will be sceptical of its reality. The markets close at four o'clock flat. Consols, 91½; Turkish 6 per cent., 81½.

Caledonians, 63½; Eastern Counties, 121, 12½; South Western, 84½; Great Northern, 93½; ditto, A Stock, 76, 78; ditto, B Stock, 23, 25; Great Western, 68, 69; Brightons, 102½, 103½; London and North Western, 103½, 104½; London and South Western, 84½, 85½; Midland, 74½, 75½; North Eastern, 76½, 77½; ditto, Extension, 61, 62; Antwerp, 9, 9½; Eastern of France, 38, 39; Central of France, 4, 4½; Great Western of Canada, 23½, 24½; Northern of France, 36½, 37; Paris and Lyons, 29, 29½; Paris and Orleans, 48, 50; Paris and Rouen, 44½, 45½; Western of France, 23, 24; Frias, 1, 1½; Brazilian Imperial, 21, 21½; Cocas, 3, 3½; St. John del Rey, 20, 21 ex div.; Corsica Creek, 1, 1½; Colonial Gold, 1, 1½; Linars, 7, 7½; Marquette, 1, 1½; United Mexican, 44, 45; Australasia, 84½, 85½; London Chartered, 20, 21; Union of Australia, 74½, 75½; Agricultural, 32½, 33½; Canada 6 per Cent., 114½, 115½; Crystal Palace, 3, 3½; South Australian Land, 38½, 39½; General Screw 14½, 15½.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, June 15, 1855.

DURING the week there has been a fair supply of English Wheat, but the arrivals of Foreign have fallen off. The demand has been very limited, but holders are not disposed to make further concessions, and the business has been very limited, and at last weeks rates. The supply of Barley has been small; former prices are firmly maintained, and in some instances exceeded. The arrivals of Oats have been moderate; the demand is slow. Two cargoes of Saida Wheat were sold yesterday at 4s., and Beheira at 4s. cost, freight and insurance. A cargo of Saida Beans has been sold at 3s. 6d. cost, freight and insurance.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

| | Sat. | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thur. | Frid. |
|-----------------------|------|--------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Bank Stock | 210 | 210½ | 210½ | 211 | 211 | 211 |
| 3 per Cent. Red. | 92½ | 92½ | 92½ | 92½ | 92½ | 92½ |
| 3 per Cent. Cons. An. | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| Consols for Account | 92 | 92½ | 92½ | 92 | 92½ | 91½ |
| 31 per Cent. An. | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| New 2½ per Cent. | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| Long Ans. 1850 | 4 | 311-16 | | | | 15-16 |
| India Stock | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| Ditto Bonds, £1000 | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| Ditto, under £1000 | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| Ex. Bills, £1000 | 19s. | 17s. | 13s. | 14s. | 14s. | 13s. |
| Ditto, £500 | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |
| Ditto, Small | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut | shut |

FOREIGN FUNDS.

LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------|----------------------------------|-------|
| Brazilian Bonds | | Russian Bonds, 5 per Cent., 1822 | 100½ |
| Buenos Ayres 6 per Cuts. | 50½ | Russian 4½ per Cents. | 86½ |
| Chilian 3 per Cents. | | Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def. 184 | |
| Danish 3 per Cents. | | Spanish Committee Cert. | |
| Ecuador Bonds | 31 | of Coup. not fun. | |
| Mexican 3 per Cents. | 21½ | Venezuela 4½ per Cents. | 37 |
| Mexican 5 per Ct. for | | Belgian 4½ per Cents. | 51 |
| Acc. June 15 | | Dutch 2½ per Cents. | 54 |
| Portuguese 4 per Cents. | | Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif. | 95½ |
| Portuguese 3 p. Cents. | | | |

FRENCH PLAYS, St James's Theatre.—M. LEVASSOR will continue his French Performances, RECREATIVES or COMIQUES, assisted by MADIE TEISSIERE, during the present week on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, and on Saturday Afternoon, June 28th.

Programme for Monday, June 18, commencing at Eight o'clock.—**L'AMOUR PRIS AUX CHEVEUX**, Vaudeville en Un Acte et en Vers, joué par M. Levassor seul, qui reproduit Sept Physionomies Différentes. Interimède: **JE CHANTERAI** Romance, chantée par Madie Teissiere. **LA MERE MICHEL** (au Théâtre Italien) — "La Gazza Ladra". Grande Scène Comique, exécutée par M. Levassor. **MADIELEINE ET GROS JEAN**, Duo Scène Comique, exécutée par M. Levassor et Madie Teissiere. To conclude with (for the second time in this country) **DEUX PROFONDS SCOLIERATS**, Vaudeville en Un Acte. Poncestier, Mons. Levassor; Pretillard, M. Vézian. Doors open at half-past 7. Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

Private Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and at the Box-office.

THEATRE ROYAL OLYMPIC.

MR. ALFRED WIGAN begs most respectfully to announce that his **BENEFIT** will take place on **FRIDAY, JUNE 22**, when the Comedy of **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL** will be performed. **Joseph Surface**, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN; **Charles Surface**, Mr. G. VINING; **Sir Peter**, Mr. Emery; **Sir Oliver**, Mr. F. VINING; and **Moses**, Mr. F. ROBSON. **Mrs. Candour**, Mrs. ALFRED WIGAN; and **Lady Teazle**, Mrs. STIRLING (her first appearance this season). With other Entertainments. Tickets and places to be had of Mr. Alfred Wigan, 68, Sloane-street, Cadogan-place; at the principal Libraries; and at the Box-office.

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To conclude with **THE GARRICK FEVER**. Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, Emery, Danvers, White, Rivers, Mrs. Fitzalan, Miss Stephens, and Miss Tervan.

On Friday, for the Benefit of Mr. A. WIGAN, **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**. Joseph Surface, Mr. A. Wigan; Lady Teazle, Mrs. Stirling; Mrs. Candour, Mrs. A. Wigan.

To conclude with **POOR PILLICODDY**.

GORE HOUSE KENSINGTON.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of advanced Works by Students in Metropolitan and Provincial Schools of Art is now open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

MONTI'S LECTURES ON ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE. The Fourth Lecture will be delivered on Wednesday the 20th inst.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—An Exhibition of the finest English, French, and Italian Photographs is now open at the Photographic Institution, 108, New Bond-street. Open from 10 to 5. Admission, with catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The Fifty-first annual Exhibition is now Open at their Gallery, 5, Pall-mall East (close to Trafalgar-square). Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. **JOSEPH J. JENKINS**, Secretary.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

[GRATIS.]

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

MEMOIRS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. Longman and Co.

ENGLAND has many men of wit to boast of, but none of whom she can be more thoroughly proud than of Sydney Smith. His wit was of a quite peculiar flavour, and, except by Charles Lamb, quite unrivalled. It is the essence of sportive kindliness. It has the lightness and grace of the finest French wit, with the genial heartiness and sterling Saxon wisdom of English humour. It has no acerbity, no indecency, nothing to call up a blush, or a revulsion of feeling following the outburst of the ludicrous. It is always either the smile of radiant wisdom, or the caprice of sportive fancy: the lightning of the mind, but summer lightning, which brightens up the sky and scathes no one.

This is the conception we form of Sydney Smith's wit, as we read his writings or laugh over his reported *bons mots*. The volume of Memoirs and the volume of letters just published add nothing new to the conception of the man, except to confirm all that we thought of good. A more lovely picture has seldom been presented to the world than that of this brave and bright creature, so rich in wit, humour, high animal spirits, inexhaustible kindliness, manly independence, sagacious good sense. To read this book is a moral tonic. It is a lesson in life. It makes us happier and better. And while it does this it presents more entertainment than any book easily named, so rich is it in wisdom, in association, in personal gossip about well-known people. A more thoroughly virtuous life we cannot remember. Yet he was the pet of London, the great wit, the diner out, and a clergyman—positions in which one does not look for the highest morality—but which his fine strong nature enabled him to assume with the most signal success and impunity. There was French blood in his veins; and to this blood he owed, perhaps, his high spirits; but even the extravagance of high spirits never carried him into prodigality, unscrupulosity, or insolence. He paid his bills, and he spared the feelings of his friends. Lord Dudley once said to him, "You have been constantly laughing at me for the last seven years, and never said anything I could wish unsaid." What a tribute!

The Memoir which his daughter has drawn up is one of attaching interest, although in biographical detail it is insignificant enough. There were few incidents in Sydney Smith's life to make an interesting biography: the interest is entirely moral; it lies in the picture of a beautiful happy soul. Our extracts we shall endeavour to make as various as possible. We begin with a glance at his clerical position. He was purely pious, too pious to be a fanatic, too humane to make Religion a weapon of offence. As he says, "piety, stretched beyond a certain point, is the parent of impiety." We think it is impiety itself. But for good practical sense, flavoured with wit, on the subject of preaching, what can be better than this:—

"There is a bad taste in the language of sermons evinced by a constant repetition of the same scriptural phrases, which perhaps were used with great judgment two hundred years ago, but are now become so trite that they may, without any great detriment, be exchanged for others. 'Putting off the old man—and putting on the new man.' 'The one thing needful,' 'The Lord hath set up his candlestick,' 'The armour of righteousness,' etc. etc. etc. The sacred Scriptures are surely abundant enough to afford us the same idea with some novelty of language: we can never be driven, from the peruse of these writings, to wear and fritter their holy language into a perfect cant, which passes through the ear without leaving any impression.

"To this cause of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if, by mischance, his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone, or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his

month alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holopexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, *holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?*

"It is theatrical to use action, and it is Methodistical to use action.

"But we have cherished contempt for sectaries, and persevered in dignified tameness so long, that while we are freezing common sense for large salaries in stately churches, amidst whole acres and furlongs of empty pews, the crowd are feasting on ungrammatical fervour and illiterate animation in the crumbling hovels of Methodists."

Here is one of the many touches which recal dear Charles Lamb. He acted as magistrate:—

Young delinquents he never could bear to commit; but read them a severe lecture, and in extreme cases called out, "John, bring me my private gallows!" which infallibly brought the little urchins weeping on their knees, and, "Oh! for God's sake, your honour, pray forgive us!" and his honour used graciously to pardon them for this time, and delay the arrival of the private gallows, and seldom had occasion to repeat the threat.

This is felicitously said:—

An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

The following loses something from being told, but lamb served up cold is still a delicate dish when the salad of wit flavours it:—

At Mr. Romilly's there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. "He may be a great poet," said my father, "but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler,—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture really was; for instance (turning, merrily, to his old friend Mrs. Marcet), you should be doomed to listen, for a thousand years, to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily, in the end, be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay,—let me consider,—oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in your defence." "And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sidney?" said a young mother. "Why, you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?"

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."

Here we have Charles Lamb again:—

"Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, Ma'am!' I said; 'it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, Sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, Ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.

"Miss —, too, the other day, walking round the grounds at Combe Florey, exclaimed, 'Oh, why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith?' 'Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish boys.' 'Parish boys!' she exclaimed, 'does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?' 'Yes, he devours them, buttons and all.' Her face of horror made me die of laughing."

This lesson wants repeated enforcement:—

Speaking of education: "Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

The delicious exaggeration of this must have been overpowering to hear:—

Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed, bursting out laughing; "going to marry her! impossible! you mean, a part of her: he could not marry her all

himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short you might do anything with her but marry her."

We must cease; but in ceasing we must quote one more of the many good things in this Memoir, and on a future occasion call upon the rich fund of the Letters. Our finale is the mot on the Dean of —: "He deserves to be preached to death by wild curates!"

THE BOYHOOD OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster. Constable and Co.

THIS long-expected, very welcome work at last lies on our table: two handsome volumes, filled with much curious and important matter, some of it quite new, none of it uninteresting. It addresses men of science more than the general public, for it is mainly occupied with the exhibition of Newton's scientific discoveries; but although it has thus a more special interest for a special class, no reader tinctured with philosophy will take it up without interest; if he is forced to skip certain details, the general progress of Newton's discoveries will be marshalled intelligibly before him, and a picture of Newton's personal existence will stand out before him in some rough shape. We propose in the present article to disregard philosophic speculations, and confine ourselves to a biographic sketch of Master Newton; thinking that the many who hear of the *Principia* with a certain awe, may not be uninterested at this glimpse of its author.

"The child is father to the man," but it is not in the childhood of every man of genius that we can so distinctly trace the lineaments of after life as we can in that of Newton. He was born on Christmas-day, 1642—the very year in which Galileo died! It may console some parents, and puzzle some physiologists, to learn that this, the greatest of our scientific intellects was ushered prematurely into the world, and was so tiny and feeble, that not only could he have been put into a "quart mug" (to use his mother's language), but the experienced nurses had no belief he could live. He lived, however, and to some purpose, as we know; but it is more remarkable, and not so familiarly known, that he lived to the age of eighty-five.

Newton was the son of a farmer, and was expected to follow in his father's footsteps; but his talk, the Fates had decreed, was not to be of oxen; his mind was not to be devoted to subsoils and manure; the vast field of Science needed such labourers, and Nature had sent this tiny, feeble little day-labourer to do her work. Anecdotalists and literary historians of a paradoxical turn cite Newton as one of the Dunces who become men of Genius: a foolish paradox, implying superficial knowledge of Genius. Newton did not shine at school, it is true; he was very inattentive to his studies, and held a low rank in his class. But that was owing to the direction of his intellectual activity elsewhere. Dull he was not, neither in apprehension nor in temper. We find him, indeed, challenging a brutal boy who kicked him in the stomach, and succeeding in giving that boy the "drubbing" which superior spirit always inflicts on bulkier antagonists. Nay, having vanquished, he is told by the schoolmaster's son that he must treat his opponent as a coward, and rub his nose against the wall—which also is done, to the satisfaction of the victor and by-standers, less so to the vanquished. Nor was his arduous tamed by success. The boy whom he had beaten stood above him in class. He resolves to beat him there too; which he finds no less easy; and in a little while Master Newton is the top of the school, *caput puer*, and admired by pedagogy.

As we said, it was no dulness which had withdrawn his thoughts from books. He displayed his talent for mechanical inventions by the construction of models of certain machines and by amusing contrivances. This dull boy constructed a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage to go without horses—i. e., moved by a person sitting in it. He had watched, as curious boys will watch, the workmen erecting a mill near Grantham, and watched them with such success that the model he made for one actually worked when placed at the top of the house in which he lived; and when the wind was still, another mechanical agent being necessary, Master Newton be-thinks him of a Mouse, whom he christens The Miller. How this amiable Rodent was made to perform functions so very unlike those to which Nature had destined it, one knows not; but it is conjectured that some corn was placed above a sort of treadmill, and in attempting to reach this the Mouse turned the mill.

The water-clock, which Master Newton made, was a more useful invention. It was made out of a box, and resembled the common clock-cases with a dial-plate. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which rose or fell by water dropping. It stood in the boy's bedroom, and was supplied each morning with the proper quantity of water. It was frequently used by the inmates to ascertain the hour long after its inventor was a glory of Cambridge.

One can understand perfectly how this "sober, silent, thinking lad" seldom took part in the games of his schoolfellows, but employed his leisure hours "knocking and hammering." Master Newton was not a boy to play; or if he played it must be scientifically. Thus he introduced the flying of Paper Kites. Think of that, O reader! as memory travels back into the broad meadows of childhood, when racing through the buttercups you held aloft the tugging aspirant, think of your owing that joy to Master Isaac Newton! He set to work scientifically, investigating the best forms and proportions of kites, as well as the number and position of the points to which the string should be attached. He constructed also lanterns of "crimped paper," in which candles were placed, and with these he lighted himself to school on dark winter mornings; and on dark nights he tied them to the tails of his kites to terrify the boobies, who trembled at them as comets.

Other tokens of his "dulness" may be noted. He drove wooden pegs into the walls and roofs of houses to serve as gnomons, marking by their shadows the hours and half-hours of the day. Isaac's dial served the people round

about as a clock. But the reader, arguing *ex post facto*, will not be surprised at such indications of the philosophic mind; he will be more surprised to hear of Newton's writing verses, and drawing "birds, beasts, ships, and men." Newton a poet! Newton even a writer of verses—does it not sound strange? He assured Mr. Conduit that he "excelled particularly in making verses," but where is the man who, making verses, does not believe he excels therein? With respect to Newton's verses, we have little doubt they were detestable; and yet, however antithetical mathematics and poetry may be, however unlike *Paradise Lost* may be the *Principia*, or the *Optics*, we may see in an occasional passage, flashing out here and there, a revelation of grand poetical conception, which never would have visited the mathematician who wrote no verses; nay, it is perhaps accurate to assume that without the imaginative faculty in high vigour, no great scientific conquest is possible. Thus, in noting the indications childhood gives of the future philosopher, we ought to insist on this verse-making.

Did he make verses to Miss Storey? He appears to have been in love with her, or if not in love, at least in what Miss Jewsbury wittily calls "a tepid preference;" and it is piquant to consider that somewhere about the same time another great mathematical thinker, Benedict Spinoza, was also troubled with flutterings of the heart—flutterings which, as in Newton's case, subsided without much impairment of the digestive function. Miss Storey, when a girl, was mutely courted by the philosopher, not by verses but by the manufacture of "tables, cupboards, and other utensils" for her dolls and trinkets. As she grew older she may have inspired his muse. But nothing remains. If written, these verses have vanished with the hopes they struggled to express; and posterity must turn from the search, to see young Newton, now home and emancipated from school, doing his worst to succeed as farmer and grazier. What a picture rises before the mind as we follow this youth to market every Saturday, to dispose of grain and other farm produce, and to purchase articles needed for domestic use. Isaac, being young and inexperienced, is accompanied by an old servant who is to instruct him. No sooner do they reach the market town, than Isaac leaves to the old servant all the chaffering, and hurries to a garret in Mr. Clarke's house, where a goodly store of books enables him to pass the hours in feasting. When this store of books was exhausted, Master Isaac thought it a waste of time to go so far as the town; so sending his companion onwards he entrenched himself under a hedge, and studied there till his companion returned. This was the way to become a philosopher; but as an education for the work of farmer and grazier it was not perhaps the most promising. Indeed this boy, so dull at his books in early days, was now as dull at business. Sent by his anxious mother to look after the sheep, or to watch the cattle lest they should tread down the crops, he perches himself under a tree, book in hand, or shaping models with his knife, and the foolish sheep go astray, the foolish cattle wander unchecked among the corn fields. In this posture he is found by the Rev. W. Ayscough, engaged in the solution of a mathematical problem not in the remotest degree connected with sheep or oxen; and as the reverend gentleman had studied at Cambridge he prevails upon Isaac's mother to send her son there, and give up all hope of making a grazier of him. To Cambridge he is sent; and here closes our narrative of his boyhood. But Sir David Brewster's work, from which we have taken it, is too important and too interesting for us to dismiss it in one notice; on a future occasion we may have something to say of Newton the Philosopher.

MENANDER AND THE GREEK COMEDY.

Ménandre: Etude historique et littéraire sur la Comédie et la Société Grecques Par M. Guillaume Guizot. Paris: Didier.

THOSE are pleasant epochs in our lives when what has hitherto been a mere name for us becomes the centre for a group of pleasant and fertile ideas—when, for instance, our travels bring us to some southern village which we have only known before as a mark in our map, and from that day forth the once barren word suggests to us a charming picture of houses lit up by a glowing sun, a cluster of tall trees with tame goats browsing on the patch of grass beneath them, and a large stone fountain where dark-complexioned women are filling their pitchers—or when Mr. A. B., whose name we have seen in the visiting-book of an hotel, becomes the definite image of a capital fellow, whose pleasant talk has beguiled a five hours' journey in a diligence, and who turns out to be a man very much like ourselves, with dubious theories, still more dubious hopes, and quite indubitable sorrows. And there is the same sort of pleasure in getting something like a clear conception of an ancient author, whose name has all our life belonged to that inventory of unknown things which so much of our youth is taken up in learning. If we may suppose that to any of our readers Menander has hitherto thus remained a mere *nominis umbra*, let such readers go to M. Guillaume Guizot's very agreeable volume, and they will learn, without the least trouble to themselves, all that scholarly research has hitherto been able to discover of Menander and his writings. It is true that all the preliminary hard work had been done by Meineke, for what hard work in the way of historical research and criticism has not been done by Germans? They are the purveyors of the raw material of learning for all Europe; but, as Mr. Toole suggests, raw materials require to be cooked, and in this kind of cookery, as well as in the other, the French are supreme. To have the Latin work of a German writer boiled down to a portable bulk and served up in that delicate crystal vessel, the French language, is a benefit that will be appreciated by those who are at all acquainted with the works of Germans, and still more by those who are not acquainted with Latin. This is the service rendered by M. Guillaume Guizot, and the way in which he has performed it quite merits, as it has won, the prize of the French Academy. It is a double pleasure to welcome a young author when he is an exception to that rather melancholy generalisation, that great fathers have insignificant sons; and we think this book on Menander gives some promise that we may one day have to speak familiarly of Guizot the Elder, lest our hearers should confound an illustrious father with an illustrious son.

In the first chapter of this work, which is only an octavo of about 450 pages, we have the history of Menander's reputation and writings: the abundant jealousy and the sparing justice awarded him by his contemporaries, his long reign as a "dead but sceptred monarch" over the comic stage,

first of Athens and then of Rome, the almost total destruction of his works, first through the bigotry of Byzantine priests and subsequently through the oblivion of Greek literature in the middle ages, and lastly the awakened interest about his works on the revival of learning, when scholars, amongst whom it is interesting to know that Grotius was one, began to collect the fragments—the *disiecti membra poetæ*. In the second chapter M. Guizot presents all the accessible details concerning Menander's life and character, details which may be summed up under his early but not unquestioned success as a dramatist, his friendship for Epicurus and Theophrastus, his addiction to pleasure in general, and to the pleasure of loving Glycera in particular. Indeed, if we accept the rather dubious authority of Phædrus, neither Menander's wisdom nor his wit saved him from being something of a fop; for that fabulist says of him, we hope calumniously,

Unguento delibutus, vestitu adfluens,
Veniebat gressu delicato et languido;

which is as much as to say of a man in these days that he scents himself with otto of roses, is fastidious about the cut of his trousers, and walks—like a “walking gentleman.” This description is strangely at variance with the calm, massive dignity of his fine statue in the Vatican, of which M. Guizot gives us an excellent engraving at the beginning of his volume. But then, dear reader, Menander squinted, and where relentless destiny has inflicted a personal defect of that sort, poor human nature is rarely great enough to keep between the two extremes of an attempt to dazzle beholders into oblivion of the defect by finery, and a despairing self-neglect. So, for our parts, we think Menander's foppiness belonged to the pathos of his life; and, indeed, what weakness of a great man is not pathetic? . . . The third chapter discusses the Subjects of the Drama in the three periods of Greek comedy: the ancient period, when its main object was political satire, a form of comedy peculiar to Greece, and made immortal by the genius of Aristophanes; the middle period, when its subjects ceased to be political, and became purely social, but when the manners were chiefly caricature and the characters conventional types, corresponding in many respects to the early comedies of Molière; and the new period, when it became what the highest modern comedy is, a picture of real domestic life and manners. Of this last species of comedy, Menander was, by the common consent of critics subsequent to his own age, the greatest master Greece ever produced; and the simple statement of this fact is enough to indicate how great a loss is the destruction of his comedies to those who care about a knowledge of Greek life; for Terence, while appropriating the plots and characters and poetry of Menander, threw away all that was specifically Greek and substituted what was specifically Roman. The succeeding chapters on the plot, the characters, the sentiments, and the passions in the Greek drama of the three periods are really fascinating, from the skill with which M. Guizot weaves together his materials and the judgment with which he chooses his illustrative extracts. The fragments of Menander—mere “dust of broken marble” as they are—afford us some interesting glimpses into the Greek *intérieur* of his time. Amongst other things, we gather that the married woman in Greece had then ceased to be a mere piece of furniture, or live stock, too insignificant to determine in any degree a man's happiness or misery. The bitter invectives against women and marriage in the New Comedy are the best—or the worst—proofs of the domestic ascendancy women had acquired. Here is a fragment in which a female emancipationist of that day asserts the rights of woman, according to the moderate views of 300 B.C. :—“Above all if a man is wise, he will not keep his wife too much a prisoner in the recesses of his house. For our eyes take delight in outdoor pleasures. Let a woman have as much as she likes of these pleasures, see everything, and go everywhere. This sight-seeing will of itself satisfy her, and keep her out of mischief; whereas all of us, men, women, and children alike, ardently desire what is hidden from us. But the husband who shuts up his wife under lock and seal, fancying that he shows his prudence in this way, loses his labour, and is a wiseacre for his pains; for if one of us has placed her heart out of the conjugal home, she flies away more swiftly than an arrow or a bird; she would deceive the hundred eyes of Argus!”

It is amusing also to see how despotic a personage the cook had become in the establishment, giving himself the airs common to people who are conscious of being indispensable. “He who insults one of us,” said these mighty functionaries, “never escapes the punishment he deserves: so sacred is our art.” They piqued themselves immensely on their skill. Here is a story of one who seems to have been the prototype of that famous French chef who prepared a multifarious dinner *tout en bœuf*. “I was the pupil of Soterides. One day the King Nicomedes wished to eat some sardines. It was the depth of winter, and twelve days march from the sea. Nevertheless Soterides satisfied the king so completely, that there was a general cry of admiration. Pray how was that possible? He took a radish, cut it into long thin slices, which he shaped like sardines; then, while they were frying, he basted them with oil, sprinkled them with salt very cleverly, threw over them a dozen black poppy seeds, and presented this *ragout* to the Bythinian appetite of his master. Nicomedes ate the radish, and praised the sardines. You see, cooks differ in nothing from poets: the art of both is equally an art of intelligence.”

In his two last chapters, M. Guizot considers the style and the imitators of Menander, and in an appendix he presents a translation of all the fragments that have any other than a philological interest. Among these there are no fewer than seven hundred and fifty-seven aphorisms, which are preserved to us in greater abundance than other fragments, because they were collected as “beauties” by ancient scholars. Very grave and very melancholy some of these moral sentences are, but probably an equal number of sad and serious sayings might be culled from Molière. We may say of the highest comedy what Demetrius said in another sense of the satiric drama—that it is *καὶ γὰρ τραγῳδία*, “tragedy in the disguise of mirth.” Indeed it may be likened to those choicest of all fruits, the flavour of which is so cunningly mixed by Nature that we know not whether to call them sweet or acid, and in this wonderful equivocal lies their very exquisiteness.

Among the fragments of Menander there are some passages of elegiac sadness; for example: “O Parmeno, I call him a happy man, nay, the

happiest of all men, who soon returns to the place whence he came, after having contemplated, without sorrow, the magnificence of this world, the sun that everywhere diffuses its beams, the stars, the ocean, the clouds and fire; whether he lives an age or only a few short years, this spectacle will always be the same: never will he see one more sublime. Think of life as a fair, where man arrives like a wayfarer: tumult, market, thieves, games of chance and amusements! If thou set out first for the place of halting and repose, thou wilt be the better provided for the end of the journey, and thou wilt go without having made enemies. But he who late in the day falls into poverty—a wretched old man, weary, disenchanted, and ruined—loses his way, and meets nothing but haired and snares: a long life leads not to a gentle death.”

But perhaps we are dwelling a little too long on this subject of Menander and Greek Comedy—we should rather say flitting about it a little too long. Let us hope, however, that we have dwelt enough on it to persuade the reader that he will find in M. Guizot's book a masterly treatment of a subject which has a really human and not merely a scholarly interest.

OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS.

Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, The Artist, and other Poems. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

It is our painful duty, in the course of every year, to express feelings not of admiration about many volumes of verse. This arises from no indispotion to admire, as we hope certain exceptions have proved: it arises from the utter mediocrity of the verses, and from the impossibility of our accepting mediocrity in verse. In prose, mediocrity, though not agreeable, may be pardoned; but there is absolutely no excuse for feeble verse: if it is not beautiful, it is an abortion. It is a most imperfect form of utterance when it is not the most perfect, when it does not utter that which Prose, in its highest exaltation, is incompetent to reach: in a word, when it is not Song. As Speech it is very bad speech; only as Song is its existence vindicated.

On principles thus rigid we are naturally severe in criticism. Our severity, however, gives greater seriousness to our praise; and when we call Owen Meredith a poet—a poet in spite of many defects—we mean it to be understood that, in our judgment, he has the “something” which distinguishes him from the crowd of even the ablest versifiers: he has the gift of Song. So highly do we prize this quality, that in introducing the volume to our readers we shall, as formerly in the case of Alexander Smith, point rather to excellencies than defects, and write encouragingly rather than with Rhadamantine justice; for, in the first place, many of these defects will fall away as the poet grows older, much of what is crude ripening into mellowness; and, in the next place, these defects did not prevent our reading the volume with a peculiar thrill, such as Song, and Song only, communicates.

In *Clytemnestra* the poet has, with youthful audacity, taken up the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, and rewritten it, as Racine rewrote *Hippolytus*, and as Goethe rewrote *Iphigenia*. Such audacity (when it is not mere stupidity) has a charm in its very peril. The greatest praise we can give Owen Meredith is to say that his audacity has leaped on the very back of success; his “vaulting ambition” has not “o'erleaped itself.” He has rewritten the old Lacedæmon tale, that is to say, he has, while following the old legend, and, indeed, the very march of the old play, made the tragedy modern, by throwing into it the modern passionate element. Æschylus, grand as he is, gives us but a tragic Myth: it stands there gnarled, rugged, sublime, like a secular oak; it is not a Drama, in our modern sense of the word; and although dealing with human passions, does not treat them passionately. Owen Meredith opens his Tragedy with a monologue from *Clytemnestra*:

Clytemnestra. Morning at last! at last the lingering day
Creeps o'er the dewy side of yon dark world.
O dawning light already on the hills!
O universal earth, and air, and thou,
First freshness of the east, which art a breath
Breath'd from the rapture of the gods, who bless
Almost all other prayers on earth but mine!
Wherefore to me is solacing sleep denied?
And honourable rest, the right of all?
So that no medicine of the slumberous shell,
Brimm'd with divinest draughts of melody,
Nor silence under dreamful canopies,
Nor purple cushions of the lofty couch
May lull this fever for a little while.
Wherefore to me—to me, of all mankind,
This retribution for a deed undone?
For many men outlive their sum of crimes,
And eat, and drink, and lift up thankful hands,
And take their rest securely in the dark.
Am I not innocent—or more than these?
There is no blot of murder on my brow,
Nor any taint of blood upon my robe.
—It is the thought! it is the thought! . . . and men
Judge us by acts! . . . as tho' one thunder-clap
Let all Olympus out.

(The last passage, by the way, rings with familiar tones in our ears—surely Browning or Alexander Smith has said this?) She continues her soliloquy from which we snatch these lines:—

With such fierce thoughts for evermore at war,
Vext not alone by hankering wild regrets
But fears, yet worse, of that which soon must come,
My heart waits arm'd, and from the citadel
Of its high sorrow, sees far off dark shapes,
And hears the footsteps of Necessity
Tread near, and nearer, hand in hand with Woe.

The Herald of Fire “the giant beard of Flame,” as Æschylus calls it, has brought the news of Ilion's fall, and startled her with the thought of Agamemnon's return. In Æschylus—where dramatic representation of passion is never a main object—there is no delineation of the fluctuating fears, hopes,

and resolutions of Clytemnestra. But this is precisely the point on which Owen Meredith has lavished his strength and invention. He sees that the guilty wife, disturbed in her adulterous happiness, is now to be confronted with her husband. She trembles for the future, looks back on the past—

On days grown lovelier in the retrospect—

and then resolves: "Wherefore look back?" she says, the "path to safety lies forward" . . . The sight of her husband's shield recalls him, and recalls her old dislike of him:—

Oh, this man!
Why sticks the thought of him so in my heart?
If I had loved him once—if for one hour—
Then were there treason in this falling off.
But never did I feel this wretched heart
Until it leap'd beneath Ægisthus' eyes.
Who could have so forecounted all from first?
From that flusht moment when his hand in mine
Rested a thought too long, a touch too kind,
To leave its pulse unwarmed . . . But I remember
I dream'd sweet dreams that night, and slept till dawn,
And woke with flutterings of a happy thought,
And felt, not worse, but better . . . and now . . . now?
When first a strange and novel tenderness
Quiver'd in these salt eyes, had one said then
"A bead of dew may drag a deluge down:"—
In that first pensive pause, through which I watch'd
Unwonted sadness on Ægisthus' brows,
Had some one whispered, "Ay, the summer-cloud
Comes first: the tempest follows."—

Well, what's past

Is past. Perchance the worst's to follow yet.

This, whether it be the sophism of guilty passion, or the real utterance of ancient dislike is finely conceived. Yet she does not undervalue Agamemnon:—

Surely sometimes the unseen Eumenides
Do prompt our musing moods with wicked hints,
And lash us for our crimes ere we commit them.
Here, round this silver boss, he cut my name,
Once—long ago: he cut it as he lay
Tired out with brawling pastimes—prone—his limbs
At length diffused—his head droop'd in my lap—
His spear flung by: Electra by the hearth
Sat with the young Orestes on her knee;
While he, with an old broken sword, hack'd out
These crooked characters, and laughed to see
(Sprawl'd from the unused strength of his large hands)
The marks make CLYTEMNESTRA.

How he laughed!

Yet I know
That matrons envied me my husband's strength.
And I remember when he strode among
The Argive crowd he topp'd them by a head,
And tall men stood wide-eyed to look at him,
Where his great plumes went tossing up and down
The brazen prores drawn out upon the sand.

And he approaches:—

Herald. Even now the broad sea-fields
Grow white with flocks of sails, and toward the west
The sloped horizon teems with rising beaks.

Clytemnestra. The people know this?

Herald. Heard you not the noise?
For soon as this wing'd news had touch'd the gates
The whole land shouted in the sun.

Clytemnestra. So soon!
The thought's outsped by the reality,
And halts agape . . . the King—

Herald. How she is moved!
A noble woman!

Clytemnestra. Wherefore beat so fast,
Thou foolish heart? 'tis not thy master—

Herald. Truly

Clytemnestra. She looks all over Agamemnon's mate.
Destiny, Destiny! The deed's half done.

Herald. She will not speak, save by that brooding eye
Whose light is language. Some great thought, I see,
Mounts up the royal chambers of her blood,
As a king mounts his palace; holds high pomp
In her Olympian bosom; gains her face,
Possesses all her noble glowing cheek
With sudden state; and gathers grandly up
Its slow majestic meanings in her eyes!

We pass over the choruses (upon which a word by and by) and come to the scene between Clytemnestra and her feeble lover Ægisthus—a scene not dissimilar from that in *Macbeth*, where the Northern Clytemnestra screws her vacillating husband's courage to the sticking place. There is nothing of this in Æschylus; yet every one sees it is the dramatic pivot of the legend. The scene is too long for extract, but will be read with wonder and delight by every one who opens the volume. Here is an extractable passage: Ægisthus asks, "If the deed be done dare we hope to be happy?"—

Clytemnestra. My Belov'd,

We are not happy—we may never be,
Perchance, again. Yet it is much to think
We have been so: and ev'n tho' we must weep,
We have enjoy'd.

The roses and the thorns
We have pluck'd together. We have proved both. Say,
Was it not worth the bleeding hands they left us
To have won such flowers? And if't were possible
To keep them still—keep even the wither'd leaves,
Even the wither'd leaves are worth our care.

We will not tamely give up life—such life!
What tho' the years before, like those behind,
Be dark as clouds the thunder sits among,
Tipt only here and there with a wan gold
More bright for rains between?—'tis much—'tis more,
For we shall ever think "the sun's behind."
The sun must shine before the day goes down!"
Anything better than the long, long night,
And that perpetual silence of the tomb!
'Tis not for happier hours, but life itself
Which may bring happier hours, we strike at Fate.
Why, tho' from all the treasury of the Past
'Tis but one solitary gem we save—
One kiss more such as we have kist, one smile,
One more embrace, one night more such as thos e
Which we have shared, how costly were the prize,
How richly worth the attempt!

Very fine is her terror at his terror—her terror lest she should have been deceived in him—and fine the way she catches at a show of spirit in him:—

Do I not know the noble steed will start
Aside, scared lightly by a straw, a shadow,
A thorn-bush in the way, while the dull mule
Plods stupidly adown the dizziest paths?
And oft indeed, such trifles will dismay
The finest and most eager spirits, which yet
Daunt not a duller mind. O love, be sure
Whate'er betide, whether for well or ill,
Thy fate and mine are bound up in one skein,
Clotho must cut them both inseparate.
You dare not leave me—had you wings for flight!
You shall not leave me! You are mine, indeed,
(As I am yours!) by my strong right of grief.
Not death together, but together life!
Life—life with safe and honourable years,
And power to do with these that which we would!
—His lip's compress—his eye dilates—he is saved!
O, when strong natures into frailer ones
Have struck deep root, if one exalt not both,
Both must drag down and perish!

Ægisthus. And we shall live. *If we should live—*

Clytemnestra. Yet . . . yet—

Ægisthus. What! shrinking still?

Clytemnestra. I'll do the deed. Do not stand off from me.

Ægisthus. Terrible Spirit!

Clytemnestra. Nay, not terrible,

Not to thee terrible—O say not so!

To thee I never had been anything

But a weak, passionate, unhappy woman

(O woe is me!) and now you fear me—

Ægisthus. No,

But rather worship.

Clytemnestra. O my heart, my heart,

It sends up all its anguish in this cry—

Love me a little!

The power, essentially dramatic, which throbs in these lines the reader will perhaps feel even in extract (although that is a very imperfect way of judging of the effect, since all preparation is lost in extract). How fine is this:—

Herald. O Honour of the House of Tantalus!

The king's wheels echo in the brazen gates.

Clytemnestra. Our heart is half-way there, to welcome him.

How looks he? Well? And all our long-lost friends—

Their faces grow before me! Lead the way

Where we may meet them. All our haste seems slow.

Indeed the style is affluent and easy in its strength. The images are frequently fine and finely expressed: such as this:—

For every night that brought not news from Troy
Heaped fear on fear, as waves succeed to waves
When northern blasts blow white the Cretan main.

Yet these images are not dragged in, as if the whole purpose of poetry were to throw off similes. What has been already quoted will suffice to show the peculiar powers of the writer, in dramatic expression especially, and we now quote the description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, which the reader may compare with that of Æschylus (*Agam.* v. 180—237):—

The winds were lull'd in Aulis; and the day,
Down-sloped, was loitering to the lazy west.
There was no motion of the glassy bay,
But all things by a heavy light oppress.
Windless, cut off upon the destined way—
Dark shrouds, distinct against the lurid lull—
Dark ropes hung useless, loose, from mast to hull—
The black ships lay abreast.
Not any cloud would cross the brooding skies.
The distant sea boom'd faintly. Nothing more.
They walked about upon the yellow shore;
Or, lying listless, huddled groups supine,
With faces turn'd toward the flat sea-spine,
They plann'd the Phrygian battle o'er and o'er;
Till each grew sullen, and would talk no more,
But sat, dumb-dreaming. Then would some one rise,
And look toward the hollow hulls, with haggard, hopeless eyes—
Wild eyes—and, crowding round, yet wilder eyes—
And gaping, languid lips;
And everywhere that men could see,
About the black, black ships,
Was nothing but the deep-red sea;
The deep-red shore;
The deep-red skies;
The deep-red silence, thick with thirsty sighs;
And daylight, dying slowly. Nothing more.
The tall masts stood upright;

And not a sail above the burnish'd prores;
The languid sea, like one outworned quite,
Shrank, dying inward into hollow shores;
And breathless harbours, under sandy bars;
And, one by one, down tracts of quivering blue,
The singed and sultry stars
Look'd from the inmost heaven, far, faint, and few,
While, all below, the sick, and steaming brine
The spill'd-out sunset did incarnadine.

At last one broke the silence; and a word
Was lis'd and buzz'd about, from mouth to mouth;
Pale faces grew more pale; wild whispers stirr'd;
And men, with moody, murmuring lips, conferred
In ominous tones, from shaggy beards uncouth:
As though some wind had broken from the blur'd
And blazing prison of the stagnant drouth,
And stirr'd the salt sea in the stifled south.
The long-robed priests stood round; and, in the gloom,
Under black brows, their bright and greedy eyes
Shone deathfully; there was a sound of sighs,
Thick-sob'd from choking throats among the crowd,
That, whispering, gathered close, with dark heads bow'd;
But no man lifted up his voice aloud,
For heavy hung o'er all the helpless sense of doom.

Then, after solemn prayer,
The father bade the attendants, tenderly
Lift her upon the lurid altar-stone.
There was no hope in any face; each eye
Swam tearful, that her own did gaze upon.
They bound her helpless hands with mournful care;
And loop'd up her long hair,
That hung about her, like an amber shower,
Mix'd with the saffron robe, and falling lower,
Down from her bare, and cold, white shoulder hung.
Upon the heaving breast the pale cheek hung,
Suffused with that wild light that roll'd among
The pausing crowd, out of the crimson drouth.
They held hot hands upon her pleading mouth;
And stifled on faint lips the natural cry.
Back from the altar-stone,
Slow-moving in his fixed place
A little space,
The speechless father turn'd. No word was said.
He wrapp'd his mantle close about his face,
In his dumb grief, without a moan.
The lopping axe was lifted over-head.
Then, suddenly,
There sounded a strange motion of the sea,
Booming far inland; and above the east
A ragged cloud rose slowly, and increas'd.
Not one line in the horoscope of Time
Is perfect. Oh, what falling off is this,
When some grand soul, that else had been sublime,
Falls unawares amiss,
And stoops its crested strength to sudden crime!

We cannot follow the progress of the piece, nor quote its pathetic and dramatic inventions. The character of Clytemnestra is thoroughly original, modern, passionate; and shows in the writer a power which must hereafter produce striking works. But now having intimated in what we think the excellence of his poem consists, it is right to intimate our opinion on the serious mistake in his design. We pass by minor errors of execution, and come to the capital fault of attempting to reproduce Greek Art in what is accidental, not in what is essential. He has taken up the *Agamemnon* with the desire of rewriting it. Very good; but why, in thoroughly modernising the spirit, has he attempted an imitation of the antique form? Why these choruses, which in the Greek Drama were of primary importance, but which in modern art are senseless? Again, why these constant allusions and phrases which only the scholar can seize, and which to the ordinary reader sometimes become pure absurdities: for instance, the hesitating Herald is asked "if an ox has trodden on his tongue." Every reader of *Æschylus* knows the allusion, but the English reader is puzzled. Moreover, if this Greek fidelity of idiom is thought worth preserving, what becomes of the abiding modernness of the diction? If Greek is to be spoken, how comes Owen Meredith to write a passage so outrageous as "the hot blood freezes in its arteries," when every Greek would have opened wide eyes at the very notion of blood being in the arteries at all—the arteries, as the name imports, were thought to be air-carriers, and were so considered till the time of Galen.

We will not press this point. It is enough to hint our objection against all attempts at classical reproduction of forms. The merit of *Clytemnestra* lies precisely in the opposite direction. We have left ourselves no room to speak of the other poems at any length. They are inferior to the *Clytemnestra*, probably because the greatness of that subject buoyed the poet up. They are not real; the feelings they express have for the most part a fictitious air; and they are overdone with scene-painting, for which, however, they show decided faculty. Nevertheless we repeat our conviction: Here is another young poet singing on his way to Parnassus; let the world listen with approval, and the time will come when grander melodies and deeper harmonies will be struck from his Lyre.

HOW TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.

De la Longévité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe. Par P. Flourens.

Paris: 1855.

This book has made a sensation in Paris; it has already been reviewed in *Blackwood*; and an English translation has just appeared: three circumstances which determine us to notice it, in spite of its somewhat arrogant superficiality and magisterial twaddle. The subject of Longevity is one interesting to the public, and perplexing to the physiologist. Every one would be glad to live a century; every curious intellect would be glad to

know how such a thing becomes possible. We have already touched on the subject in reviewing the works of Dr. Van Oven and Hufeland (*Leader*, Vol. IV., page 930, No. 183), and may therefore treat the present work more discursively and popularly.

M. Flourens announces in his usual trenchant style that the normal life of man is a hundred years in duration. He might as well have said that the normal height of man is six feet and a half. The illustrations of longevity which are recorded, although more numerous than is popularly supposed, are extremely rare in proportion to the vast numbers who fall short of the secular period, viz., one in ten thousand. And M. Flourens is not only unhappy in drawing an argument from such rare instances, and assuming that in the vast proportion of cases which contradict his argument, the reason of premature death is the injudicious use made of life; he is in direct contradiction with fact and physiology in asserting that *sobriety* is the main cause of longevity. Fact tells us that very many of the longest lives have led very irregular, very laborious, and some very intemperate lives; physiology tells us that longevity in itself—apart from all external circumstances—is an *hereditary* quality, as much as length of limb, or susceptibility of nerve: it is part and parcel of the constitution, and therefore is not to be determined by a course of hygiene. Sobriety and placidness of life will not make one organism endure a century; intemperance, hardship, irregularity will not prevent another organism enduring a century and a quarter. The reader will not misinterpret these observations into an assertion that hygiene is indifferent, or that lives are not shortened by intemperance. What we mean is, that Longevity *quod* Longevity is above and beyond hygiene. This is no more than saying that talent is born with us, quite independent of any education the talent may receive through circumstance: certain opportunities will favour talent, certain opportunities will misdirect or hamper it, but no opportunities will create it. Men have a talent for long life.

Now it is worthy of remark that M. Flourens, when he quits twaddling for a moment, and comes to physiology, agrees with Buffon that longevity does not depend on climate, race, or food: "it depends on nothing external," he says, "it depends solely on the intrinsic virtue of our organs." Clearly it does; and this "intrinsic virtue" is transmitted from parent to child in the same proportion as other qualities are transmitted. Until we can seize the cause, or causes, which determine in one organism a *succession of changes*, the termination of which is death—until we can say why one man is ten years undergoing a series of changes, which another man undergoes in three, we are powerless before this question of longevity. The average length of life indicates but roughly the average period in which these changes take place, because the calculation is affected by diseases and accidents. But no exceptions throw any light. A man may live to a hundred and fifty, which is double the ordinary length of life; and Buffon tells us of a horse which to his knowledge lived fifty years, that is, double the length of life ordinary to horses. Aristotle tells us the camel has been known to live a century; its ordinary term is forty or fifty years. Haller speaks of a lion dying at sixty, that is three times the age of ordinary lions.

Life is marked by a succession of Ages, the terminal Age being Death. Each of these Ages—dentition, second dentition, puberty, manhood, old age—indicates a *culmination of changes* which have been going on with greater or less rapidity, and it is on this rapidity that the epoch of culmination depends. Thus, although within certain limits we can fix the period of each epoch, yet there is considerable oscillation in the times taken by individuals: one child cuts its teeth earlier than another, one reaches puberty earlier than another, one grows old earlier than another. But no child cuts its teeth at twenty or dies at two hundred. Further, we may remark, that these oscillations are greater the nearer we approach the end; simply, because life is more active, the organic changes are more rapid at the beginning of our career than at the end. Hence the differences of longevity are not observable so much in boyhood as in old age; the man who is going to live a century cuts his teeth and reaches puberty as early, or nearly so, as the man who is only capable of living half a century.

M. Flourens proposes a new classification of the Ages: he makes youth extend from twenty to forty; a conclusion very agreeable to us young dogs, who begin to trace a few white hairs mingling their gravity with locks of insolent brown; but although we would willingly impress such a conclusion on all the ladies of our acquaintance, we cannot ask the dear reader to accept it. And as to the commencement of old age being thrown on to the seventieth year, we know not what we shall say to such a proposition thirty years hence at present it excites a smile.

We have done with M. Flourens and his book. Should it fall in the reader's way he is advised to read it, for, in spite of an offensive foppiness in the style, and a sad want of scientific consistency, it contains many interesting details, and one good physiological idea (that on the growth of the bones, which was quoted in our columns, p. 427); we warn him, however, against pinning his faith on its conclusions.

Another Frenchman, M. Charles Lejonecourt, published in 1842 a work called *Galerie des Centenaires*, which, should it fall in your way, you are advised to run through. From his tables we learn that in France an average of 150 examples of secular existence are to be found annually. The examples of longevity he adduces are striking; they show how hereditary the quality is, and how it triumphs over modes of living. Here we have a day-labourer dying at the age of 108; his father died at 104; his grandfather at 108; his daughter then living was 80. Here we have a saddler whose father died at 113; his grandfather at 112; and he himself at 115. When he was 113 years of age, Louis XIV. asked him what he had done to prolong his life: "Sire," he replied, "since I was fifty I have acted on two principles; I have shut my heart and opened my wine-cellar." Here is the widow of a labourer 110 years old, with all her teeth, and her hair still black and abundant. At Dieppe there is a woman of 150, whose father lived to 124, and whose uncle to 119. But these are nothing to Jean Golembiewski, a Pole, who, living in 1846, at the age of 102 had been eighty years in the army as common soldier, had served in thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon, had survived the terrible campaign in Russia, had received five wounds, and was still in robust health. His father died at 121; his grandmother at 180.

These examples suffice to bear out what was said early in the article

respecting the hereditary nature of longevity, and its independence of modes of living. The list of centenaries, indeed, includes all professions: savans, artists, doctors, agriculturists, artisans, miners, prisoners, and galley slaves! The list of drunkards is quite alarming—and not a little paradoxical. The epitaph of Brawn, given by M. Lejoncourt, is amusing: "Here lies Brawn, who by the sole virtue of strong beer lived one hundred and twenty winters. He was always drunk, and in that state so terrible that Death feared him. One day that in spite of himself he happened to be sober, Death took courage, attacked, and triumphed over this unparalleled drunkard." And as if these examples were not enough, lo! there comes a list of those who, in spite of deformity and chronic disease, reach the age of a hundred!

How to live a hundred years? The answer is simple. To endure a hundred years a life of sobriety will not avail, neither will a life spent in the calm of passionless egotism; only the inheritance of an organisation fitted for such duration will endure so long. But happily to endure is not to live: to live is something more than to watch the rolling seasons; and in this potency of life, to reach the equivalent of a hundred years, we must multiply existence by noble thoughts, brave endeavours, and much love.

THE CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE.

L'Eglise et les Philosophes au Dix-Huitième Siècle. Par P. Lanfrey.

Paris: Victor Lecou.

THE extreme pretensions of the Church—we mean, of course, the Church *par excellence*, Roman Catholic and Apostolic—during these latter days in France, are provoking a revival more fierce than ever of what it has been agreed to call the philosophical attack. From peculiar circumstances, however, this attack, though carried on with incontestable ability, will probably—unless some new direction be soon and suddenly given to it—not produce the effect which many would expect. The world is under great obligations to the succession of French free-thinkers who from Montaigne downwards, have combated the spirit of authority in matters of religion. None but priests and kings can doubt that. But, unfortunately, the French mind, though active, is essentially unprogressive. It loves to cling to old modes of thought, old formulæ, old intellectual manœuvres, and even when it seems to think itself most audaciously independent, is independent after the fashion of the last century, or further back if possible. The revolutionists of '93, though they were forced to develop individual character by circumstances, strained every nerve to be Greeks and Romans. The revolutionists of '48 destroyed themselves by endeavouring to ape their ancestors of '93. French tragedy even now can scarcely find models later than the times of classical mythology; and it is not thought ridiculous to have a five-hundredth edition of *Medea*. In various departments of human thought, it is true, France produces new ideas and forms because of its activity, and of course some of these remain on the surface, but most of them sink back into the abysses whence they came, or are wafted away to be made use of in other countries.

Michel de Montaigne said nearly all that it was useful to say in support of that indulgent scepticism which bases toleration on our uncertainty with respect to truth. His successors have generally borrowed or imitated his weapons, using them, however, in a very different spirit. The Gascon free-thinker, with a deeper meaning than is generally attributed to him, expressly says, "*Je ne suis pas philosophe.*" He neither governed his life by a fixed theory of morals—the old idea of a philosopher—nor affected to possess a complete doctrine on the matters that most concern human nature, which is the modern idea. He saw much misery produced around him by the excessive adoration of man for his own opinions, and asked himself whether it was possible to arrive at the certainty which only could excuse enthusiasm and violence? His negative answer was applied all round the circle of knowledge; in jurisprudence as well as in politics—in medicine as well as in religion. He doubted our right and our capacity to decide positively—that is to say, to the death—on the public or private interests, the bodily or spiritual health of man. He admitted, however, that no legislation could be based on his negations, and regarded scepticism simply as a useful check to absolute theories.

As we have said, the free thinkers of a later age continued, to the extent of their power, to imitate the inquiring manner of Montaigne long after they had arrived at much more positive conclusions than he. They acted in some respect as tacticians, but in a great measure obeyed the habit of routine. This is why, in spite of the vast ability and persevering industry of the school which, in common parlance, is somewhat incorrectly called that of Voltaire, its writings always have a certain air of unreality and unsubstantiality that diminishes their importance in the eyes of a calm student. A film belonging to a previous age is spread over them. They are composed to a certain extent, as it were, in a dead language; to take one example on which we shall presently insist. M. Lanfrey sometimes adopts the indifferent inquiring tone of Montaigne, sometimes indulges in persiflage after the manner of Voltaire, sometimes imitates, perhaps unconsciously, the audacious irony of his contemporary Proudhon, whilst at every page we see evidences that, like all young men, he has made up his mind on the most difficult questions that concern our destinies—that he has given up searching, that he is in possession of dogmas of his own, that he knows, is certain, open to no conviction but that of time—which will waft him, alas! rapidly, to a different point of view, and show him, when he has arrived at lower reaches of this life's stream, that the castle which seems now perfect and impregnable, because one façade alone is visible to him, yawns hideously ruined both in flank and rear.

It would be curious to examine the exact amount of influence which the Catholic Church has exercised, not only in producing antagonists by its vices and its oppressions, but in determining the form and limits of their doctrines. In many countries criticism has derived its spirit and its canons from independent sources, but in France, if we carefully notice, we shall

find that generally free thought can arrive at no other result than to place itself in exact contradiction to the Church. It disbelieves neither more nor less than it is told to believe. It has a negation for every affirmation; and a priest can always become a philosopher by saying *no* where he has been accustomed to say *yes*. This is a very unwholesome state of mind; it proves the prodigious influence which the Catholic Church has exercised on the education of the people. Incapable of maintaining their allegiance, it has condemned them to sterile doubt or deplorable certainty.

A good deal of excusable disgust has often been created in pious persons by some frantic insults to the Creator, in which French free thought in its extremest form has occasionally indulged. Such absurdities seem gratuitous, and suggest the idea of deliberate wickedness. But they are only one side of the alternative, which priests are constantly presenting to their hearers and with which even childhood is made familiar. Nothing is more common than to hear it said:—"Either the doctrine of transubstantiation is true or God is an impostor." The Frenchman, who is accustomed to attribute his non-acceptance of Protestantism to climate, and other such causes, is incapable of answering that a certain phrase may be otherwise interpreted, but accepts the ridiculous assumption of the priest, and insults him by insulting his God. We do not, of course, intend to reproach the philosophical school with not adopting the ideas of the Reformation. The consequences of free thought must be accepted, whatever they may be; but, after all, is this free thought? And what is the use of the criticism of which M. Lanfrey is so proud if it does not save him from saying: "The opinion which restrains the expression of the Christian idea to the Testament left by Christ may be very respectable, but it is arbitrary, and quite contradicted by tradition." This is another of the rays of Catholic doctrine from which even its apostate disciples cannot get free. Do we trace here the influence of a perverse education?

As long as the discussion continues in the manner we have indicated, it may be foreseen that the Church—despite temporary defeats and prodigious blunders—will always maintain a powerful hold on the minds of the great majority. It has occupied the most advantageous ground. It stands firmly on something, and forces its adversaries to flutter round as it were in the regions of space. There are two or three points on which men require something positive—whether capable of demonstration or not—to be said to them; and a Corporation which professes power to affirm the divinity, the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of responsibility, will, right or wrong, always carry the day against a school that professes to doubt, and in reality has accepted the negative, as the final result of human speculation.

A great element of weakness, in a militant point of view, of the philosophical system is the profound ignorance into which the Church has plunged it on the nature of what it calls two "principles"—namely, Faith and Reason. M. Lanfrey, whose work has suggested these observations—we shall presently say why we lay stress on his opinions—distinctly says: "Faith and Reason are two inimical principles, two opposite negations." Is it possible for a definition to be more totally erroneous in form and substance? Faith is an attribute, quality, or function of the mind; Reason is another attribute, quality, or function. The second is, or should be, the purveyor, as it were, of the first. No idea or doctrine can pass into action without having first become the object of Faith; and to represent the two "principles" if you will call them so, as perpetually engaged in an internecine war, perpetually denying one another, is as pernicious as it is unphilosophical. The quarrel between science and religion is not so trivial as this. It is the tendency of religion, or rather of its professors, to foist into the domain of Faith matters which have not been subjected to the examination of Reason—that is all. But to admit this would be to abandon the antithesis. Besides, the Catholic Church—profoundly ignorant of the philosophy of the human mind—has pronounced the panegyric of Faith, and has anathematised Reason. This is quite sufficient for its antagonists, who are equally ignorant on that score. They glorify Reason and overwhelm Faith with their contempt.

M. Lanfrey, writing the history of the great struggle of the Church and the Philosophers, quotes, it is easy to see with reference to what discussion, as an "axiom of reason," the geometrical statement—which after all is nothing but a pleonasm—"the whole is greater than its part," and accuses Faith of maintaining the contrary. He then goes on to say, "Between Reason which affirms, and Faith which denies—" Here we have a new though latent definition of these two opposing "principles," still more erroneous than the preceding one. Reason, though essentially a critical faculty, may perhaps be said to affirm sometimes; but Faith—further on, in pursuance of the same regrettable search after antithesis, called "its rival"—can deny nothing. It is purely and simply the receptacle of man's convictions which are the motive power of his actions. These convictions may be ill-founded, or absurd, or shocking, whether received with or without examination—whether they be the dream of an excited imagination or the product of reason, which is not so unerring as we are apt to suppose. At any rate they have always an affirmative character.

M. Lanfrey, however, has a particular dislike to Faith in anything—he sneers even at the age which continued to have faith in the epic poem; and, rising in tone, solemnly arraigns the metaphysical system which it has invented for its satisfaction, and calls it to give an account of the great intelligence "it has perverted and turned aside from the straight road." We expected to read the names of some abject theologians and schoolmen. But no: "What hast thou done with Descartes, with Malebranche, with Leibnitz, with Pascal?" O for a little Faith to give us such men as those again! We shall never seek to know anything beyond this miserable horizon when we shall have been thoroughly indoctrinated by M. Lanfrey and other Opposites of the Romish Church with the idea that there is nothing beyond honorable or worth knowing. Far be it, however, from us to quarrel with the results of freedom of thought, whatever they may be. Truth, being immutable, both in form and place, must at last be found, even if it be by accident. What we object to is this narrowing of the discussion—this identification of Reason with anti-Catholic—or, as M. Lanfrey says, to vex the priests—with anti-Christian ideas—this presumptuous derision, not only of the affirmation of all religions past and present, but of all systems of philosophy which have not for their exclusive object the overthrow of the

Man at Rome. M. Lanfrey, cold and cultivated, it may be, not yet exercised to mental suffering, has no mercy on the terrible yearnings of the human heart after the unknown—he laughs at the philosophy which treats not only of the “here” but of the “hereafter”;—no respect for enthusiasm. The convulsionists, who exhibited some of the most remarkable phenomena of our mental and physical nature, are, in his eyes, nothing but “une canaille flouée”—a shameless rabble;—no appreciation of the simple statement of the theory of a religion of the heart. He calls the sentence, “In vain do we cry to God, ‘Father, Father,’ if it be not in the spirit of charity that we cry,” an “inoffensive platitude,” a “saying of La Palisse drawn up in beatic style,” and so forth. His volume is full of similar extravagances, and yet he is praised by unqualified admirers for his moderation.

We have chosen to notice his doctrine, before describing his work, in order to get rid of the disagreeable part of our business first. We have to add that the value of his historical views is diminished by the fact that he applies, with amusing perseverance, to all the personages whose character he has to appreciate, one single criterium by which to estimate their faculties and their morality—especially their faculties. He who most disbelieves in Christianity is with him the greatest man; because he has noticed that some of the greatest of modern men have been disbelievers. Even Montaigne is slightly depreciated, because it is not quite certain that he had made up his mind to reject all Catholic doctrines. Bayle, whose disbelief is ardent, laid down a principle which has “*enfanté le monde moderne*,” “the world” being of course put for France. Montesquieu is admitted to be “une âme d’élite,” only because “there is a mark of interrogation secretly put at the end of his most resolute affirmation.” Voltaire—an exaggeration partly to be explained by the extravagant and odious attacks of the priestly party—is spoken of almost as a god. M. Lanfrey castigates De Maistre for alluding to his physiognomy as a Christian might a blasphemer for insulting the person of Christ: yet certainly he was comparable in personal graces to the Cardinal Dubois, whose “monkey countenance” is considered a fair object of remark (p. 120). We are the last to refuse our gratitude and respect to the claims of the greatest pioneer of intellectual freedom, to the admiration of posterity. But Voltaire himself, who insulted everything respectable, from Joan of Arc to characters which even those who do not believe, admire, would hardly have claimed to be treated by his disciples with the pious respect reserved for saints. He was too aggressive to be spared.

M. Lanfrey’s opinions of men are often still more strangely biassed. We sometimes almost doubt that he is serious. “The death of the Abbé Terrasson,” he says, “was in itself worth a long life.” Then he relates that when a man of the church presented himself before him to receive his last confession, this exemplary character said to him, “Sir, ask Madame Luquet (his housekeeper), she knows all.” The confessor insisted, “Come, sir, have you been luxurious?” “Madame Luquet, have I been luxurious?” inquired the patient. “A little, M. l’Abbé,” replied she. “A little,” repeated the patient. Verily a long life is worth not much if it is worth only that. The anecdote would read well in Boccaccio; it is singularly out of place in these pages.

But it is in the appreciation of the English philosophers and the progress of the English mind that M. Lanfrey—less sure of his ground—applies his criticism with the sternest obstinacy. Our revolution is an “explosion of fanaticism under Cromwell.” Hobbes, our great sophist, is accused of endeavouring to establish religions “sur une base inébranlable,” but by mistake toppled them over altogether; Locke is treated with very little respect because under strong suspicion of not being an anti-Christian. By an inconceivable train of reasoning he is described as the continuator in politics of the work of Hobbes, and as a “narrow and superstitious Anglican,” because he speaks seriously of Sirens, and of the reasonable parrot of Prince Maurice! After this, it is, we are asked, astonishing that he could for a moment have supposed that Faith and Reason may be brought into agreement? We shall not, however, follow M. Lanfrey further upon this ground, which he has evidently traversed hastily. Our observations, which he will at once perceive are not written within the citadel of any dogma, tend to make these truths evident—that men must not be classed according to the opinions they profess, not be raised or lowered because they do or do not belong to a particular school, and that it is quite as possible for the wisest of men to be a Christian after a certain manner as for the most uncompromising free thinker to be an idiot.

The intemperances of M. Lanfrey, however, do not prevent us from admiring his book, which contains much that is interesting and valuable, and is written almost throughout with singular perfection. In his main object, also, we cordially agree. He desires to enfranchise the country he loves from the dreary tyranny of priests and bigots; he is an eloquent preacher in favour of toleration. He maintains the doctrine, which has few advocates on our side of the water because it is more generally admitted, that Government and legislation have no business whatever with the objects of man’s conscience, that the Jew and the Mahomedan, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Sceptic, and the Atheist are all equally entitled to their opinions, and he is especially vigorous in defending the conquests of Reason, because he thinks he knows certainly what they are, and that they are infallibly true. His account of the long struggle of free thought with authority is preceded by a remarkable chapter, in which he proves—for the first time irrefragably, from documents not yet consulted—that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was no political act, but the direct work of the Church. It was bought for money from Louis XIV. The Assembly General of the Clergy, which used to meet every five years, refused subsidies with periodical pertinacity, until its distinct demands for persecution were complied with. We have no space to enter into the narrative, but can only say, that any history of that remarkable act—the disgrace of France as well as of the Monarchy and the Church—which ignores the documents brought forward by M. Lanfrey, must always be incomplete.

The remainder of his work, though less novel in its facts, is full of ingenious thought and brilliant writing. Few recent works are better worthy of notice; and indeed we learn, to the credit of the French public, that it has already made considerable noise as well in the salons as in the press.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Christian Life. Social and Individual. By Peter Bayne, M.A.

Edinburgh: James Hogg.

UNTIL we saw the present work we were quite unacquainted with its author’s name; having read it, we feel bound to say that Mr. Bayne is an acquisition to the cause of Orthodoxy, and may be esteemed and enjoyed by those who are not orthodox, likewise. He must not be offended, however, if we say that his book owes an immeasurable debt to the very writers against whom it is directed: in every page of it the influence of Carlyle is shining like the sun in water. Yet Mr. Bayne thinks all the leading doctrines of Carlyle great errors; he protests against his hero-worship,—against his view of philanthropy,—against his aspect towards Liberalism. At best, he seems to esteem him as an indirect, unrecognisable aid to the good cause—a blind Samson to be employed against irreligious Philistines—rather than as a trustworthy spiritual guide and leader. We can accept no such view of course; but we can cheerfully say that Mr. Bayne writes with kindness, reverence and propriety—that nothing can be more removed from the provincial dacency and dissenter pertness of the “Eclipse of Faith”—inasmuch as Mr. Bayne writes not only with literary elegance, but like a Christian and like a gentleman.

Mr. Bayne once more tries a fall with the giants of new philosophy in the cause of the old faith. He sees, thoroughly, whence and how that faith is threatened. He sees that society cannot exist without a religion, and that the existing forms of religion at present are in a very questionable condition. In the first part of his work he deals with what he recognises to be the most important solution of the great question—how religion is to be brought into renewed activity in life again—offered by the thinkers outside of the Church. In the second, he exhibits in a series of essays, pictures of the lives and labours of notable Christians of recent times,—Wilberforce, Howard, Dr. Arnold, for instance,—and thus deals both speculatively and practically with his subject. How to answer Carlyle—that is one thing which Mr. Bayne professes to teach;—how to live a pure life in the ancient faith—is the second thing which, by elaborate portraiture, he labours to show. The most original aspect of Mr. Bayne’s book is, that he combines with faith in dogmas a very high appreciation of all that is newest, freshest and best, among the opponents of dogmas. We may add that, but for the solemnity of the subject, his relation towards Carlyle would be almost amusing. He is steeped in the Carlylian influence; he has learned to paint in the Carlylian studio: he cannot shake off the magical effect any way. But he protests, he argues, he declaims against the Carlylian doctrines! In all this we see a generous spirit compelled to reverence where it cannot agree. We are much mistaken if Mr. Bayne’s orthodox friends will take as kindly to it. We fear that the honesty of his book will prevent its being popular. Like Lady Teazle, he will have to “sacrifice his virtue in order to preserve his reputation.”

Let us now hear Mr. Bayne speaking for himself. Viewing Pantheism as the fundamental basis of Carlyle’s hero-worship, he thus expounds his views of it, and puts forth his reply:—

HERO-WORSHIP AN ERRONEOUS DOCTRINE.

Mr. Carlyle cares little for metaphysical supports for his opinions; he has long listened to the great voices of life and history; but we think his early works afford us the philosophic explanation of his doctrine of hero-worship. On a pantheistic scheme of things, it seems unassailable. God being all, and all being God, and a great man being the highest visible manifestation, and as it were concentration of the universal divine essence, it is right to pay to the latter the homage of an unbounded admiration, to render him the only kind of worship possible to men.

But we mean not to assail Mr. Carlyle from this point: we likewise turn to the voices of history and the heart. We find him tracing all worship to admiration and reverence for great men; we find him asserting that the limits are not to be fixed for the veneration with which to regard true heroism in a man. We think the very word “hero-worship” utterly inadmissible under any interpretation; we assert, that no religion ever had its origin in the admiration of men. Such the point in dispute; we turn to history.

Two great classes may be distinguished among the leaders of mankind; those who have exercised their influence by power not moral, and those who made an appeal to the moral nature of man. We contend not for hair-breadth distinctions; we point out a difference which one glance along the centuries will show to be real and broad. By the first class, we mean such men as Napoleon, Caesar, and Alexander; by the second, such men as Mahomet, Zoroaster, and Moses. The former were, viewed as we now regard them, mere embodiments of force; their soldiers trusted and followed them, because armies were in their hands as thunderbolts. The captain of banditti, whose eye sees farther, and whose arm smites more powerfully, than those of his followers, exercises an influence in kind precisely similar. Anything analogous to worship is foreign to every such case; a fact rendered palpable and undeniable by the simple reflection, that there is no feeling of an infinite respect, as due to what is infinite, in these or the like instances. A supple-kneed Greek might have knelt to Alexander, “if Alexander wished,” but no proclamations could make a Greek believe that Alexander could lay his hand on the lightning, or impart life to an insect. There is, however, another class of great men, with whose influence on their fellows worship has been ever and intimately connected: this we have represented by Mahomet, Zoroaster, and Moses. Here, then, the point at issue comes directly before us. Worship did originate in each of these cases. Whence did it arise? Mark the men in their work, and listen to their words. Mahomet arose and said, “Ye have been worshipping dumb idols that are no gods: look up to Allah; there is no god but Allah!” His words were not in vain. Zoroaster arose and said, “Ye have wandered from the truth which your fathers knew and followed; I bring you it back fresh from the fountains of heaven.” Men gave ear to him also. Moses came to the children of Israel, and said, “I AM hath sent me unto you.” They heard the word, and followed him; through the cloven surges, into the howling wilderness, whithersoever he listed. Whom did men obey and worship in each of these cases? Did they worship Mahomet, when he pointed his finger upwards to Allah? Did they obey the commandments of Moses, when he gave them the tables where God’s hand had traced words under the canopy of cloud and fire? Surely we may say with plainness and certainty, No. It was ever the Sender that was worshipped, not the sent; it was the belief in his alliance with an exterior, an infinite power, which won him his influence. He has brought us fire from heaven! Such, in all ages, has been the cry of men, as they looked, their eyes radiant with joy and thankfulness, on the priest or prophet, and ranged themselves under his guidance. The crown and sceptre which men have most highly honoured, and most loyally obeyed, have always been believed to have come down from heaven; men have not worshipped the spirit of a man, or the breath in

his nostrils, but the Spirit to whom he turned them. We suppose the rudest Polynesian islander regards with profounder veneration the black, unchiselled, eyeless idol to which he bows down, than the wisest and mightiest chieftain he knows: the one holds of the unseen and the infinite, the other he can look upon, and examine, and compass in his thought; to the one he may look in the day of battle, of the other he will think in the shadow of the thunder-cloud; the one he will respect and obey, the other alone will he worship.

Immediately afterwards he adds a consideration which naturally presented itself:—

But we think we hear some one indignantly exclaim, Why, in the first place, all this is the extreme of triteness; and, in the second, Mr. Carlyle, by his doctrine of hero-worship, means really nothing more.

This is honestly said. Mr. Bayne, we see, contends that the hero was a mere interpreter between man and his God: never important enough to be the object, strictly, of worship himself. The Carlylian, however, would reply, "You confound the philosopher's perception of the relation with the relation as apprehended at the time by the worshippers themselves. Just let us conceive the conditions of the early races of mankind, and then try to suppose them drawing this distinction of yours!" In his well-known "Lectures" on the subject Mr. Carlyle is careful to show that the "Hero as God" is the very earliest form of the worships; and students of the subject would do well to keep the order of time in remembrance, and not to confound the modified worship of an Alexander with the worship of an Odin, of a Hercules, or the like. We know that for all practical purposes Napoleon could command a degree of devotion to which it would be hard to deny the name of worship. Conceive a Napoleon in an age without an alphabet—among a people attaching supernatural ideas to every wind of heaven, to the thunder and the cloud, to the cave, the forest, and the sea. Would not he concentrate this vague religious emotion, and so help them to that very idea of unity which we are told by our author they felt independent of him? As far back as we can see into the mists of time immense personalities are the earliest things visible. Heaven is peopled by human figures, ruling there in subordinated ranks. Tradition says that Hercules was admitted into heaven—that Romulus was admitted into heaven. How came mankind ever to shape such notions? Even as an interpreter, the hero did so much that, in its effect upon history, the worship of him was the same as if he had been worshipped plainly and directly as God. If Mahomet's followers had thought him a mere man, it is incredible that they should have accepted on his authority what we see they did accept. Yet the phenomenon of his career belongs to a comparatively modern epoch.

To some such effect as this, we say, the follower of the Hero-worship doctrine would reply to Mr. Bayne. Nay, more, he would credit his favourite principle with the results which Mr. Bayne claims for his own creed. Mr. Bayne directs our attention to the noble career of a Christian Chalmers, which all men respect. But every doctrine he preached was known, as well as the arithmetical table, before his time, and was (and is) ineffectually preached every day. He gave his great personality to these doctrines, and hundreds felt them to have become quite new and living for them. Here was Hero-worship in one of its forms. Every thinker knows that God is God, and the best Hero only a man:—the Carlylian insists that through great men the chief work of God is achieved; and that in certain historical periods he has stood for God himself.

We have stated all this, not to impose the doctrine dogmatically upon our readers, but that people may see how ineffectual Mr. Bayne's reasoning would be in converting a disciple of Mr. Carlyle. That it will be welcome to the ordinary crowd (who feel, in reality, nothing of the heart-warmth of either doctrine, and who only want an "answer" in aid of their impotence) is very probable. But we are much mistaken if such a success would be sufficient for the aspirations of Mr. Bayne.

To deal critically with the whole of the book, however, would be to write an essay on the mental condition of the age. We have Mr. Bayne versus Carlyle; Philanthropy versus Satire; Christianity versus Pantheism; Instinct versus Positivism; all the great questions earnestly, if not always ably, handled. Mr. Bayne is an impressive writer; and—a fact which alone would prove him no ordinary man—he is thoroughly imbued with a relish for Carlyle without aping his manner. It is indeed chiefly his feeling of the importance of Carlyle's influence which seems to have spurred him on to write the book. We think it a pity however that he did not restrict himself to some one subject and exhaust it, instead of throwing himself headlong as he has done into the troubled ocean of thought. The ability with which the biographies are written leads us to expect much from Mr. Bayne when he devotes himself to a task to which he is really equal; and considering the many merits of his work, we should be sorry to find that the controversial chapters in the first and third parts interfere with the popularity which the main body of his book justly deserves.

A QUEER STORY.

Moreden: a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten. By W. S.

Sampson Lowe and Son.

THE one very doubtful claim of this book to the special attention of the public has been adroitly enough mentioned in the advertisements—it is "ascribed to Sir Walter Scott." The story, by which an effort is made to justify this ascription, went the round of the papers a few months back. Some of our readers may not have seen it; some may have forgotten it. Before we say a word on the subject of the book, therefore, it may be as well to recapitulate the main points of the very extraordinary narrative which has ushered it into the world. The story being a little intricate, and extending over a considerable space of time, we will, for the sake of clearness and brevity, present it, with some of the critical consequences which it has produced, in a dramatic form. Let us begin with the Persons of the Drama. These are:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT and his daughter, MISS ANNE SCOTT.
AN ELDERLY GERMAN MONOMANIAC.
THE ELDERLY GERMAN MONOMANIAC'S WIDOW AND DAUGHTER.
MONSIEUR E. DE SAINT MAURICE CABANY—A credulous French Gentleman.
MESSRS. SAMPSON LOWE & SON—Two cautious London Publishers.

Disbelieving Friends of Sir Walter Scott.
Disbelieving Critics of the "Athenæum" newspaper.
The Converted Sceptic of the "Journal des Débats."
The Ditto Ditto of the "Daily News."

PROPERTIES.

A Writing-desk. A heap of MSS. A Letter addressed to "W. S.," and signed "W. S."

SCENE.

Partly in England and partly in France.

The First Act begins about the year 1818. Sir Walter Scott has written (either a little before or a little after the publication of *Waverley*) an Historical Novel. When it is done, he is not satisfied with it; thinks it will hurt his reputation; resolves not to publish it. What does he do with the manuscript under these circumstances? Lock it up?—No. Tear it up?—No. He gives it to his daughter! This is the great effect of the First Act. The very last thing, ladies and gentlemen, which any man with a grain of sense in his head would think of doing with a piece of work which he felt to be unworthy of him is exactly the thing which we represent that eminently great and eminently practical man, Sir Walter Scott, as having done. And so the drop-scene falls, amid general astonishment.

The Second Act carries us on to the year 1825. The scene discloses an elderly German monomaniac appropriately engaged on "statistical works and inquiries." He is assisted in his occupations by M. Cabany, the credulous French gentleman, and hero of the play. The monomaniacal inquirer into statistics has one interesting and pardonable weakness—he idolizes Walter Scott, and is dying to become the possessor of one of Walter Scott's manuscripts—nay, it is even reported among his friends that he actually will die, unless his wish is gratified. While things are in this critical position the pecuniary affairs of our elderly friend become involved, his "statistical inquiries" having apparently not led him as far as his own account-books. His property goes to wreck: his heart is broken; he is unable to pay M. Cabany's salary. But he has preserved a writing-desk; and, in his last moments, he points mysteriously to it, and, with "a melancholy smile," says to his faithful assistant, "This is all I have to leave you; but it is a more durable memorial than any sum I could have bequeathed to my valued fellow-labourer in the field of statistical inquiries." With these words the venerable monomaniac dies, and his widow and daughter depart for Germany, taking the writing-desk with them. M. Cabany offers no opposition; does not care to reclaim his legacy; does not give it so much as a second thought, and goes his way, unsuspecting, as the widow and daughter go theirs! What is in the writing-desk? Hush! The drop-scene falls to slow music.

Eight-and-twenty years are supposed to elapse; and the curtain rises for the third act. M. Cabany discovered. Our credulous French gentleman has risen in the world. He is now General Director of the Society of Record-Keepers of France, and Directing Editor-in-Chief of the Universal Register of the Dead (*Nécrologie*) for the Nineteenth Century. One day in the month of September—for there is nothing like being particular in cases of important discovery—a box arrives for M. Cabany. It contains the memorable writing-desk of Act Two; and is accompanied by a letter from the deceased monomaniac's daughter. The letter explains that the desk was taken away eight-and-twenty years ago by mistake, and that it would have been sent back at once, but for the writer's fears that it might not be valuable enough to be worth the expense of carriage. A relative, however, happening to visit Paris, has taken charge of the desk, and freed the fortunate inheritor of it from all need of paying so much as a farthing for carriage expenses. M. Cabany, a little surprised at receiving the desk after an interval of twenty-eight years, opens it, and pulls out first a curious collection of Royalist tracts. The next article is a packet of manuscript—he examines it—merciful Heaven! do his eyes deceive him? Is he still a Record-Keeper of France and Head Registrar of the Dead in the Nineteenth Century,—or has he become a raving maniac? No! a thousand times no! He is still in his right senses, and he has actually found in the old writing-desk an unpublished novel by Sir Walter Scott!!!

Act Four is ushered in by warlike music. M. Cabany has made known his wonderful discovery, and has committed himself to a French translation of the treasure of fiction found in the old writing-desk. Disbelieving friends of Sir Walter Scott, and disbelieving critics of the *Athenæum* begin to ask troublesome questions directly. How did the elderly German monomaniac get possession of the manuscript? to begin with.—He got it in 1826, through Mr. William Spencer, the once fashionable song-writer of London society.—What proof?—The monomaniac's own conversation. He was fond, poor man, of talking about getting a manuscript from Scott, through Spencer; in fact, he said he had got it. But we did not believe him then, says M. Cabany.—Nor do we now (cry the opposite faction). Any other proof?—Yes, a letter in a handwriting like Scott's, addressed to W.S. and only signed W.S.; but, of course, one must mean William Spencer, and the other Walter Scott; and (also of course) nothing could be more natural than that the great novelist, at a period of his life when he was ruined, and when money was of the greatest possible importance to him, should give away, most likely for anonymous publication for a stranger's benefit, a manuscript which he might have published anonymously himself for his own benefit.—Not a bit of it! shout the enemy. Walter Scott never wrote that letter; Walter Scott was the last man on earth to act as it represents him to have acted. Besides, we were in his confidence, and we deny that he ever wrote any such novel as you have published.—You were not in his confidence, and you know nothing about it! cries M. Cabany.—Your book is an imposture, rejoin the critics of the *Athenæum* and the friends of Walter Scott.—And you are all a mob of scurvy unbelievers, retorts M. Cabany. Thereupon a great battle ensues, M. Cabany, the converted sceptic of the *Débats*, and his credulous brother of the *Daily News*, on one side—the disbelieving friends and critics on the other. Both sides claim the victory, and the scene closes with a valiant resolution on the part of M. Cabany to renew the battle on English ground.

Of Act Five, one scene only has, as yet, been played out. The curtain has risen and has disclosed our two cautious London publishers, Messrs. Sampson Lowe and Son, advancing very gingerly to the front of the stage, each car-

rying three volumes, tastefully bound in red cloth, and very clearly and beautifully printed. "Ladies and gentlemen," cry these discreet men, "M. Cabany is coming on the stage directly; but we want to have a word with you before him, if you please. He is a very nice man, and he has in our opinion some very pretty proofs to sustain his assertions in respect to this book. Consequently we are well disposed to entertain the question of its publication. But observe, we don't commit ourselves! We don't say it is actually by Sir Walter Scott—we only mention, by the way, that it is ascribed to Sir Walter Scott; and we leave you, O intelligent and inquisitive public, to buy the book and settle the question!" Having got thus far, our cautious gentlemen bow, and retire immediately afterwards. The war whoop of M. Cabany is heard behind the scenes, and is answered from the opposite wing by the derisive yells of the London Press. The sharp whirring of pens and the multitudinous rustling of papers announce the approaching combat; and the grand scene which is to end all—nobody being supposed to know how, but everybody being nevertheless perfectly well able to guess—has this moment begun. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up! All the gorgeous effects, dazzling scenery, and unparalleled combinations have been saved for the last. Half-price has commenced, and the terrific combat between Cabany and the Critics will be on in five minutes!

And the book? What about *Moredun* itself? Only this: It is, in one respect, a remarkably useful book, for its publication will settle the question between M. Cabany and the public at once and for ever. Such a clumsy imposture as this novel represents we do not believe to have been ever paralleled in the whole disgraceful history of literary frauds. We fix the blame of the imposition upon nobody—we only assert that it is an imposition. We have no desire to express any doubt of M. Cabany's sincerity—we only venture to hint that he is at least a grievously deluded man. As it seems to us, any human being who could read fifty consecutive pages of *Moredun* anywhere in the three volumes, and believe that Walter Scott could have written them at any time or under any circumstances, must not only be a living marvel of credulity, but must have lost all sense of the difference in literary work between good and bad. The book is such a triumph of prolixity, clumsiness, and emptiness, that it is literally unreadable. We assert that distinctly and unreservedly, not as the result of our own experience only, but as the result of the experience of others. If our readers want to test the correctness of the assertion, let them borrow the novel; let them not forget that M. Cabany himself fixes as the date of its production a period when the unrivalled powers of Sir Walter Scott were at their zenith—a period either a little before or a little after *Waverley* was published—let them remember this; and then let them read *Moredun* fairly through to the end if they can. The last novels Scott ever wrote, lamentably as they demonstrate the failing of his mind under calamity and overwork, are, with all their faults, so superior to *Moredun*, that they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. We had prepared notes of errors and imbecilities, which we detected while wading through the book, and which we thought of inserting in the present article. But, on reflection, the criticising of this very wretched production in detail seems like mere waste of time and space. We leave it to accomplish its own exposure; not trusting ourselves to express what we felt on finding that such a book had absolutely been associated in public with the honoured and glorious name of WALTER SCOTT!

NURSING SISTERHOODS.

Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home. By Mrs. Jameson. Longman and Co. *Scutari and its Hospitals.* By the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne. Dickenson Brothers, H. Baillière, Regent-street.

THESE three small works (the two first by well-known hands, the last by one unknown) treat of the question of Nursing Sisterhoods, a subject which has lately occupied the attention of the general public, but which has, for many years past, been under the consideration of that "other public"—that unofficial *imperium in imperio*—which must in all things of importance, sooner or later, sway the opinion of "the general," by its divine right, not of superior truth but of superior brains. This question of Nursing Sisterhoods is a thing of importance, not for a time of disastrous war only, but for all times. And it is a question in which the *Leader* takes special interest on account of its connexion with some great social reforms towards the attainment of which this journal is ever anxious to work.

Among the unrepresented classes whose interests we have advocated from time to time is a somewhat numerous one called *Women*. Many of these women, it is true, are represented in the commonwealth, to their entire satisfaction, by husbands, fathers, and brothers, but many others are not. We will not make a formidable array of facts and figures on the present occasion—one fact will be strong enough to serve as basis for our argument. In the census tables of Great Britain for 1851 there was an excess of something like half a million of the female over the male population. It may fairly be taken for granted that this half a million of women is neither represented by, nor supported by men. They support themselves, and they are unrepresented in, and turned to no account by, the state. The question of female representation in the state we will hand over, without sneering at it, to Debating Societies. A good deal may be made of it there; and perhaps, also, in general circles, on the other side of the Atlantic; but we do not think our most ardent reformers can discuss it in a newspaper with any hope of a wise practical result for England at the present time. Our country is either too old, or not old enough, to entertain the question now. But though we set aside the right of representation for women, we take up the other question (vital far more important), their right to labour for the good of the community. Shall we utilise the labour of our criminals and let that of energetic, pious—even of gifted and highly-educated women—run to waste? For that it does run to waste at present no one who watches society with a discerning eye can doubt. Mrs. Jameson, and the author of *Notes on Nurses* agree as to the chief causes of this evil—itself the cause of numerous other evils in our social state. Mrs. Jameson says:—

Lying at the source of the mischief we trace a great *mistake* and a great *waste*.

The great *mistake* seems to have been, that in all our legislation, it is taken for granted that the woman is always protected, always under tutelage, always within the precincts of a home; finding there her work, her interests, her duties, and her happiness; but is this true? We know that it is altogether false. There are thousands and thousands of women who have no protection, no guide, no help, no home; who are absolutely driven by circumstance and necessity, if not by impulse and inclination, to carry out into the larger community the sympathies, the domestic instincts, the active administrative capabilities with which God has endowed them; but these instincts, sympathies, capabilities, require first to be properly developed, then properly trained, and then directed into large and useful channels, according to the individual tendencies.

As to the *waste*, what I insist on particularly is, that the means do not exist for the training of those powers; that the sphere of duties which should occupy them is not acknowledged; and I must express my deep conviction that society is suffering in its depths through this great mistake, and this great waste.

It may be said that the law does not prevent women of the better classes from labouring singly or in companies in any calling for which they may be fitted. The law does not, but public opinion, which, for the generality of such women, is more potent than any law, does prevent them. Only the stern necessity, which knows no law, coerces them to labour for daily bread. But all poor women of the educated classes cannot be governesses, authoresses, artists. Nature has put her *reto* clearly enough on that matter, as may be seen by the failure of nine-tenths of those who attempt to act in opposition to it—because, as they say with touching weakness, "there is nothing else that a lady can do for a livelihood in this country." Besides these who have to work for bread, there are hundreds of unmarried English women who "have bread enough and to spare," but who want an occupation, an interest—in short, *real work*, that will take them out of themselves. For, let it never be forgotten by those who theorise or practise in this matter of woman's work, wholesome work for a woman must take her out of herself—she is formed to minister to others, not to achieve for herself. To build up a fortune, to found a family, to carve out an honourable career in life, that he may be known and esteemed among his fellows, is the result of a man's instinctive egotism; a woman's instinctive egotism leads her to do whatever work she undertakes for somebody else, not for herself. The ordinary, the natural object of her devotion, is a man. But if there exist no such natural object for this or that particular woman—or if, which amounts to the same thing for her, she cannot discover him, or get *en rapport* with him in this complicated artificial life of our ours—what is she to do? Surely not to allow her best powers to lie dormant or to be frittered away unworthily? Yet, unless they labour for bread, this is the case with the generality of women. With those of larger natures than the generality—with the Miss Nightingales, Mrs. Chisholms, Mrs. Frys, it is otherwise. They are sure to work out their own salvation—they are exceptional, and will live their life with or without the aid of institutions and public opinion; they are the fashioners of institutions and opinions. We cannot prize too highly such women, who are of "the salt of the earth;" but we need not legislate for them—they are a law unto themselves. Moreover, we should do well to set them to legislate for the multitude of women who desire to be of use in the world.

In nothing has the Roman Catholic Church, in every age, shown greater wisdom and knowledge of human nature, than in her systematic appropriation and direction of strong individual impulses to pious or benevolent action. Communities of women for charitable purposes were very early taken into the bosom of the Church, which knew so well how to utilise the "feminine element," always superabundant in society. *Les Sœurs Hospitalières* in Paris were appointed to take charge of the Hôtel-Dieu when Bishop Laury founded it in the middle of the seventh century; and from that time to the present, "the Hôtel-Dieu," says Mrs. Jameson, "with its one thousand beds, the hospital of St. Louis with its seven hundred beds, and that of La Pitié with its six hundred beds, are served by the same sisterhood under whose care they were originally placed centuries ago." These sisters were placed under the rule of the Augustines by Innocent IV. The world-famous Béguines also existed as a sisterhood in the seventh century. Their services as nurses are not confined to Flanders; they travel wherever the Church thinks fit to send them. The German sisterhood of St. Elizabeth of Hungary (the heroine of Kingsley's *Saints' Tragedy*) is as highly esteemed in Germany as the Béguines in Flanders; and Mrs. Jameson records the fact, that when Joseph II. suppressed the nunneries in Austria and Flanders, he excepted both these sisterhoods "on account of the usefulness of their vocation." It is not necessary to specify other communities of female volunteers for works of love and mercy to give some idea of what has been done in one single department of woman's work—Nursing. Is the Roman Church the only power that can organise for general utility the active benevolence of single women? Protestants have a salutary dread of nunneries, and so have we. But a nursing sisterhood need have no religious bond; though attempts of the kind among ourselves, like those admirable establishments by Miss Sellon, have been in connexion with the High Church. The Low Church party and all the dissenting bodies have a mortal antipathy to sisterhoods. One Protestant sisterhood has lately been brought to the notice of the British public—that of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. It was in that establishment that Miss Nightingale underwent several years' regular training as a hospital nurse. There is a small pamphlet (published by Hookham) which gives a complete account of Kaiserswerth. Mrs. Jameson also devotes several pages to it, which our readers will find very interesting. In *Notes on Nurses*, there is the following brief mention of Fliedner's institution at Kaiserswerth, and of the more recent one by Vermeil in Paris:—

There is the institution of so called Protestant Deaconesses, founded in 1836 by Pastor Fliedner at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, where about 190 nurses have been educated, and fitted for the duties of attending the sick and ministering to the wants not only of the body, but of the soul. The German hospital at Dalston, be it remarked, *en passant*, is served by five of these deaconesses. An establishment of Protestant Sisters of Charity was instituted in Paris in 1841, by Pastor Vermeil, and is still in a flourishing state. Altogether the number of Protestant nursing sisters on the continent is considerably over 400. The principal establishments for their education are at Kaiserswerth, Paris, Strasburg, St. Loup, Dresden, Utrecht, and Berlin.

We agree with this author in the following remarks:—

But while we admire the institution of Sisters of Charity, and venerate the amiable and excellent women composing it, we acknowledge at once the impossibility of establishing any similar religious order in connexion with our Protestant churches. Still we do not despair of one day seeing enlisted in the service of the sick, countrywomen of our own equal in every respect to this admirable sisterhood. Miss Nightingale and her band of heroines have shown that this is no utopian idea—they have demonstrated that Englishwomen can do, from motives of humanity and patriotism, all that the enthusiasm of the devotee can perform. They have vanquished the prejudices and conquered the applause of the public. They have broken through the trammels of conventional prudery, and achieved for themselves the esteem of all right-thinking people. Having overcome the scruples of a false delicacy, they have roused a noble rage for their philanthropic labours, and excited thousands of their countrywomen to emulate their heroic deeds. Henceforth, we venture to affirm, the nursing of the sick will be added to the list of female accomplishments. We cannot believe that the spirit which has animated these noble women will decline with the exigencies of the present war. We feel assured that the war has but kindled a spark which long lay smouldering in many a female bosom, and which will henceforth burn with a steady and useful flame.

When we reflect on the immense disparity of the sexes in this country, a disparity that must have been considerably increased by the dreadful sacrifice of men since the war broke out, we see that a large number of women must necessarily for ever remain unmarried; for these no conjugal joys—or sorrows—are in store, no husband shall ever engross their love, no little ones shall ever lip to them the name of mother. Many of these can make themselves useful to their friends and relations; many can chalk out for themselves other spheres of usefulness; some are endowed with talents for the arts and sciences fitting them to shine in society, or to instruct the world. But how many have no such career of utility or amusement before them. Are they destined to fritter away their lives in wearisome and profitless occupation?—to yawn away the day over a novel?—to weave Penelope webs of Berlin wool representing unnatural flowers and monstrous animals?—to draw unartistic landscapes and repulsive portraits?—to write feeble verses, devoid of poetry?—to strum long hours on the piano in hopes of acquiring an ear for music?—to practice for months together in the expectation of getting a voice? Are they to be for ever debarred from employing their native talents in the most suitable manner, for ever condemned to labour in vain for the acquisition of accomplishments they never can excel in, and which can never be of the slightest use to themselves or their neighbours? How many of them possess all those qualities which go to make the best of nurses? How many have the cheerful patience, the exquisite sensibility and tenderness, the undefinable womanly tact that soothes, more than opiates, the feverish irritability of patients, and helps to banish the tedium of the sick-bed? And are all these medicinal powers to be lost to the sick because in England alone, of all Christian countries, society thinks it improper for ladies to perform the Christian duty of visiting the sick in the way most advantageous for these sick?

Protestant Nursing Sisterhoods composed of volunteers might contain women of the lower classes as well as ladies; but, probably, trained and paid nurses cannot for a long time be dispensed with advantageously in our military hospitals. Mr. S. G. Osborne is emphatic in his praise of Miss Nightingale and her associates—but a few words of qualification deserve to be quoted here, because, though to a certain extent prejudiced where ladies are concerned, Mr. Osborne is much less so than the generality of English gentlemen, and he has been to Scutari and seen the actual working of the Lady Nurses there. He says:—

England, and the English army, will ever owe a deep debt of gratitude to the ladies who have devoted themselves to this first attempt to introduce the zeal and tender care of well-bred women into the economy of a military hospital. When the war is over, and they return to us, from their experience may be gained the valuable information, how far all the work they had to do in this crisis was work that, in the sober moment of calm consideration at home, they would recommend as a field for the charitable exertion of English ladies.

Mr. Osborne bears testimony to the high character and unsectarian spirit of those ladies of Miss Sellon's sisterhood with whom he had to do, when taking chaplain's duty in the hospitals. There is really no rational ground of objection to a Nursing Sisterhood, any more than to a Dorcas Society, or a Ladies Committee of a Ladies College.

POPULATION AND CAPITAL.

Population and Capital. By George K. Rickards, M.A.

Longman and Co.

We are pleased with this book for two reasons: because it is a good book, and because it is a wanted book—conditions seldom to be found together in these days of literary fecundity. Perhaps another recommendation lies in the fact that its contents have already been submitted, in the form of lectures, to the criticism of a critical audience; for Mr. Rickards is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Oxford, and this book contains nothing but a course of lectures delivered by him in that capacity. Widening the sphere of his influence, the lecturer now offers the fruit of his studies to all who feel an interest in the momentous subject of which he treats, and it is possible that in doing so he may accomplish some more solid good than cramming a class of students with sufficient Political Economy to enable them to pass an examination.

Although by far the larger portion of the volume is taken up with the subject of population, we prefer to confine the few remarks which we are about to make chiefly to the subject of Capital, that being the topic upon which, as we conceive, more popular errors exist, and as to which it is more needful that correct opinions should prevail. Whether Mr. Malthus was or was not logical when he produced his famous dogma that "population has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence," it is quite certain that no such tendency is operating to the disadvantage of this country at the present day, nor seems likely to do for some time to come. So far from population outstripping subsistence, it must be admitted that at this present moment, in spite of a depressed trade, no branch of industry is overstocked with labour, whilst the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the

naval and military arm prove to demonstration that the Queen has too few rather than too many subjects upon her dominions. Those who feel an interest in pursuing this question, and who wish to mingle a little common reasoning with the pleasant speculations upon the Census which have lately appeared in *Blackwood*, will do well to go carefully through Mr. Rickards's successful refutation of the Malthusian fallacy. Giving Malthus the full credit for honesty of purpose, and admitting that that well-abused philanthropist is not really to be charged with folly and impiety, as he has been, Mr. Rickards hits, as we conceive, the exact truth when he explains that increase of population must be taken, not indeed as an absolute proof, but as an indication of the prosperity of a nation. As the produce of a country increases, as its commerce spreads, as its industrial arts demand fresh supplies of labour, marriage (the sure consequence of prosperity) supplies the demand, and proves the wealth which has called it into activity. One great excuse for Malthus's error lies in the fact that he never saw the fetters of protection removed from the food of the people, and it must be admitted that the spectacle of the law of population acting with natural freedom on the one hand, and that of the provision of food acting under unnatural restraints on the other, was likely to alarm a philosophical mind. Under existing conditions, however, we must avow our belief in the converse of the Malthusian dogma, and discarding alike all faith in the efficacy of physical checks and moral checks upon the great law of nature, accept it for a truth that the productive power of a community tends to increase more rapidly than the number of the consumers.

The solitary lecture on Capital opens with a very intelligible definition of what Capital really is; all the more necessary when we find such men as Mr. Butt, and Sir Robert Kane, blundering upon the point: the former speaking of waste lands, and the latter of labour, as Capital. Capital, says Mr. Rickards, is "anything whatever, the result of previous labour, which is used in the work of production;" in these words it is defined as the produce of past labour saved from immediate consumption, and employed for the purpose of producing something else. It is the reproductive power which makes it Capital. This definition once clearly understood, there can be no difficulty in at once determining what is Capital and what is not. The use alone makes Capital; as the corn, which may be consumed as food, becomes Capital by being laid by for seed. In quoting this instance of the corn, Mr. Rickards draws a curious and ingenious analogy applicable to a great proportion of what may be strictly called Capital; namely, that in the process of reproduction, the original Capital becomes depreciated before it yields an increase. This is so with almost all raw materials, with the food and other necessities of the labourer, and is a curious gloss upon the text, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

In drawing a very just distinction between *productive* and *unproductive* consumption, Mr. Rickards demolishes that revolting and dangerous fallacy, that "private vices are public benefits;" a fallacy which has had some illustrious supporters, and which is the foundation of the popular favour with which those who "spend their money freely" are regarded. A modern French writer, M. de Saint Chaumens, has succeeded, unintentionally, in reducing this argument *ad absurdum*, by not only advocating luxurious living on economical grounds, but maintaining that war and even great conflagrations are advantageous, "on account of the extensive employment to which they give rise." Very little reflection will convince us that the man who accumulates capital (*i.e.* a fund for the employment of labour) is a greater public benefactor than he who spends a fortune upon luxury and self-indulgence; but this is not the popular belief, as the feeling towards spendthrifts too surely proves. The example by which Mr. Rickards illustrates his distinction is so good, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

A expends a given sum of money in a costly entertainment, B expends the same sum in converting a piece of undrained morass into a potato-garden. Each gives employment, by that one act of expenditure, to a certain amount of labour, and contributes to the maintenance of a certain number of families—belonging, indeed, in the two cases to a different class, but we will assume the benefit conferred in this respect to be equal. The value thus expended is in both instances consumed, but with how different a result! In the former case the viands are eaten, the music ceases, the garlands fade, the guests have enjoyed their revel. Nothing beyond the pleasure of the hour has been the result of that profitless expenditure. No fund survives for employing a new series of wine-growers, serving-men, confectioners, and musicians. So much value has been irrevocably sunk and lost. To that extent A has become a poorer man than he was before. On the other hand, B, the improver of the soil, is not only as rich as he was before his expenditure commenced, but richer. His potato-ground has returned a produce which not only replaces all that he has paid to his labourers in wages, together with the tithes and taxes, and a per-centage on his fixed capital, but, over and above these, a profit on his outlay. The money which he sank in the soil has been replaced with usury. He has the same fund in hand to expend over again in maintaining labourers and their families; year after year the process of reproductive consumption may go on; the same capital may be again and again employed, consumed, and replaced, furnishing in each successive cycle maintenance to the labourer and income to the capitalist.

Out of this definition of *productive* Capital, a wider and even more important view opens, namely, that however prone the human mind may be to become sordid and grovelling in the pursuit of wealth, the actual accumulation, production, and employment of wealth can act in no other way than to the benefit of society. Let this be thoroughly understood, and the fallacious doctrine of antagonism between Capital and Labour, which agitators have so long taken as the text for their pernicious harangues, is at once demolished. The capitalist may be a hard man, or he may be unwisely generous; but Capital follows fixed laws, and must either work to the benefit of the workman, or it must disappear.

We cannot help thinking that if Mr. Rickards would reprint the lecture upon Capital in so cheap a form as to render it available for distribution among the working-classes, he would effect a public service. There can be no doubt that it would thoroughly be understood and warmly appreciated. Some such elementary works as these are wanted, and would do more to heal the sore which festers between Capital and Labour than a thousand dogmatic pamphlets asserting, not proving, that the operative is invariably in the wrong.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

ON the 30th JUNE, 1855, it is intended to publish the FIRST NUMBER of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, a new Quarterly Journal of General Literature, Religion, and Social and Religious Philosophy.

In originating such a Periodical the Conductors believe that they will supply a want long recognised, and every day they are supplied by thousands of their thoughtful readers, who are unable to identify themselves with any one of the acknowledged parties, ecclesiastical or political, that is in our midst. It appears to them that there is no party, no party, no party, that is in our midst. It appears to them that there is no party, no party, no party, that is in our midst. It appears to them that there is no party, no party, no party, that is in our midst.

On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for the expression and instruction of the many minds which are trying to combine with a habit of free inquiry the faithful adherence to realised and definite truth. The very aim at comprehensive principles is not recognised in most quarters; and in others the feeling of reverence, and the real existence of objects for reverence, seem to be altogether disregarded.

The selection of our name is no accident. Having a rooted faith in all indigenous products of thought or feeling, we conceive that too foreign a cast has been imparted to the character of our Christianity by the historical accidents of its introduction into this country. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism is the growth of English soil; and probably not till Christian truth has shaped itself afresh under the home conditions of affection and character, will the religious malaise of our society cease. The NATIONAL REVIEW will interpret, it is believed, the deliberate faith of most cultivated English laymen, however now scattered among different churches—a faith that fears no reality, and will permanently endure no fiction. No one who recognises in Historic Christianity God's highest witness and revelation can suppose that the world and the human mind are, or ever were, abandoned by their Divine and living guide; and we believe that to ignore or to disown the traces of His agency in the excellence and truth of every age, is not only, but treason to His spirit. To preserve, in our treatment of philosophical or historical theology, the tone of reverence which is due to the earnest convictions of others, will be to us no artificial self-restraint, but the expression of natural disposition. With two things only, in this relation, we profess to keep no terms—the conceited indifference, which, as its humour changes, pets or persecutes all faith alike; and the insolent Dogmatism which treats eternal truth as a private and exclusive property. Believing that in this country, amid all the clamour of sects, the Religion of widest range and deepest seat is as yet without a voice or name, we aspire, in this department of our work, to help it into adequate expression.

As Englishmen we place unbounded confidence in the uses of English character—its moderation and veracity; its firm hold on reality; its reverence for law and right; its historical tenacity; its aversion to a priori politics, and to revolutions generated out of speculative data. We think, however, that even here there is room for a more constant reference to general principle than is now usual in this country. Many of our most influential organs seem to us to wander into discussions of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the pursuit of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiae of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose incalculable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

We conceive the office of theory in such matters not to be, as was once thought, the elaborate construction of paper constitutions for all ages and all countries, but rather to ascertain and clearly define the conditions under which the various national characters and institutions have developed themselves, and to deduce, if possible, with fulness and sequence the rationale of the suitability of each polity to its appropriate nation. We would neither confine our political sympathies at home, nor carry our political doctrines ruthlessly and indiscriminately abroad. We feel no occasion for any sort of cosmopolitan propagandism, which would merge the distinctions of Race in the common features of Humanity; and would assume that what is good for us must be good for all, without regard to intrinsic character or historic antecedents. But we do acknowledge, and will enforce, those mutual claims of sympathy and duty between nations which no division of the great human family can profitlessly evade, believing that the virtue and well-being of states is forfeited, not fostered, by selfish exclusiveness, as surely as the egoism, most studious of his own happiness, finds it soonest way away. The present exciting crisis may not be the most favourable for the prosecution of internal reforms; but the prospect of European danger, and the appeal to all classes for noble sacrifices, which have done so much to sweep away the dissensions of sect and party, and to make the whole empire conscious once more of the pulsation of a common heart, have, we think, created a conjuncture never so favourable to the ripening of national sentiment, and the abatement of artificial divisions; and a survey of our institutions and relations, while the dominant temper of this genial and generous, may prepare a body of opinion uncorrupted by narrow prejudices and selfish claims.

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